POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MAY 23 · 1964 25c

Special New York Issue

THE GREAT CITY and ITS GREAT FAIR

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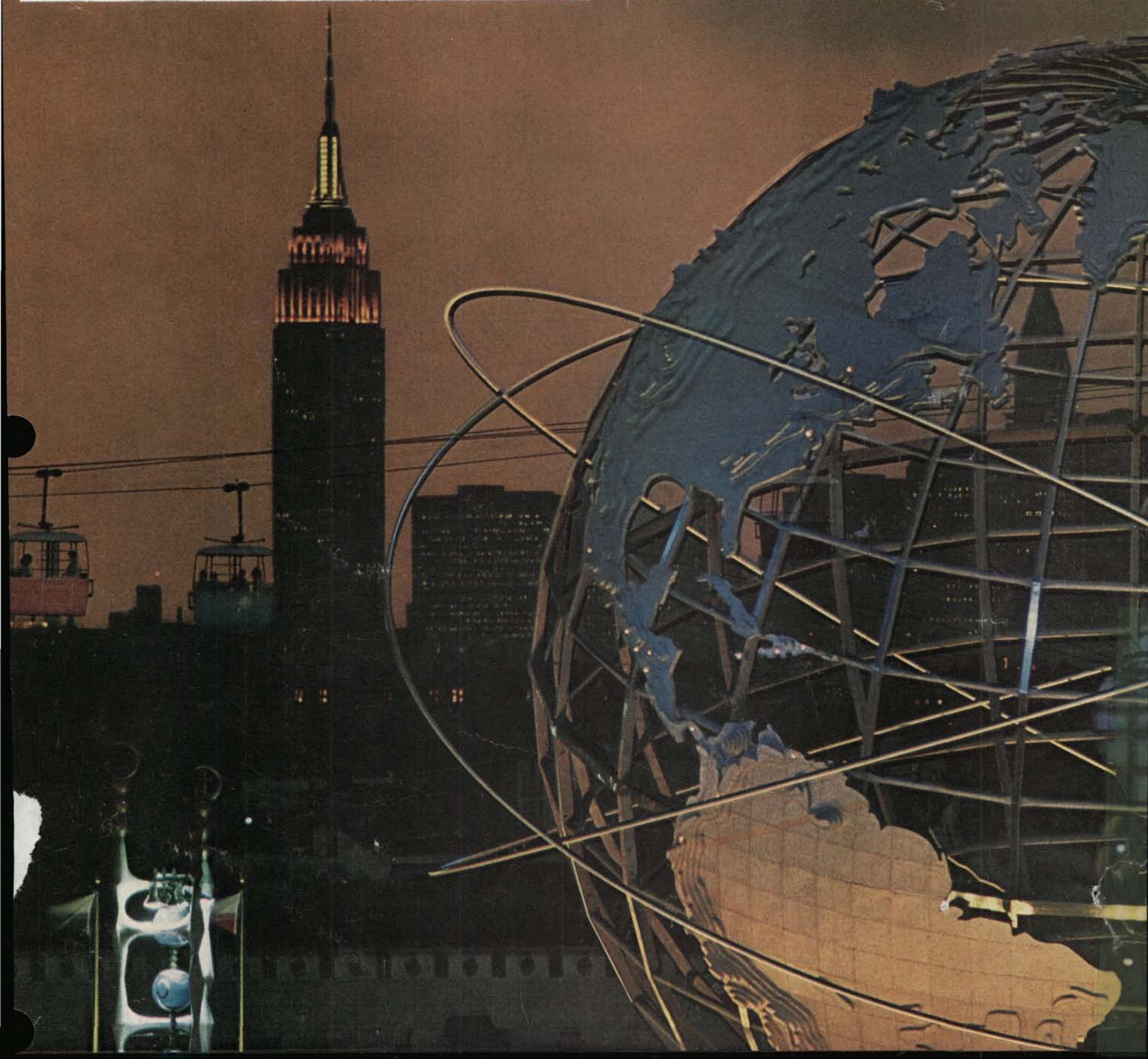

THE DRAMA OF NEW YORK: John Updike / Herbert Gold / S.J. Perelman / Louis Auchincloss

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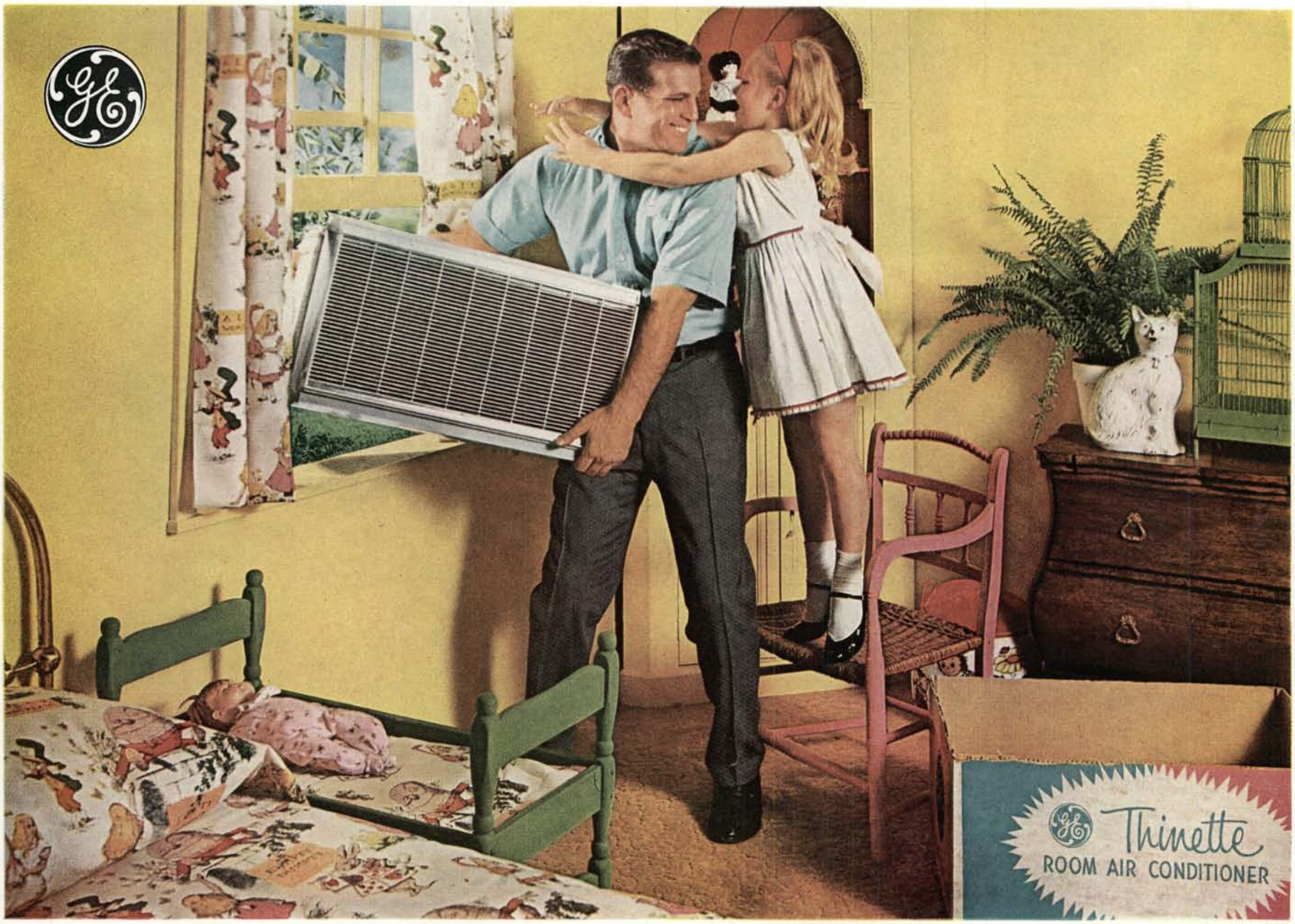

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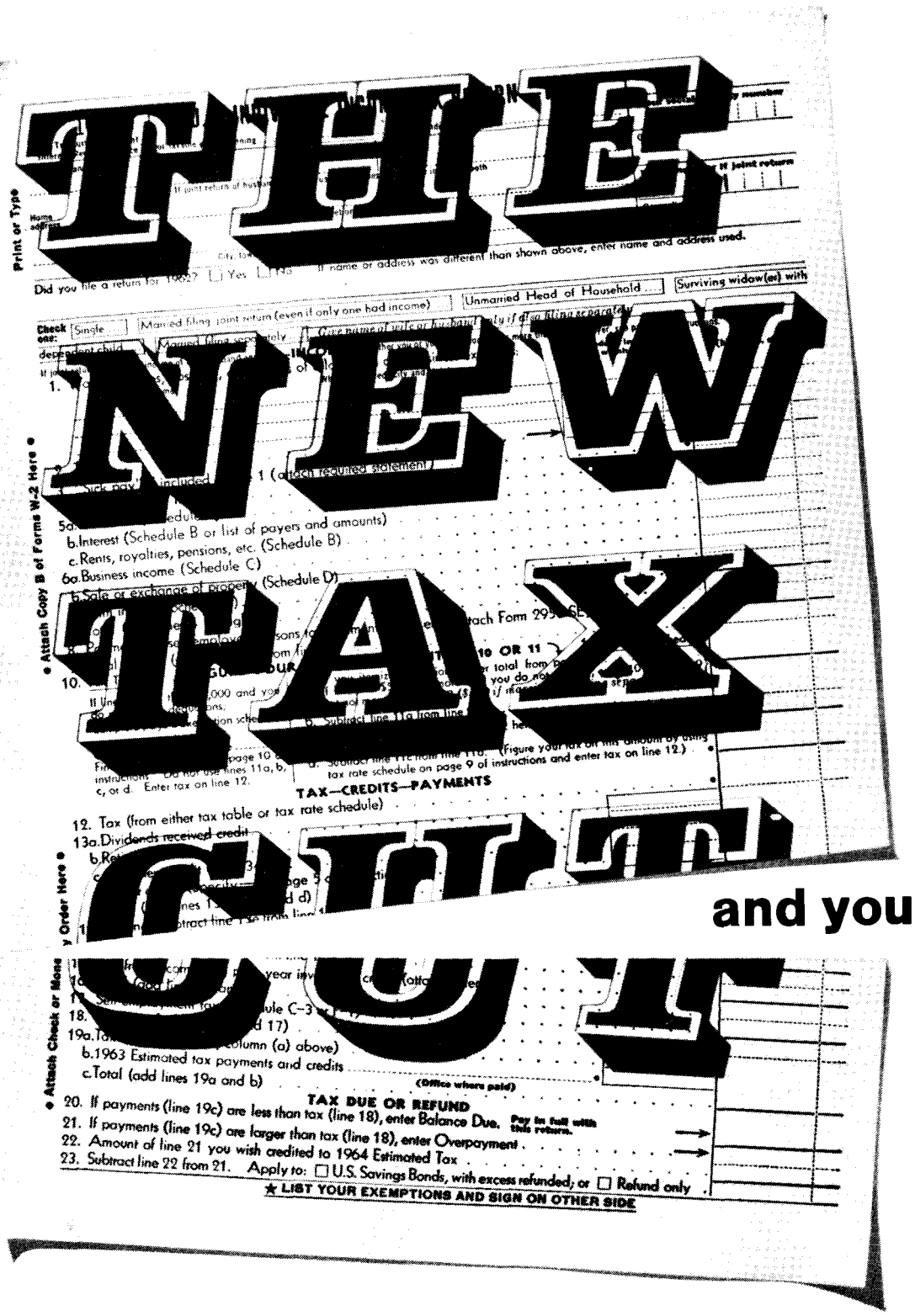
THE NEW TAX CUT
and you...
Print or Type
Did you file a return for 1962? Yes
If name or address was different than shown above, enter name and address used.
Check one: Single Married filing joint return (even if only one had income) Unmarried Head of Household Surviving widow(er) with
Attach Copy B of Forms W-2 Here
1 (attach required statement)
5a
b. Interest (Schedule B or list of payers and amounts)
c. Rents, royalties, pensions, etc. (Schedule B)
6a. Business income (Schedule C)
(Schedule D)
10 OR 11
(Figure your tax on this amount by using tax rate schedule on page 9 of instructions and enter tax on line 12.)
TAX—CREDITS—PAYMENTS
12. Tax (from either tax table or tax rate schedule)
13a. Dividends received credit
Attach Check or Money Order Here
18.
19a.
b. 1963 Estimated tax payments and credits
c. Total (add lines 19a and b)
(Office where paid)
TAX DUE OR REFUND
20. If payments (line 19c) are less than tax (line 18), enter Balance Due. Pay in full with this return.
21. If payments (line 19c) are larger than tax (line 18), enter Overpayment
22. Amount of line 21 you wish credited to 1964 Estimated Tax
23. Subtract line 22 from 21. Apply to: U.S. Savings Bonds, with excess refunded, or Refund only
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Free booklet shows how you'll save—and how much!

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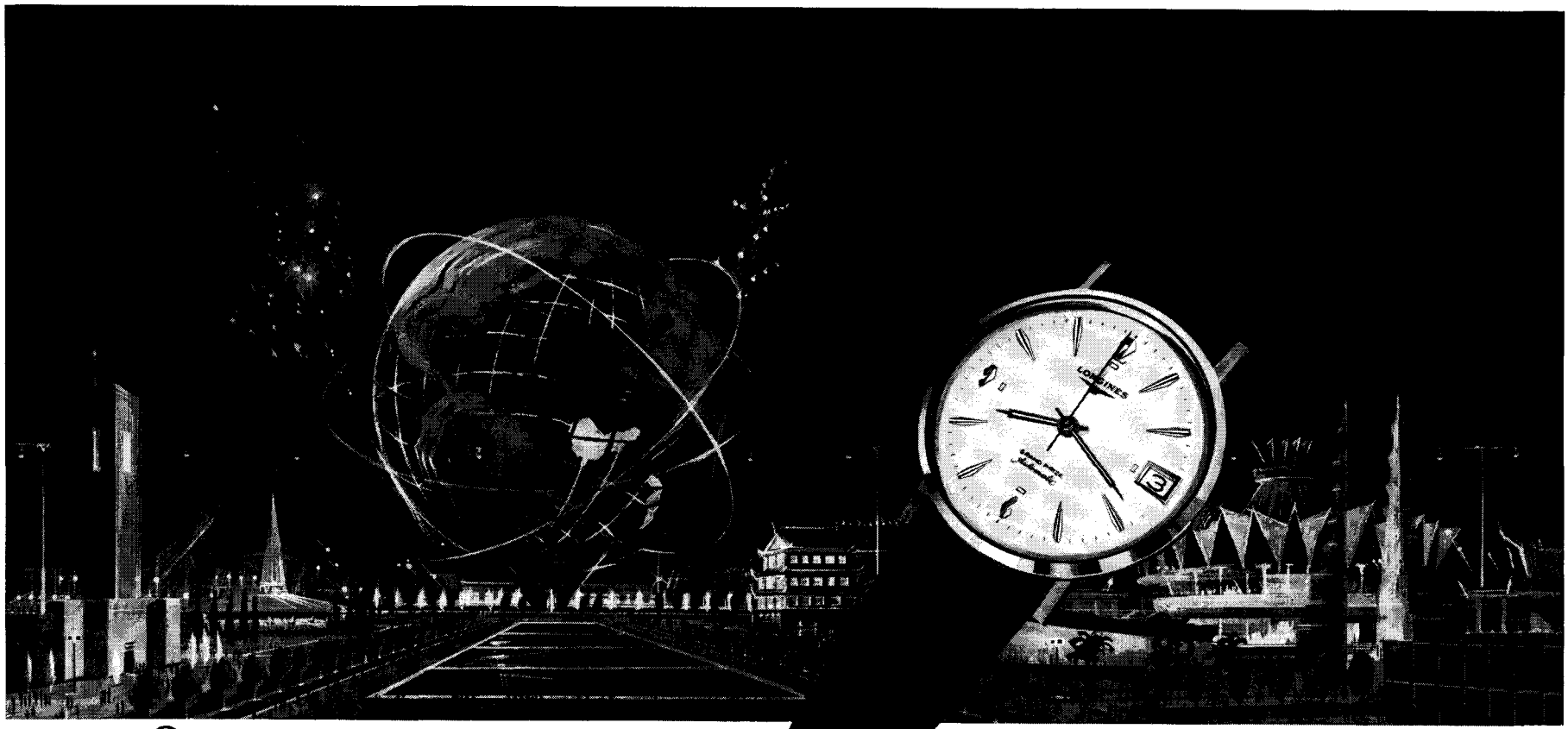

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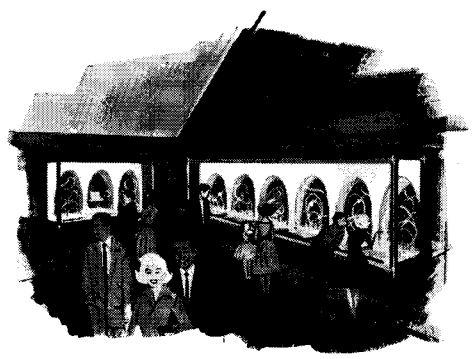
At the New York World's Fair, Longines again demonstrates the qualities of accuracy and dependability that have won for it the title of "the world's most honored watch."



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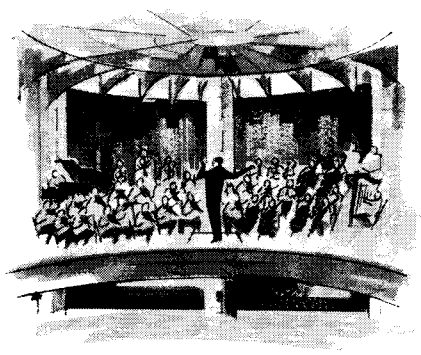

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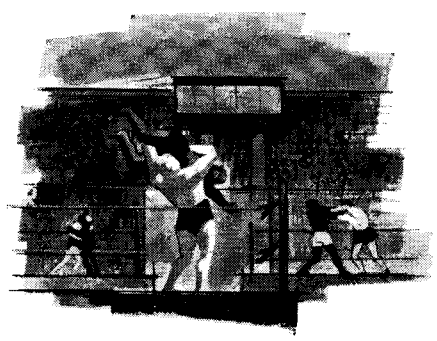

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MAY 23, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 20

POST

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The authors whose work has been assembled into this special World's Fair issue of *The Post* all have one thing in common: They have found the big city an experience that cannot be passed over lightly. . . . Washington editor **Stewart Alsop** remembers what New York was like when he was a bachelor living in the city during the 1939 New York World's Fair, and he makes an interesting comparison with the city today. . . . Editor-at-large **Bill Davidson,** who has lived in and out of New York ever since he entered college in 1935, was immediately given a sample of Robert Moses' fantastic memory when he went to interview the World's Fair builder; Moses took one look at Davidson and said, "I remember you. You ran the hurdles for N.Y.U. in 1939." . . . While visiting one Fifth Avenue store to get information for her New York shopping article, **Anne Chamberlin** was mistaken for a comparison shopper by the store's manager, who seized and tore up her notes. . . . A true New Yorker, **Gilbert Millstein** was born in the Bronx and was graduated from the College of the City of New York; he now lives in Manhattan and feels a sense of personal loss every time one of the city's old buildings is torn down to make way for some new skyscraper. . . . **S. J. Perelman** has spent a lot of time in New York City since his first disappointing experience with the great metropolis, but he'd rather call Bucks County, Pennsylvania, home. . . . Broadway's lights have shone brightly on author **Edmund G. Love**, whose book, *Subways Are for Sleeping,* was a hit of a few seasons ago and whose new comedy will open next fall. . . . Free-lancer **Eli Waldron,** who writes about the Bohemian writers and artists of "the new Greenwich Village," formerly taught creative writing at Bohemia-bordering New York University. . . . *The Post*'s editorial page, which has been dropped from this week's special issue, will be back in its regular position next week.

The cover. Our telephoto view of the World's Fair Unisphere* at sunset, with the Empire State Building in the background, was taken from atop the Better Living Pavilion by **John Zimmerman.**

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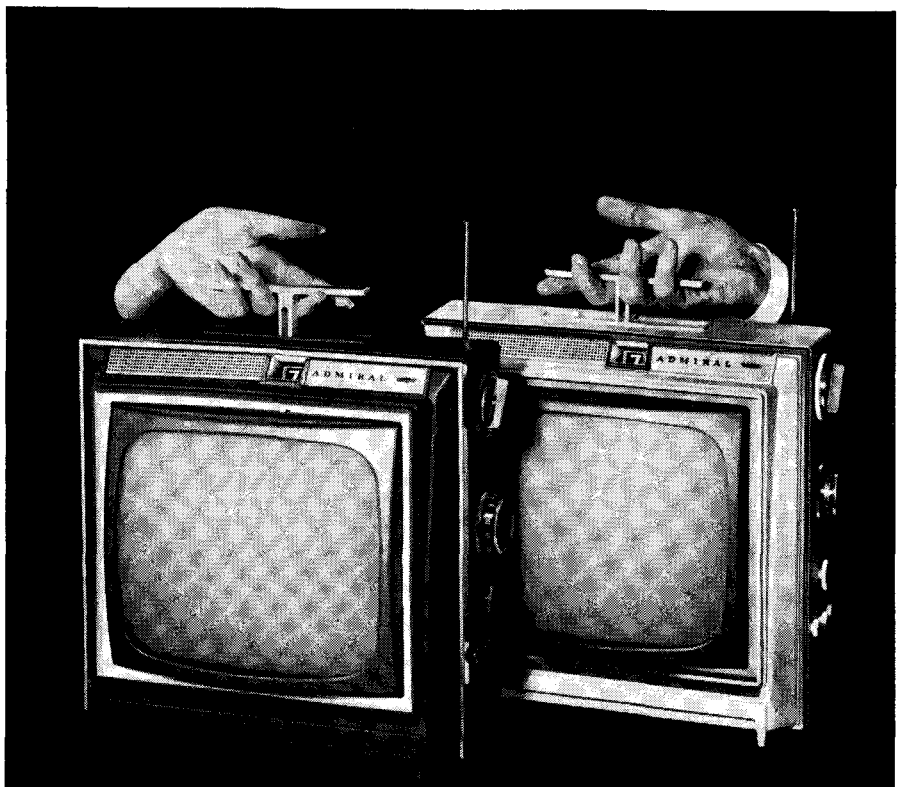

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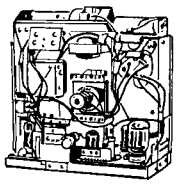

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LETTERS

Whither PTA?

I was shocked by Prof. W. C. Kvaraceus's THE PTA IS A WASTE OF TIME [May 2]. The organization as described by him bears little resemblance to the PTA in our community. We have sponsored excellent speakers on vital issues, and—on the practical side—the strong and determined membership of our PTA has helped in passage of important school bond issues.

MRS. JOHN G. ANDERSON
Saginaw, Mich.

• You said it, Doctor Kvaraceus, and oh, how well you said it! At my last PTA-executive-committtee meeting (years ago) we devoted the entire evening to the subject of how to prepare and serve the coffee for the next PTA meeting.

CLARENCE L. MARTIN
Monson, Mass.

• I wonder whether Doctor Kvaraceus considers PTA a "spectator sport" or whether, as a member and potential officer, he has ever made an effort to change his local PTA.

MRS. LEWIS KILLINGSWORTH
Edison, Ga.

• I'd like to mention that the periods after P, T and A were an affront before I even started reading. They fairly leaped from the pages, and they are actually no longer in use. Whose error was that?

MRS. MARY LOU GALLMEYER
Butler, Pa.

(Our PTA-card-carrying copy editor consulted his 1963–64 membership card for what he supposed was the definitive usage.—Ed.)

• As an elementary-school teacher, let me congratulate Dr. Kvaraceus. There would be a lot more time for good teaching of the three R's if the PTA would not sit around thinking up ways for teachers to show off the children for their parents' enjoyment.

MRS. E. L. MORGAN
North Olmsted, Ohio

• As the mother of a pre-school child I am interested, but not yet active, in the PTA. Dr. Kvaraceus's article was revealing. There is a great challenge here, and I hope to join others in making the PTA true to its objectives.

MRS. KEITH WEAVER
Snohomish, Wash.

• Good for Dr. Kvaraceus for calling a spade a spade, but there are some diamonds in the deck. Were it not for our strong local PTA, our County Board of Supervisors would have abolished compulsory school attendance. Our PTA has integrated itself, helps neglected children, and provides help to our teachers. We admit room-count and bake-sale impedimenta, but, like other awakening PTA's, are striving to become "the right kind of nuisance."

REID DIGGES
New Market, Va.

Grand old bores?

After reading Stewart Alsop's THE BORING REPUBLICANS [Apr. 25] I find myself asking myself this question: Since when is government supposed to be fun?

ELIZABETH ANN WERTH
Bloomington, Ind.

• I, personally, in this crucial period, prefer government by stuffy, moral, boring, serious-minded citizens to a three-ring circus by fun-loving political clowns.

HENRIETTA NICOLAY
Flemington, N.J.

• Mr. Alsop's article boils down to this: Adolescence is interesting, maturity is boring.

SUSAN P. BROTE
Covington, La.

• Without being partisan, I think it is fair to say that the Democratic Party has been dominated by a philosophy of rendering assistance to those in need (the jobless, the aged, the untrained, the young, farmers, underdeveloped countries, etc., etc.). Now who ever saw a boring Santa Claus? There are a good many Santa Clauses, however, who look a lot more boring after they take off the mask and are accountable for the bills.

G. WOOD
Walla Walla, Wash.

• Mr. Alsop could have gone one step further and noted that Democrats confronted with a crisis don their top boots and wade in for action. The Republican is apt to ponder, then compile a technical formula for solution of the problem by posterity.

MARGARET BURTON
Salt Lake City, Utah

• So at last we have a forthright admission that Nixon was not given equal news treatment with Kennedy in the presidential campaign of 1960. I, and I believe millions of other voting citizens, would like to know what the public press is going to do in the future as regards such a serious and shameful business.

KIRTLAND A. WILSON
Winter Park, Fla.

The state of NATO

Respecting *The Post*'s right to disagree with its authors, I feel that the editorial in reply to my Speaking Out article NATO IS DEAD [Mar. 28] rests on a misconception of my argument. I was not suggesting that NATO be immediately abolished, but rather that it has become more or less irrelevant to the world of 1964, and that it may have become an impediment to our own interests. The restoration of Germany's 1937 frontiers, to take one example, is not a cause which most Americans would consider worth a nuclear war—yet it is one to which we are unofficially pledged. While your editorial agrees that there is no military need to keep 400,000 American troops on the Continent, it adds that the "touchiness of the West Germans" is sufficient reason to make troop reduction a political impossibility. To my mind, American foreign policy should be decided in Washington, not in Bonn. I also believe that the time has come for Europe to carry the major burden of its own defense, and for the United States to begin hammering out a foreign policy for the realities of 1964 rather than repeating the tired slogans of 1949.

RONALD STEEL
Venice, Italy

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Whatever they cost, Whatever they claim, No electric toothbrush Can equal the Ronson.

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The Ronson toothbrush gives you over 11,000 up-and-down strokes per minute, assuring thorough cleaning and efficient gum massage. Only your dentist can do it better!

Only the Ronson runs on both battery power and house current. And, unlike those brushes which run on high 110 volt house current, it offers an exclusive "Safety Coupler" which reduces house current to a safe 5 volts.

Now, the best battery-operated brushes offer only 38 minutes running time — after a 24 hour recharge. But the Ronson gives you 500 minutes running time on standard batteries — 1200 minutes on high-capacity batteries — and you never have to recharge!

Most other electric toothbrushes have hard, straight cut bristles...or soft, rounded bristles which quickly lose their resiliency. But the Ronson has medium, contoured bristles — best for cleaning and comfort.

The Ronson weighs only 4.56 ounces...less than the others. And because it's the lightest, it's the easiest to handle.

The Ronson's handsome storage-carrying case can be wall-mounted. Remove the case from its bracket — and it's portable, ready to go with you anywhere.

Now that you know the facts, give your teeth something to smile about...get them a Ronson Electric Toothbrush.

Brush away a major cause of tooth decay the Ronson way.

BY THE MAKER OF FAMOUS RONSON LIGHTERS

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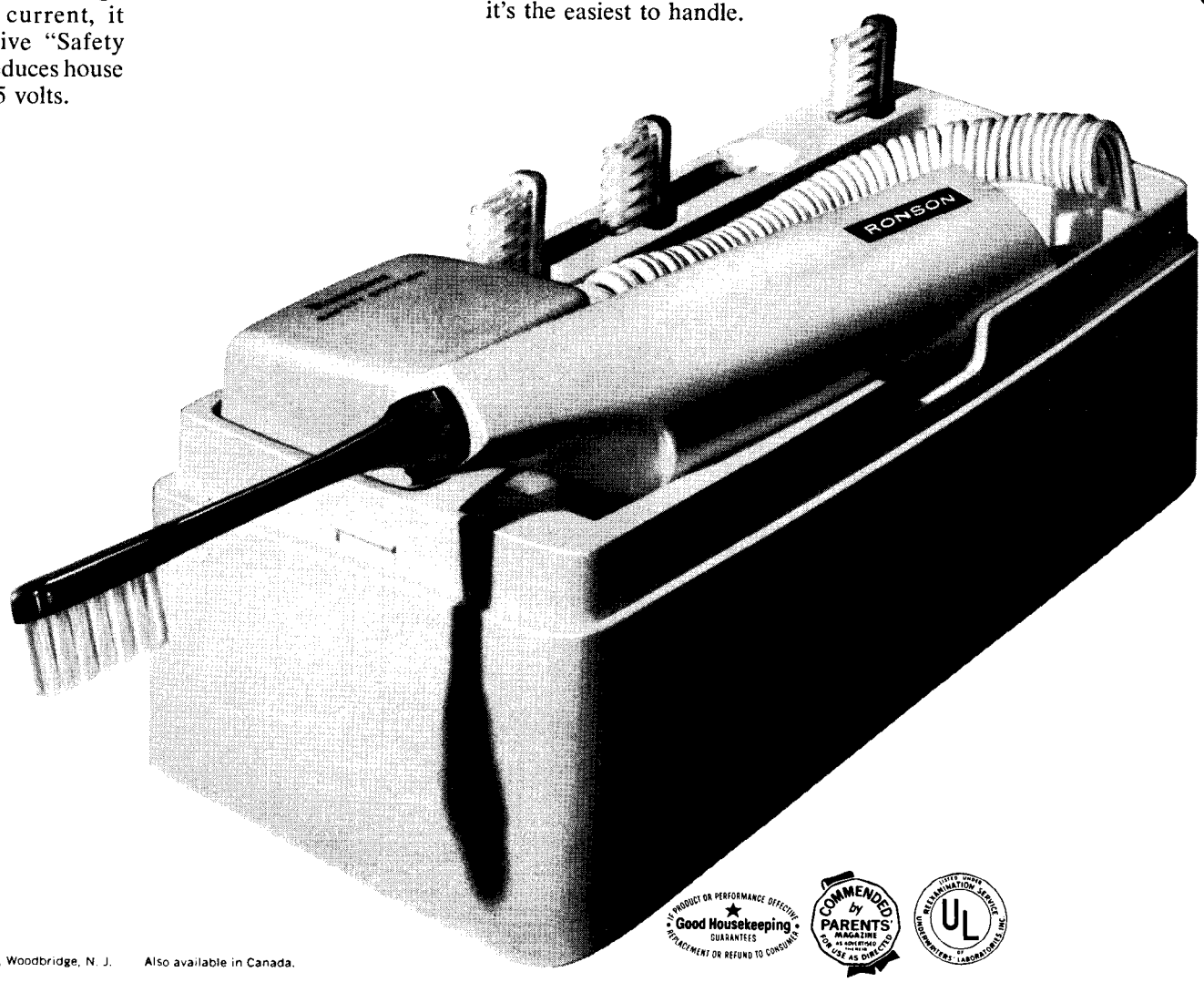

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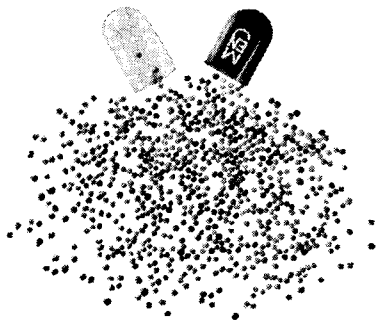

600 things to do for your cold.

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In fact, Contac has just the drying action you need for wet summer colds. (Or hay fever!) It's today's largest-selling cold medication. Get Contac at your pharmacy.

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Proprietary Pharmaceuticals made to Ethical Standards

LETTERS

Bring on the babies

A thank-you to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Fischer for allowing us a peek at those adorable quints [THE FISCHER QUINTS AT HOME, by Mary Ann Fischer with John Bird, May 2]. Babies grow and change so fast, it would be wonderful to see these at least every three months.

MRS. JURGEN C. JURGENS
Downey, Calif.

• *Must* the magazine be half-filled with baby pictures?

C. C. JEFFRIES
Winkler, Tex.

Safety and speed

DOWN TO THE SEA FOR FUN [photographs by John Zimmerman, Apr. 25]: nice job of photography and very pleasant reading, but a shocking disregard for the use of life jackets! You've undone many volunteer hours spent in teaching boat safety.

LYMAN H. HOWE
Big Flats, N.Y.

• I was pleased to see an attractive picture of our Amphicar in connection with your water-sport feature, but was astounded to note that you list its land speed at 50 m.p.h. I have cruised many of our vehicles along the highways of this country comfortably at 60-65 and as high as 70-75 m.p.h.

C. A. HAIGH, *President*
Amphicar Corporation of America
Carlstadt, N.J.

Pious pitcher

Let me express my sincere appreciation for John Devaney's A BIBLE IN THE BULLPEN [May 2]. The moral fiber of Americans is at a very low ebb. We need more of such articles calling attention to men and women (teen-agers too) who are willing to put conscience and Christianity above the common norm of conduct.

ELDRED G. AUBREY
Colorado Springs, Colo.

• The tragedy is that the basic honesty displayed by ballplayer Al Worthington, though supposedly fundamental to all Christians, is a quality so rare that an individual who practices it is considered a fanatic.

SAMUEL LANGWELL
Vacaville, Calif.

Taking the cue

Your article dealing with the rejuvenation of pool playing and its new respectability [GIRLS TAKE THE CUE, by David L. Goodrich, Apr. 18] brings to mind a remark my dad would make occasionally back in the old days when hanging around pool halls was something less than encouraged. "There is nothing so useless on God's green earth," he would say, "as a real good pool player."

R. E. CURRAN
St. Paul, Minn.

Feelies

Lewis H. Lapham's THE FEELY IS HERE [Apr. 18] is interesting, but the "feely" doesn't strike me as something new. I've had such a device in my possession for as long as I can remember. I didn't invent it—it was a gift—and I think it is superior to inventor Morton L. Heilig's machine. It's called an "imagination."

MRS. VI CONOVER
Port Townsend, Wash.

COMING SOON... in The Post

Political showdown in California

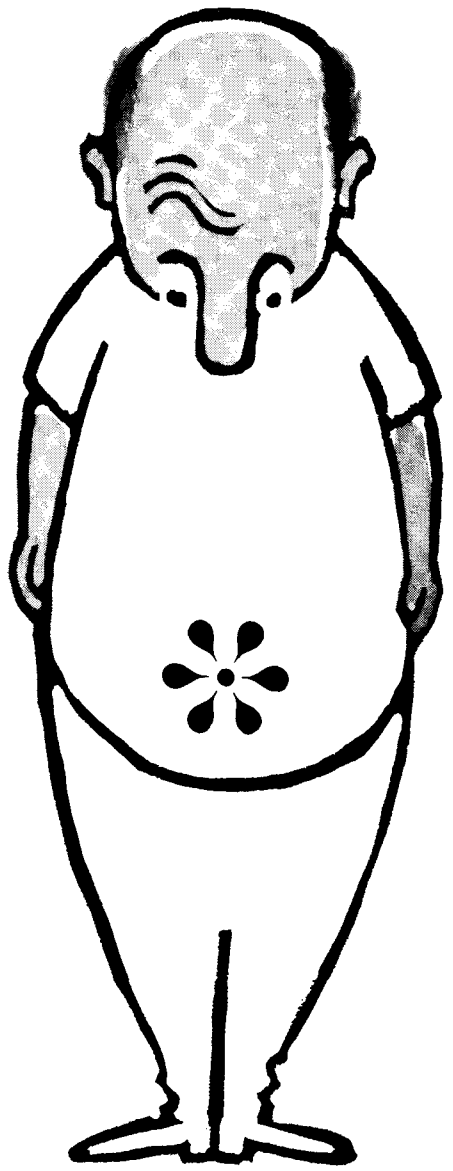
A PLAYER BLASTS THE BASEBALL BRASS

FOLK MUSIC TAKES OVER
Million-dollar trio: Peter, Paul and Mary

Mystery of
A KING'S LOST TREASURE

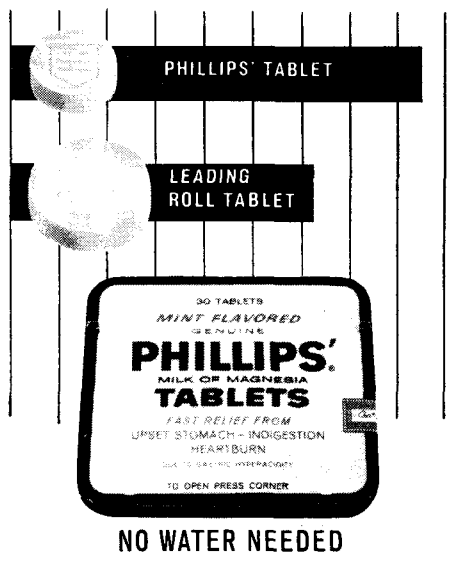
A MAJOR NEW NOVEL
by the author of "Exodus"

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*
12–Derek Bayes. • 18–Wide World. • 25–Burt Glinn. • 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36—John Zimmerman. 42–I. C. Rapoport. • 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 81, 82, 83, 88, 93–Burt Glinn. • 98, 99, 100, 101, 102–Marvin Lichtner.



*UNCERTAIN STOMACH

When your stomach feels uncertain from indigestion, heartburn, gas pains, nausea or other symptoms of excess acidity, remember this: **Each small PHILLIPS' TABLET consumes 37% more excess acid than the leading candy-type roll antacid tablet.**



NO WATER NEEDED

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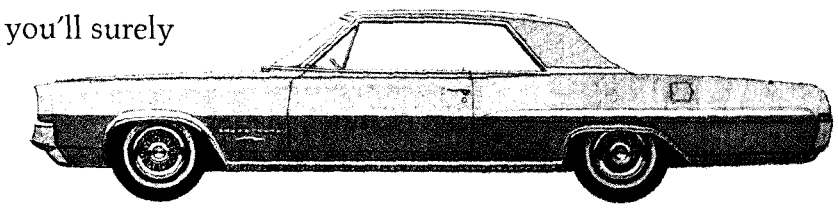
If you think the Pontiac Grand Prix gets by just on good looks, you've some driving to do.

Its calm beauty attracts most people to the Grand Prix, but it's the driving that charms them. How this car coddles you: bucket seats, deep-pile carpeting, center console with shifter at hand. How it behaves, with Wide-Track and precise steering and a handling kit* for purists. How it moves! Our standard Trophy V-8 in the GP puts out an honest 303 bhp. We also do things with the compression and carburetors and cubic inches to give you as much as 370 bhp* for routing through a four-speed gearbox* or Hydra-Matic*. If you like the Grand Prix's looks, you'll surely like its manners. A Pontiac dealer can introduce you two. GP



*OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST

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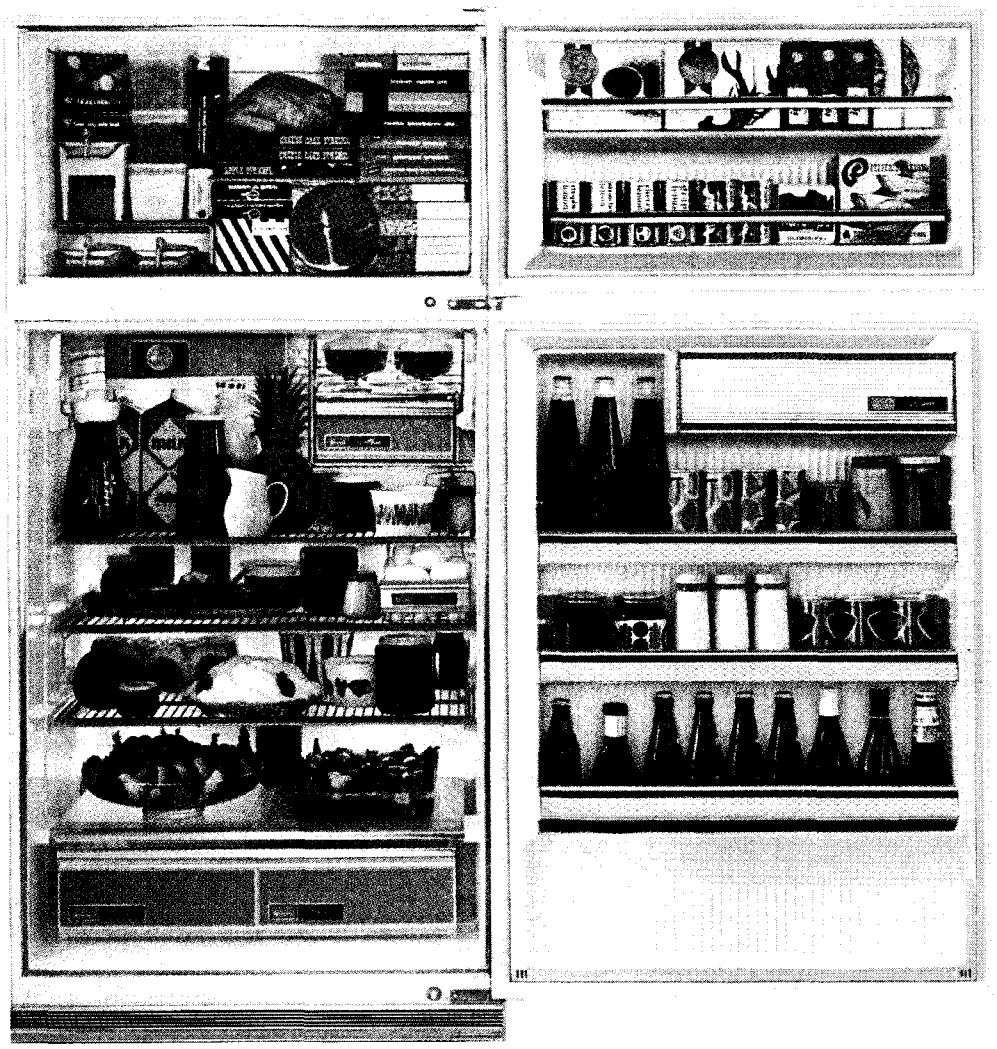
Don't worry, you can feed this hungry team with your new Kelvinator Trimwall



It has 17 cubic feet of food room, fits the floor space of an old 8-cubic-foot model, even saves on electricity. An entirely new type of cabinet construction assures safe, uniform temperatures in both freezer and refrigerator no matter how hot your kitchen gets. The fresh food compartment is over 12-cubic-feet big; the freezer stores 157 pounds of frozen foods. Best of all: You get this larger, safer foodkeeping at a lower operating cost than other frostless refrigerators that are much smaller. Why? Because its new wall construction is better insulated, more efficient, built to last a lifetime. The Trimwall is the finest achievement in Kelvinator's fifty long years of building superior refrigerators.

KELVINATOR DIVISION OF AMERICAN MOTORS CORP., DETROIT 32, MICH. DEDICATED TO EXCELLENCE IN RAMBLER AUTOMOBILES AND KELVINATOR APPLIANCES

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See the new Kelvinator Trimwall Refrigerator-Freezer and check your World's Fair Sweepstakes Lucky Number at your dealer's!*

(Your Lucky Number is on page 45 of this issue)

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ALAMEDA
Alameda Automatic Appliances

ALHAMBRA
Alvano's Appl.
1928 W. Valley
Evan's Appliance

AL TAHOE
Lusetti's Appl.

ANAHEIM
Broadway Department Store
Gold's
White Front Stores

ANTIOCH
Antioch Furn. Mart
1509 "A" Street
Hansen's Appl.
520 Third Street

ARCADIA
P. J. Miller Home Appliance

BAKERSFIELD
Barker Bros.
Booth's Radio & Appl. Co.
2020 "H" Street
Casa Moore Furn. Co., Inc.
1001 Baker Street

BANNING
McMahan's Furn.

BARSTOW
Barstow Furniture Co.
McMahan's Furn.

BELL
Garner Furniture & Appliance

BELLFLOWER
Signal Stores

BERKELEY
Hink's Electrical City

BISHOP
Thorsen Refrigeration

BRAWLEY
McMahan's Furn.

BURBANK
Corradi's
C. K. Thomas Appliances

BURLINGAME
Coast to Coast Store

CALEXICO
McMahan's Furn.

CANOGA PARK
White Front Stores

CARMEL
Grimshaw Appliance

CASTRO VALLEY
Coast to Coast Store

CHINO
McMahan's Furn.

CHULA VISTA
Wood's Appliances

CLOVERDALE
Al Montedonico
131 First Street

COLTON
McMahan's Furn.

COMPTON
Martin Sales
1506 N. Long Beach Blvd.
Trader Tucker
1003 S. Long Beach Blvd.

CONCORD
Plaza Stereo & TV
1398 Galindo St.

CORONA
McMahan's Furn.

COVINA
White Front Stores

CRENSHAW
Barker Bros.

DOWNEY
Sellar's

EAGLE ROCK
Campbell Appliance Co.
2131 Colorado Blvd.

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Helland Appliance Co.
Poor Boy's Wash. Mach. Hospital
Whitney's Appliance Center

EL CENTRO
McMahan's Furn.

EL MONTE
Gold's

ENCINITAS
Tiedy's TV & Appliances

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Walker Scott Co.

FONTANA
McMahan's Furn.

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Lilley's Bldg. Supply
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FREMONT
Cooksey's Home Appl.

FRESNO
Lou Glass Inc.
B. F. Goodrich Store
Josephine Furniture
922 Van Ness
Ruschhaupt's
1470 N. Van Ness

FULLERTON
Fullerton Appliance

GARDENA
Torrance Furniture
14000 Crenshaw
Townsend's Appliance
15725 S. Normandie

GARDEN GROVE
Appliance Center of Garden Grove
Weber's Home Appliances

GILROY
Murray's Home Furnishings

GLENDALE
Barker Bros.
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Brand Appliance
425 S. Brand Blvd.
Stanley Vick's Furniture
Appliance Center
120 S. Central
Serv Well Furniture Co.

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Airport Appliance
Associated Consumers
Coast to Coast Store
B. F. Goodrich Store
Ralph's Appliances

HEMET
Johnson Air Conditioning Co.

HOLLYWOOD
Barker Bros.
Broadway Dept. Stores
Western Beverly Plumbing & Appl. Co.
530 N. Western Ave.

HUNTINGTON PARK
B. L. Russell & Co.

IMPERIAL BEACH
Crowley's Appliance Service

INDIO
McMahan's Furn.

INGLEWOOD
Barker Bros.
Rondon's
118 N. Market

LAFAYETTE
Link's Appliances

LAGUNA BEACH
Klass Radio & Appliances

LA HABRA
Don Page Appliance Co.

LA JOLLA
La Jolla Appliance Co.

LAKEWOOD
Gold's

LA MESA
Helland Appliance Co.

LA MIRADA
Barker Bros.
Gold's

LANCASTER
Lancaster Radio, Inc.
530 W. Lancaster Blvd.

LA PUENTE
I.C.C. Warehouse

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Browne's Refrigeration
B. F. Goodrich Store

LIVERMORE
Kamps Furn.

LOMPOC
Holser & Bailey

LONG BEACH
Baker's Appliances
Barker Bros.
Broadway Dept. Store
Dixie Stores
Dooley Hardware Mart

LOS ANGELES
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6120 S. Vermont
Albert's Pacific Range
5863 W. Pico
Atlantic Appliance
5110 Whittier
Ayeroff Bros.
1066 S. LaCienega
Brady's Appliance Co.
1009 S. La Brea
Braverman Bros.
655 S. La Brea
Broadway Dept. Stores
Downtown
Crenshaw
Carl's Refrigeration
8831 S. Normandie
Fator's
935 W. Santa Barbara
Gold's Furn. Stores
Green & Roberts, Inc.
210 W. 3rd
Kunin Furn.
4700 S. Central
Lazzar Furn.
2000 E. Florence
Leonard's
(All Stores)
Martin Maytag Service
2828 N. Broadway
Price Bros.
2115 Sunset Blvd.
Reiman's Appl. Sales
8856 S. Western
Spero's
4661 W. Pico Blvd.
T.V. Central
4305 Eagle Rock Blvd.
Union Sales
5436 S. Crenshaw
Vermont Furniture
2826 S. Vermont
Washer Wilson
White Front Stores
5555 E. Olympic Blvd.
7651 S. Central Ave.
Jefferson & Hauser

LOS GATOS
Coast to Coast Store

MANHATTAN BEACH
Purdon's
1817 Sepulveda

MARTINEZ
Pacific Furniture
413 Ferry St.

MERCED
Willis Appl. Co.

MONTEREY PARK
Traub Appl. & TV
120 E. Garvey

MORGAN HILL
Murray's Home Furnishings

NAPA
Doyle's Appliance
1202 Main St.

NEEDLES
Needles Hardware & Building Supply Co.

NEWPORT BEACH
Coast Electric

N. CLAREMONT
Whitney's Appliance Center

NORTH HOLLYWOOD
Aetna Refrigeration
4870 Lankershim Blvd.

NORTH SACRAMENTO
Lyman's
1803 Del Paso Blvd.

NORWALK
Norwalk Furniture

OAKLAND
Acorn Appliance
Clinnick's Appliance
Eli Home Furniture
251 9th Street

OAKLAND (CONT.)
Friedman-Jacobs
B. F. Goodrich Store
Gross Bros. Furn.
Loviers Furn.
Paul Morrison
N. Scholl Furn.
Simon Hardware
White Front Stores

OCEAN PARK
Barrett's Refrigeration
2939 Main Street

OCEANSIDE
Shaffer and Son
Wootton's

ONTARIO
Jay's Appliances
McMahan's Furn.

PACIFIC GROVE
Empire Furniture Co.

PALMDALE
Steve's Discount House
38712 N. 6th St., E.

PALO ALTO
Bonell Refrig.
2443 El Camino Real
Maximart

PANORAMA CITY
Broadway Dept. Stores

PASADENA
Barker Bros.
Broadway Dept. Stores
L. C. Taylor Co.

PITTSBURG
Davis Refrig.
340 Cumberland

PLACERVILLE
Fisher's Hardware

POMONA
McMahan's Furn.
R & D Sales

PORTERVILLE
Valley Furniture & Appl.

REDLANDS
McMahan's Furn.

REDONDO BEACH
Redondo Trading Post

REDWOOD CITY
B. F. Goodrich Store

RESEDA
Barker Bros.
18238 Sherman Way

RIALTO
McMahan's Furn.

RICHMOND
Banducci's
1434 MacDonald
Palace Furniture
2345 MacDonald Ave.

RIPON
N & S Home Appl. Co.

RIVERSIDE
Arlington Furniture
9507 Magnolia Ave.

ROCKLIN
Scribners
5250 Pacific Street

SACRAMENTO
A & A Builders
6700 Folsom Blvd.
Bennett Furniture
3812 24th Ave.
Payless Builders
2501 Arden Way

SALINAS
Empire Furniture Co.
1032 So. Main St.
801 E. Alisal St.

SAN BERNARDINO
Fooshee Furn.
McMahan's Furn.
Refrigeration Sales & Maint.
The Furniture Center
White Front Stores

SAN BRUNO
Franks Furniture

SAN DIEGO
A & B Furniture Co.
Barker Bros.
Bennett's Refrigeration
Corona Furniture Co.
Harrington's
Both Stores
Refrigeration Engineering
San Diego Appliance
Walker Scott Co.
All Stores
Whitney's Appliance Centers

SAN FERNANDO
Appliance Center
1123 Celis Street

SAN FRANCISCO
E. T. Appliance
11 Lakeshore Plaza
Furniture Discount House
2475 Mission Street
House of Karlson
145 Ninth Street

SAN GABRIEL
G & S Appliance
117 E. Valley

SAN JOSE
G.E.M.
B. F. Goodrich Store
701 S. First Street
Hart's Dept. Store
Macy's
Pink Elephant Hardware
Smilin' Bill's Furniture
Western Appliance Co.
White Front

SAN LEANDRO
Coast to Coast Store
Schwartz Bros.

SAN MATEO
Auto Home Supply
Macy's

SAN PEDRO
Ferguson Refrigeration
2937 S. Pacific

SAN RAFAEL
Van Doyle Furn.
921 "C" Street

SANTA ANA
Consumer City
Dickson Appliances
Jessee Appliances
Straw Bros.

SANTA BARBARA
Maytag Sales & Service
701 N. Milpas
Ott's Hardware
727 State St.

SANTA CLARA
Smilin' Bill's Furniture
Western Machinery
2550 Lafayette St.

SANTA CRUZ
Dysle's

SANTA MARIA
Holser & Bailey

SANTA MONICA
Barker Bros.
Bay Cities Appliance
1831 Santa Monica Blvd.
Carlson's
1342 5th Street
Quali-TV
1533 3rd St.

SANTA ROSA
Russ Morrison
300 W. College Ave.

SEASIDE
Empire Furniture Co.

SEBASTOPOL
Wheel & Deal Furn.
2701 Grovenstein Hy., So.

SHERMAN OAKS
Hacker's
14760 Ventura Blvd.

SOUTH GATE
Active Appliance

SO. PASADENA
A. A. Appel Appl.

SPRING VALLEY
Vern's Appliance

STOCKTON
Horstman's
Refrigeration Specialty Service

STUDIO CITY
Cliff Swanson
12123 Ventura Blvd.

TORRANCE
Broadway Dept. Stores
Gold's
White Front Stores

VALLEJO
Brown's Refrig.
500 Benicia Blvd.
M & N Tire
315 Tennessee Street

VAN NUYS
Barker Bros.
Gold's
Rudnick Tire Co.
15601 Roscoe
Waadt Appliance
White Front Stores

VENTURA
Leon Walker
John Taft Electric
2323 E. Main St.

VICTORVILLE
McMahan's Furn.

VISALIA
B. F. Goodrich Store

VISTA
Drue's, Inc.

WALNUT CREEK
Appliance City
Contra Costa Appl.
Simon Hardware

WATSONVILLE
Murray's Home Furnishings

WEED
Weed Mercantile

WEST COVINA
Broadway Dept. Stores

WESTCHESTER
Broadway Dept. Stores

WHITTIER
Barker Bros.
Broadway Dept. Stores
Dockstader's Appl.
209 E. Philadelphia

WOODLAND
Larry's Appliance
175 W. Main Street

YREKA
Blacks Refrigeration

YUCAIPA
McMahan's Furn.

OREGON

BANDON
Dave's Radio-TV & Appl.

BEND
Healy's Bargain House

BROOKINGS
Coast to Coast Store

CANBY
Burgess Furniture

CHILOQUIN
Coast to Coast Store

COOS BAY
Coast to Coast Store

CORVALLIS
B & H Hardware
Coast to Coast Store

CRESWELL
Creswell Electric

DALLAS
Carey's TV & Appliance

DRAIN
Coast to Coast Store

EUGENE
Coast to Coast Store
River Road

GLENDALE
Coast to Coast Store

KLAMATH FALLS
Coast to Coast Store

LA GRANDE
Globe Furniture

MALIN
Coast to Coast Store

McMINNVILLE
Coast to Coast Store

MEDFORD
Beaver Electric & Plumbing
Eads Furniture

NORTH BEND
Coast to Coast Store

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Byron's
1309 S. E. Hawthorne
Director's Furniture Co.
804 S. W. 3rd
4344 N. E. Hancock
B. F. Goodrich Store
437 S.E. Union
Kitchen Appliance
1015 N. E. Broadway
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19240 S. E. Stark
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5001 N. E. Union
Wren's Furniture & Appl.
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ROSEBURG
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SALEM
C & K Lumberyard
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SILVERTON
Coast to Coast Store

SPRINGFIELD
Coast to Coast Store

TIGARD
West Coast Furnishings

TILLAMOOK
Carey's TV & Appliance

WOODBURN
Coast to Coast Store

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KELVINATOR 50th ANNIVERSARY

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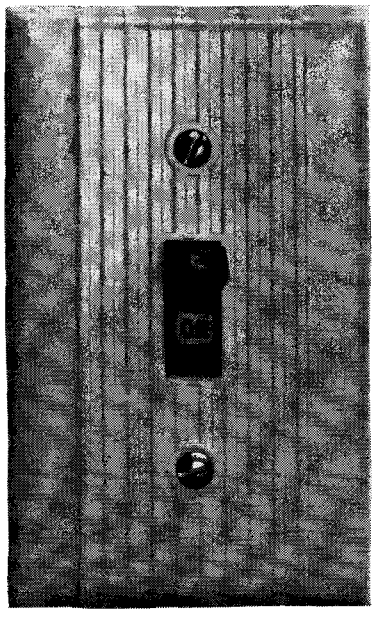
Things you rarely have to think about: sunlight, air, your big toe and

electricity



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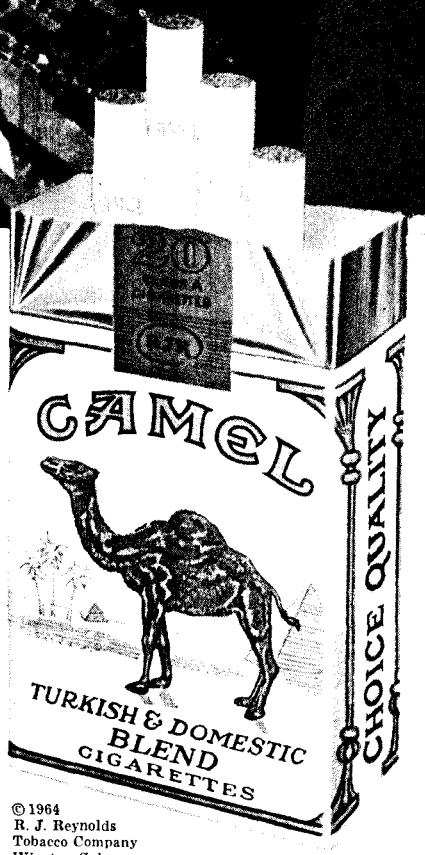
Camel Time is pleasure time!

Time for clean-cut taste, honest enjoyment, easygoing mildness. Moments seem to brighten up every time you light one up. Make it Camel Time right now!

THE BEST TOBACCO MAKES THE BE[illegible]



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R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem
North Carolina

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A veteran reporter, John Skow is a contributing writer for The Saturday Evening Post. *After graduation from Oberlin College, he worked for the Providence* Journal *and Boston* Herald, *then served six years on the staff of* Time *magazine. He and his wife have a daughter and expect another child this month.*

WHO NEEDS THE WORLD'S FAIR?

A spoilsport among the happy crowds takes a maverick view of the world's greatest fair.

By John Skow

The nice young lady at the World's Fair's Illinois Pavilion glowed with the glow that comes from much soap, few years, and a pure heart's knowledge that her cause is just. "I'm terribly sorry," she said, looking terribly sorry, "but you can't see President Lincoln." She lowered her long, dark, polyethylene eyelashes demurely. "His left shoulder won't shrug."

This was very bad news. Walt Disney's animated, winking, blinking, talking, mole-twitching life-size figure of Abraham Lincoln, fabricated by dwarfs at a cost of $8 million, and in every way an improvement over the original, is the very spirit of the New York World's Fair. Not to see the animated Emancipator, nor to hear him recite the punchiest lines from his best speeches in his deep, resonant voice (this is one of Disney's improvements; the original, or rough-draft Lincoln had a high, squeaky voice)—not to experience this is to fail to understand what the World's Fair is about.

The young lady tried to cheer me up. "He'll be fixed soon," she said. "And do you know, his facial muscles are so good that you can lip-read his lips?"

"I can't lip-read," I said.

"That's all right," she said kindly, "maybe someone in your family can."

I thanked her and walked away to find the Garden of Meditation. I had a vision that needed meditating, of an improved model of Disney's electronic Abraham, given the features and twitches of Lyndon Johnson and trained to perform such chores as holding press conferences, outwitting Khrushchev (an electronic K, of course, but with fewer transistors than the electronic Johnson), and waving its arms and uttering platitudes at the opening of some future World's Fair.

I never found the Garden of Meditation. On the way I passed through a large archway labeled GENERAL FOODS, PEACE THROUGH UNDERSTANDING (other fairs have signs saying SEE THE GIANT CLAMS EAT THE FRIENDLY NATIVES, but this one is very high-principled), and there before me was the Vatican Pavilion.

I had wondered earlier about the wisdom of including a Vatican Pavilion in what is, after all, not an ecumenical council but a large amusement park. And a friend of mine who is sour about almost everything (he does not even like Lady Bird) had observed gloomily that exhibiting Michelangelo's *Pietà* at the World's Fair was just as silly as exhibiting the statue at second base in Yankee Stadium. My friend was quick to assure me that he was not anti-Catholic (we are nervous about arguing with the clergy in this country; they do it much more freely in Spain). He said he also thought it was idiotic for the fair to have a Billy Graham Pavilion, a Christian Science Pavilion, a plasterboard Mormon Temple, and a Protestant and Orthodox Center. The huckstering cheapens religion, said my truculent friend, although he admitted that this is perhaps the concern of the pastors. But, he went on, it also cheapens the spirit of fun, which used to be the spirit in which they held fairs.

My misgivings were put to rest, however, by the tasteful way in which the *Pietà* was shown. Art lovers are freighted along on a conveyor belt—in fact, three conveyor belts—and they have 44 seconds in which to muse upon the marvelous fluidity of the stone, and the poignant contrast between the delicacy of the mourning Virgin and the earth-seeking mass of the dead Christ. Stage designer Jo Mielziner has given the figure a chic background of blue drapes, and has lit the whole thing with hundreds of flickering green electric lights which are meant to represent votive candles, and are a great improvement over the old-style wax candles that light the statue in St. Peter's in Rome. And to prevent citizens from writing their initials on the marble in unattractive shades of lavender lipstick, the whole stage is protected by what appears to be thick bulletproof plastic.

The 44 seconds were quickly over, and I left to continue my walk. It was soon clear that this is a very unusual world's fair. In fact, mutinous doubts began to arise: Is it a world's fair at all? Almost none of the world's major nations except the U.S. are participating. There are no Communist countries, for instance, and there are none from the British Commonwealth. Was it possible that I had paid my $2 admission fee for the privilege of being advertised at by the U.S. alone?

I recalled an earlier visit I had made to the office of Robert Moses, who is the fair's president and easily its best exhibit. Before taking on what he calls the "Olympics of Progress," he had been chairman of New York's Power Authority, Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, Park commission, and several other commissions and authorities. A big, burly 75-year-old with a fine rumbling voice, he keeps retired generals on his staff, and enjoys himself by opening his mouth, watching the generals snap to, and then lazily eating a peanut. He swims a half mile in Long Island Sound every morning, and the frightened public-relations men who convoy visitors to his office say in awe, "He swam a half mile in the Sound this morning."

My notes of the interview show a question: "Mr. Moses, do you have misgivings about . . ." The subject of the question is lost; it may have been the severe tongue-lashing that a subordinate had given recently to some Latin-American diplomats for refusing to compete in the Olympics of Progress. Or it may have been the certainty that the fair would create, in addition to Peace Through Understanding, the world's grandest and most entertaining artificially induced traffic jam (New York Traffic Commissioner Henry Barnes says the jam will be "really monumental," and Moses says he is "not interested" in Henry Barnes).

The reason my notes do not show what the question was about is that Moses interrupted grandly to say, "I'm not a man who has misgivings." This attitude seems high-handed until one remembers that, contrary to appearances, the fair is not a large penny arcade. As New Yorkers have been assured by every public poohbah and private purse-filler not actually in jail, it is a Battleground in the War to Win Men's Minds, and a marvelous boon to the city, the nation and the world.

Only negative thinkers will point out that the fair is not likely to be a boon to anyone except its advertisers—and to New York's politicians, the pious elders of its hotel, transportation and construction industries, and its shiny-shoed army of public-relations men. It has been explained, by men with shiny shoes, that boodle will trickle down to the ordinary citizen. It would be ungrateful to suggest that, even if this were true, New York is rich enough already, and has paid a very high price for its wealth. Right-thinking New Yorkers will realize that the total strangulation of their city by the packing-in of 80 million gawkers over the next two summers is wise and just.

It was in this mood of thanksgiving that I made the tour that began with not seeing the all-new Abraham Lincoln, and just barely seeing the *Pietà*. The fair had opened the day before—with the help of God and a few policemen, as James Joyce's father used to say—and the weather was sunny and pleasant. A few exhibits had not been finished yet, but

**One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors of The Post often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.*

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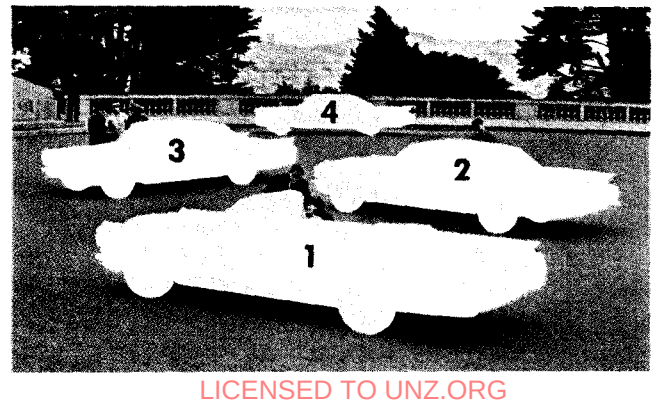

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Avoid sore, weary "WORLD'S FAIR FEET!"

advises Dr. Wm. M. Scholl

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Daily care now can prevent tired, aching feet later!

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Most common foot troubles *can be relieved and prevented.* Daily Foot Care is the answer! If your face and hands and hair need care every day, *your feet deserve it even more!* Get into the daily habit right now. Start today with these proven and tested Dr. Scholl's Foot Aids.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain, remove corns. Lift shoe pressure; soothe, cushion. Prevent corns, sore toes. Also sizes for callouses and bunions. 19¢, 45¢.

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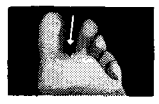
Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder soothes tender, chafed, hot, perspiring feet, eases tight shoes. Helps dispel foot odor. 19¢, 50¢, 90¢; Spray-on $1.25.

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Dr. Scholl's Solvex stops Athlete's Foot itch, kills fungi on contact. Aids healing. Powder, 75¢. Liquid and Ointment, $1. Spray, $1.50.



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Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer of soft rubber, relieves pain from shoe pressure, hides bulge, helps preserve shape of shoe. 75¢ each. *Leather Bunion Protector*, $1.25 each.

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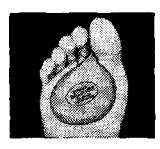
Dr. Scholl's Ball-O-Foot Cushion loops over toe, nestles under sole of foot. Made of soft Latex Foam to relieve pain, burning, callouses. Gives day-long walking ease. Flesh color. Only $1.00 pair.



LIKE WALKING ON PILLOWS

Dr. Scholl's Air-Pillo Insoles cushion your feet from toe to heel. Made of soft Latex Foam. Washable. Give luxurious walking ease. Men's, Women's 60¢ a pair.

WEAK ARCHES

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer and exercise relieve tired, aching feet, rheumatic-like foot and leg pains, fatigue, when due to weak or fallen arches. Light, flexible. Adjustable as condition of arches improves. Men's, Women's $8.00 pair.

Your Feet Deserve The Best!

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SPEAKING OUT

everything was orderly, and the fair looked its best.

It is a vast, colorful clutter, sloshed with fountains and guarded by a number of puzzled-looking heroic statues of the kind the Soviets made a lot of in the early 1930's. A few brilliant, whimsical buildings stand out. The I.B.M. Pavilion is a magnificent egg, resting lightly on a parasol roof; it is a movie theater, and every few minutes it swallows an entire seated audience at one gulp. The New York State Pavilion is, of all things, a pavilion—a great, gaudy tent top strung from the crowns of towering concrete pillars. It contains a garden restaurant and, at the time I saw it, housed a high-school band lustily playing marches. This was so pleasant that the rest of its contents—posters dutifully advertising New York's wine, New York's apples, New York's state senate minority leader Joseph Zaretzki—did not seem offensive.

The rest of the fair's buildings fall, it must be said, into progressively larger classes that might be labeled "Spectacular but not Beautiful," "Peculiar but not Spectacular," and "Garish but not Bashful." The enormous General Motors and United States pavilions fall into the first of these categories, and Florida's orange-on-a-stick falls into the last. The fairgoer falls into a beer garden (there are a great many of these, and they are among the best features of the Olympics) to consider his disappointment.

Even a sun-filled beer garden does not disguise the truth, which is that the buildings, mediocre as they are, are better than their contents. The tackiest shack on the lot has a purpose; it must attract attention and keep the concessionaires dry. Most of the exhibits, including some done with incredible technical skill, seem to lack any real point. Except the point of advertising, of course, and to the skeptical observer even the advertising seems unusually fuddled. Perhaps the trouble is that a building that looks as if it might take off at any moment on a voyage to the dark side of the moon is a poor place to display, for instance, anything as humdrum as an automobile. The welter of visual impressions is so great that it is not possible to concentrate on tail fins. It would be interesting, the fairgoer decides, to know how many company presidents this has occurred to.

Filled with this sort of speculation, and with beer, the fairgoer awards a few gold stars. The Grand Prize goes, of course, to Disney's Lincoln. But other marvels, including some by Disney, who designed four big exhibits and deserves almost as much credit as Moses for the fair's distinctive tone, must be mentioned.

Most Pompous Slogan: A tie between "Peace Through Understanding," the fair's general ear deadener, and the U.S. Pavilion's "Challenge to Greatness." ("Challenge to patience," a middle-aged lady behind me said several times as we waited 35 minutes to get into what turned out to be a nine-minute filmed sermon on immigration.)

Most Deeply Buried Value for Your Money: The Underground Home, a garishly decorated ten-room house hollowed out of the ground, fallout-shelter fashion. It resembles a garishly decorated ten-room aboveground house in all respects except it costs a dollar to get into.

Most Implausible Invention: Disney's really startling animation of Neanderthals inventing the wheel for Ford. Like Mickey Mouse, and the Seven Dwarfs, the cavemen have faces that are typically Disney. (But the dinosaur fight is socko.)

Most Fountains in Limited Area: Edward Durell Stone's House of Good Taste, with eight fountains.

Most Puzzling Anticlimax: The War to Win Men's Minds for Jane Parker Baked Foods. The A&P Company had a Jane Parker sign on a building outside the fairgrounds. Robert Moses complained that this was commercializing his fair, and he wanted it peacefully understood that he would build a spite fence to protect the sensibilities of fairgoers. No fence was built, and a visitor wonders what the fuss was about—the sign, in modest 10-foot-high red letters, blends unobtrusively with the *décor* that is genuine Moses.

Splendid illusions

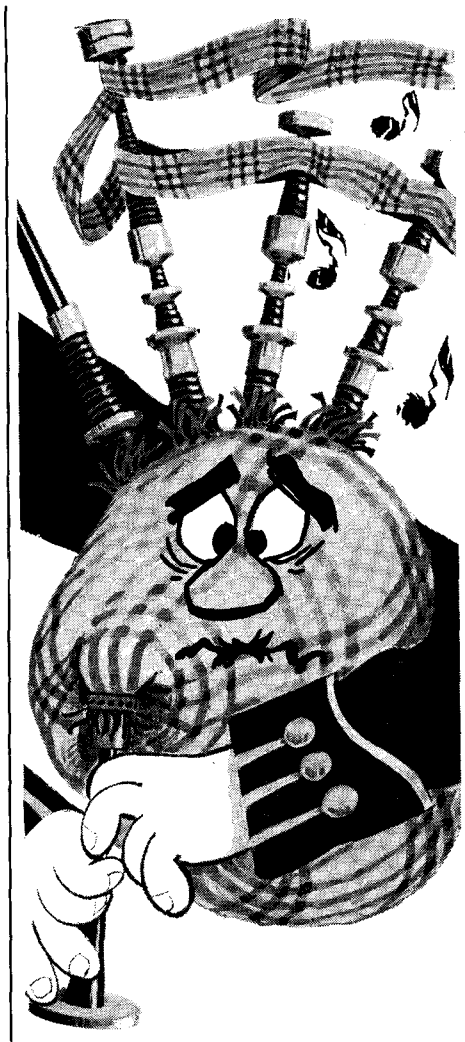
But what is more striking than the grossness of some of the exhibits, the fairgoer decides, is the absence of hard-sell in others. The General Motors Futurama ride, for instance, is conducted with almost no huckstering, and the diorama illusions that come into view one after another have been put together amazingly well. The trouble is that it is a ride through the future, and the wonders shown do not seem wondrous. People are shown living in bubble colonies beneath the sea, conducting a weather-mapping operation in the Antarctic, laying a jungle highway with one great crawling machine. None of this delights the mind with its strangeness because it is not strange; children read wilder visions on the backs of cereal boxes. And adults, who nod without surprise when told that the U.S. will build a folding-wing airliner that will travel at 2,500 mph, cannot be expected to feel a leap of mind watching G.M.'s models.

The I.B.M. people have tried hard. There is no point in showing a computer—all enameled boxes with dials look alike—so they project, on a dozen small movie screens in their wonderful theater, many flashing aspects of the same event—say, a train steaming down a track. Visitors see the driving wheels on one screen, the engineer's hand at the throttle, the roadbed blurring by, trees clipping past, couplings grinding together. It is a dazzling photographic stunt. But what I.B.M. has tried to do is show something of the process by which information is gathered and dealt with. The visitors' minds are to be the computers, gathering information, forming impressions of a train's flight.

But the wonder is too complicated, or too simple. The audience leaves, vaguely puzzled, knowing only that it has seen some good photography—too much good photography.

The "leap of mind" that is missing is what world's fairs once were about. They brought wonders into everyday lives—nylon, television or, earlier, an unbelievable machine that reaped and threshed wheat with one motion. But now we are all benumbed by wonders, perhaps resentful of them. It is hard to believe now, as some believed at the 1939 World's Fair, that they will make life any better. The most wondrous machine at the fair—the horrifying population clock that ticks off a new birth every few seconds—makes even optimism seem humbug. Have we outgrown wonders, or they us? Have we outgrown fairs? The beer is gone, and the fairgoer sadly goes home.

Jack Shaw



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If you've never tried Alka-Seltzer® BRAND you don't know how speedy relief can be!

Relief is just a swallow away with Alka-Seltzer, because it's liquid-quick when you take it.

Alka-Seltzer contains medically proven alkalizers that reduce stomach acid, comfort your stomach, and relieve that stuffy, too-full feeling. You get Speedy Alkalizing Action when you drink Alka-Seltzer.

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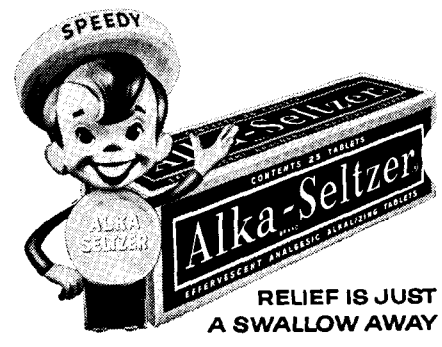

RELIEF IS JUST A SWALLOW AWAY

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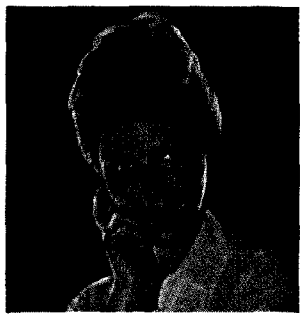

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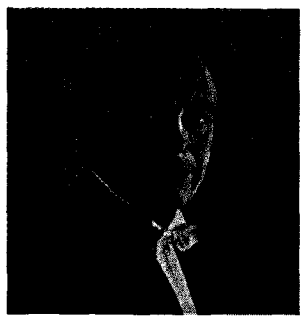
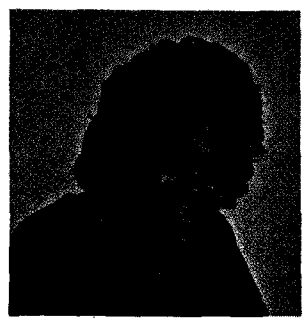


ANDRE KOSTELANETZ



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GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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A Volkswagen can take on a very big person.

(One owner who's 6'8" says he can't get comfortable in anything else.)

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To begin with, VWs don't cost enough.

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Or when they can't even tell what year car they're up against.

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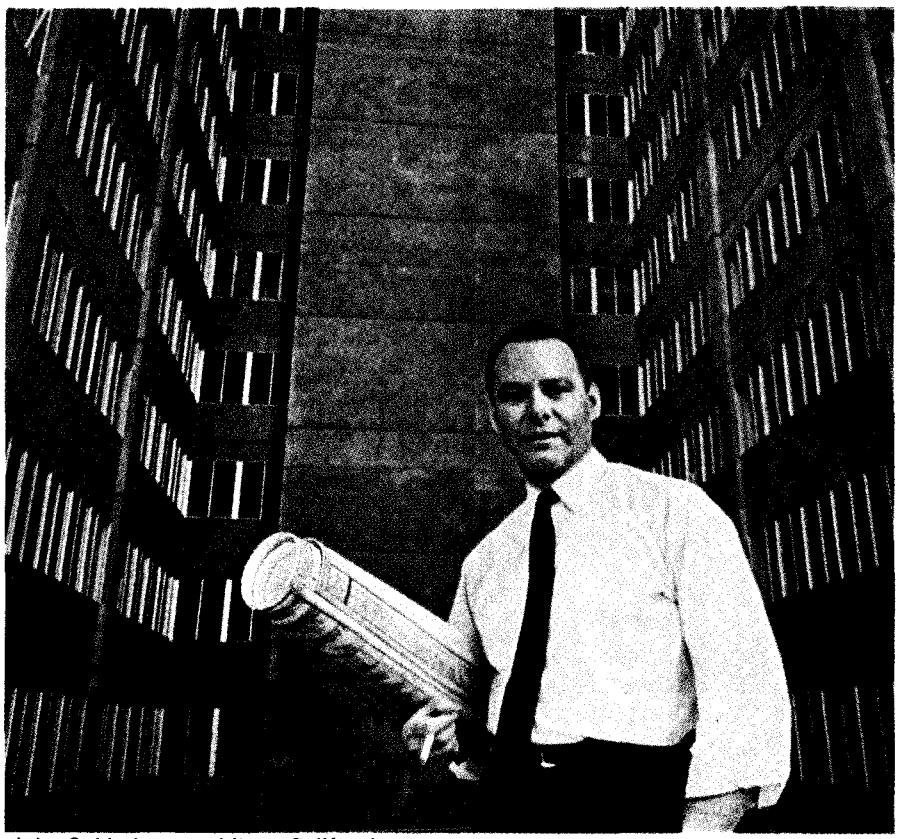
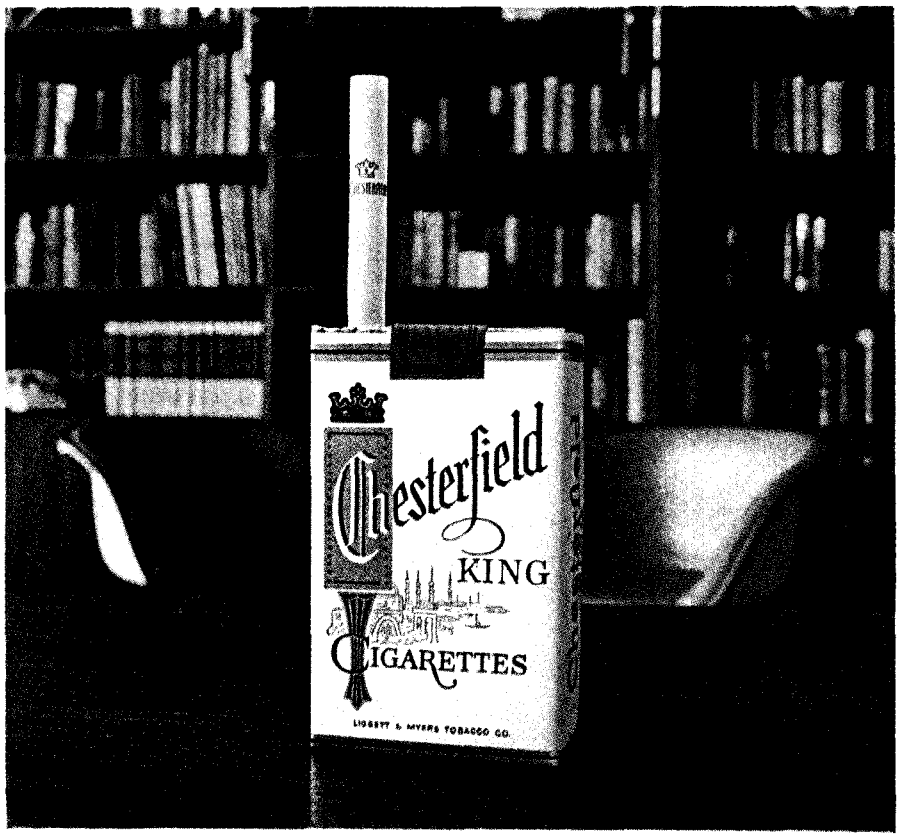
They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)

Guy Stillman, breeder of Arabian horses, Arizona



John C. Lindsay, architect, California

Joan Lakow, pattern designer, New York



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CHESTERFIELD KING tastes great...yet it smokes so mild!

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That other New York

World's Fair symbols, 1939.

NEW YORK: There were some very nice things about New York in 1939, when that other World's Fair was held. For one thing, I don't know why exactly, but the girls smelled nicer—fresher, more intoxicating. For another, if you were a bachelor in your early 20's, as I was in 1939, you could live pretty high on the hog in New York on around $50 a week.

I was making about that in 1939, and I always seemed to have enough money to take girls to Larue's or Twenty-one, and I even kept a car in town. The car was a secondhand Ford runabout with a canvas top that came off at speeds over 50. Somebody (I hope not I) had christened the car "Myrun Myrunabout."

The parking problem was easily solved—I just left the car on the street. Once in a while I'd get a ticket, but they only cost two dollars then, if memory serves, so it was a lot cheaper than keeping the car in a garage. That spring and summer of 1939, my friends and I spent a lot of time rushing about New York, or out to the fair, in Myrun Myrunabout. I wonder how much income a New Yorker needs now to keep a car in the city. I don't know much about New York these days—I left in 1941, and I've never lived in the city since.

Of course, even in 1939 you didn't dine at Larue's or Twenty-one on $50 a week—not often, anyway. The usual routine was to eat at one of those joints in Greenwich Village, the kind with sawdust on the floor, or the kind with candles stuck in Chianti bottles, for maybe three dollars for two, with cocktails, and then go on to Larue's or Twenty-one for drinks. There was a good orchestra at Larue's, and no cover or minimum. I suppose it was spongers like me who killed the place.

In 1939 you could get a respectable suit for $30, and a Brooks Brothers suit (an important status symbol for the young man about Manhattan then—is it still?) for $42. You could get a pretty good apartment—two bedrooms, kitchen, living room—in, say, the East 50's for around $85 or $90, and for another five bucks a week you could get a cleaning woman to come in and clean up last night's mess and even make breakfast. If you shared the place with three other guys, the usual arrangement, your share was less than half what it now costs just to park a car in town.

There were other good things about New York in 1939. It was more on a human scale than it is now—quite a lot of people, not only the immensely rich, actually lived in houses. Parts of it were certainly handsomer. Park Avenue, for example, was a very handsome, rich-looking big-city street, before it was lined with those huge, hideous, glass-and-metal boxes, which look as though they had been made expressly to be smashed by a hydrogen bomb.

Greenwich Village was a lot of fun then (is it still?) and so was Harlem—we used to mount expeditions to the Cotton Club, in Myrun Myrunabout, to watch the marvelous dancing. These days, I'm told, Harlem is not healthy for whites after dark. The fair was fun too—all that summer of 1939, we'd go to the fair once or twice a week, in the hot summer evenings.

I remember especially the parachute jump—a couple I knew were stuck halfway down for a day and night; and the Dali show, with pretty, naked ladies swimming past weird objects in water tanks; and the Soviet exhibit, with its huge statue of an embattled worker.

Some of my acquaintances, especially the more intellectual types, admired the Soviet exhibit extravagantly. I knew only two or three people who were actually members of the Communist Party, but in those days a sort of mushy Marxism was fashionable among intellectuals and would-be intellectuals. This was not really so surprising then as it seems now.

The Munich surrender was only a few months old then, and a lot of quite intelligent people suspected that Communism might turn out to be the only alternative to Hitlerism. The democracies did not look like a good bet—in Europe the decay that led to Dunkirk and the fall of France was easy to sense, and here at home there were still about 10 million unemployed, almost a fifth of the work force.

We young men about Manhattan were all marking time in those days. We knew there would be a war, we knew it would come soon, and we knew in our hearts that we would be in it, which at least gave us an excuse for spending more time and money than we should have in places like Larue's and Twenty-one.

In 1939 I was half in love with New York. It was an exciting place, and it was fun rushing about in Myrun Myrunabout, and dammit, the girls *did* smell nicer. I very much dislike the place now. It gives me that snows-of-yesteryear feeling, and where it once excited me, it now makes me nervous. As soon as I land in La Guardia, my palms begin to sweat.

Even so, by any reasonable standards, New York is a better place now than it was then, even though they've ruined Park Avenue and you can't get a Brooks Brothers winter suit for $42 anymore. New York is a better place because the United States is a better place.

There are still too many poor people in this country. One person out of about 18 is out of a job, and that's too high. But it's a lot better than one in five, and the poor were poorer in 1939, and there were a lot more of them. The Negroes have not yet achieved full citizenship, but in 1939, in some parts of the country, the Negroes were, for all practical purposes, still slaves.

After President Kennedy's murder, much was written about the "infection of prejudice, violence, and hatred," as though that were something new. Doesn't anybody remember Huey Long and Father Coughlin and the Bund and the bloody labor battles? Doesn't anybody remember how the brandy-and-cigars conversation among prosperous gentlemen, in their clubs and apartments on Park or Fifth, consisted largely of dirty jokes about the President of the United States and his wife?

The world is a better place, too, if only because Adolf Hitler is no longer in it. It is true that today's young man about Manhattan might be destroyed by the same bomb that could smash the huge glass-and-metal boxes on Park Avenue. But who seriously fears that this will happen? Today's young man about Manhattan is the beneficiary of Winston Churchill's "peace of mutual terror," which is an odd sort of peace, but better than a war. So he should count himself lucky, even though no one can live high on the hog for $50 a week anymore. But it is too bad that the girls don't smell as nice as they used to.

Stewart Alsop

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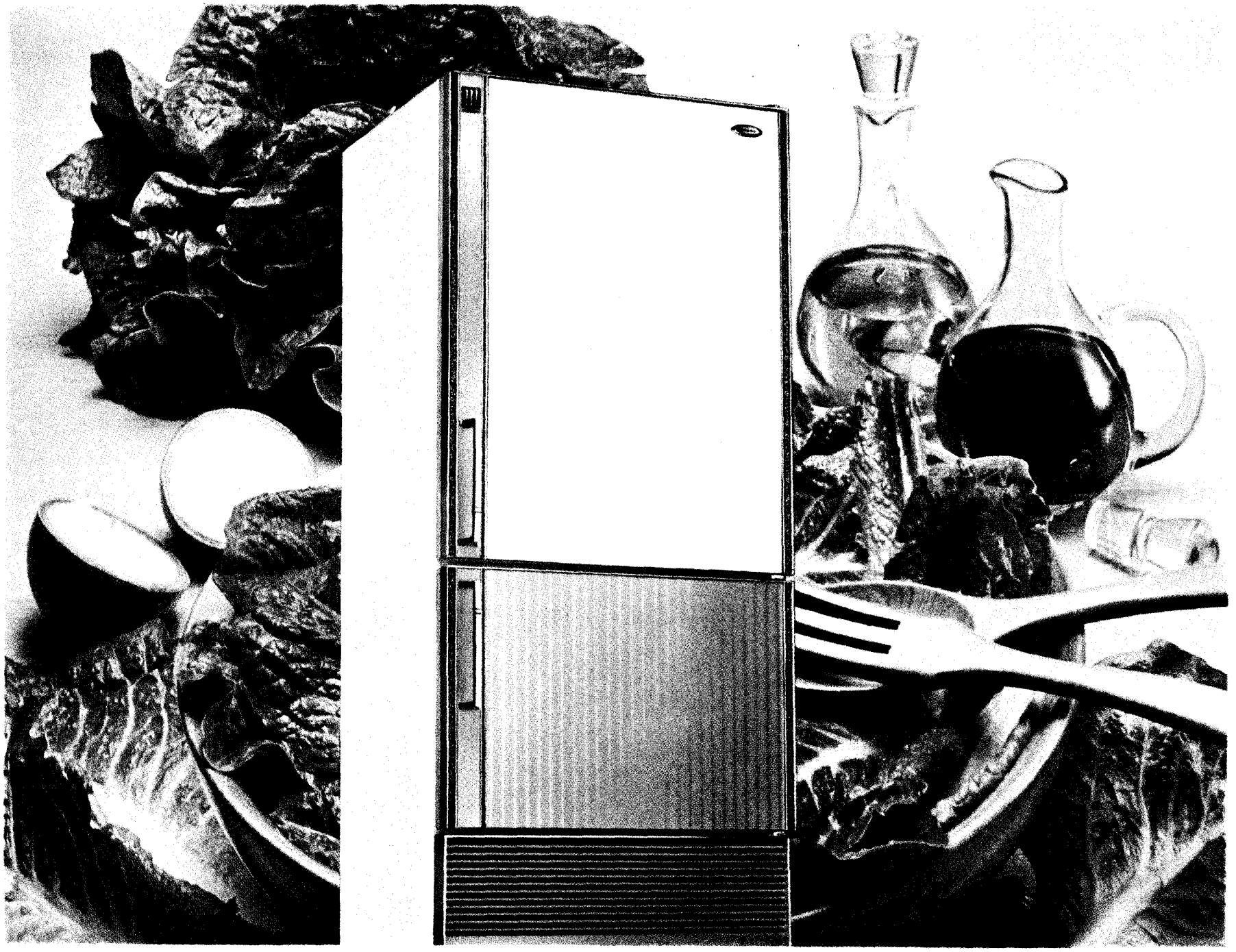

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Without really trying, your family could eat well over thirteen hundred salads during the next ten years. Will you still be happy with your new refrigerator on that day in 1974 when you open its door to pop in salad number 1,386?

If it's a Philco "Instant Cold" Refrigerator, we're quite sure you will. You see, Philco "Instant Cold" Refrigerators have more reserve power. That means they maintain refrigerator and freezer temperatures more easily – run so little, so quiet and free from care. They don't have to work so hard. They're under less strain. So you can expect them to last longer – rarely need servicing.

Philco refrigerators are made so carefully, too, with such painstaking attention to detail. You can see this in the lovely jewel-case exterior styling with the new ceramic-like highlights. And in the solid construction of the carefully planned, practical interior conveniences. Like all Philco products, Philco "Instant Cold" Refrigerators are built for *lasting value*. That's why you'll be as happy with any Philco product years from now as when it's spanking-new.

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PHILCO®

A SUBSIDIARY OF *Ford Motor Company*

Television Radios Stereo Phonographs Home Laundry Refrigerators Ranges Air Conditioners

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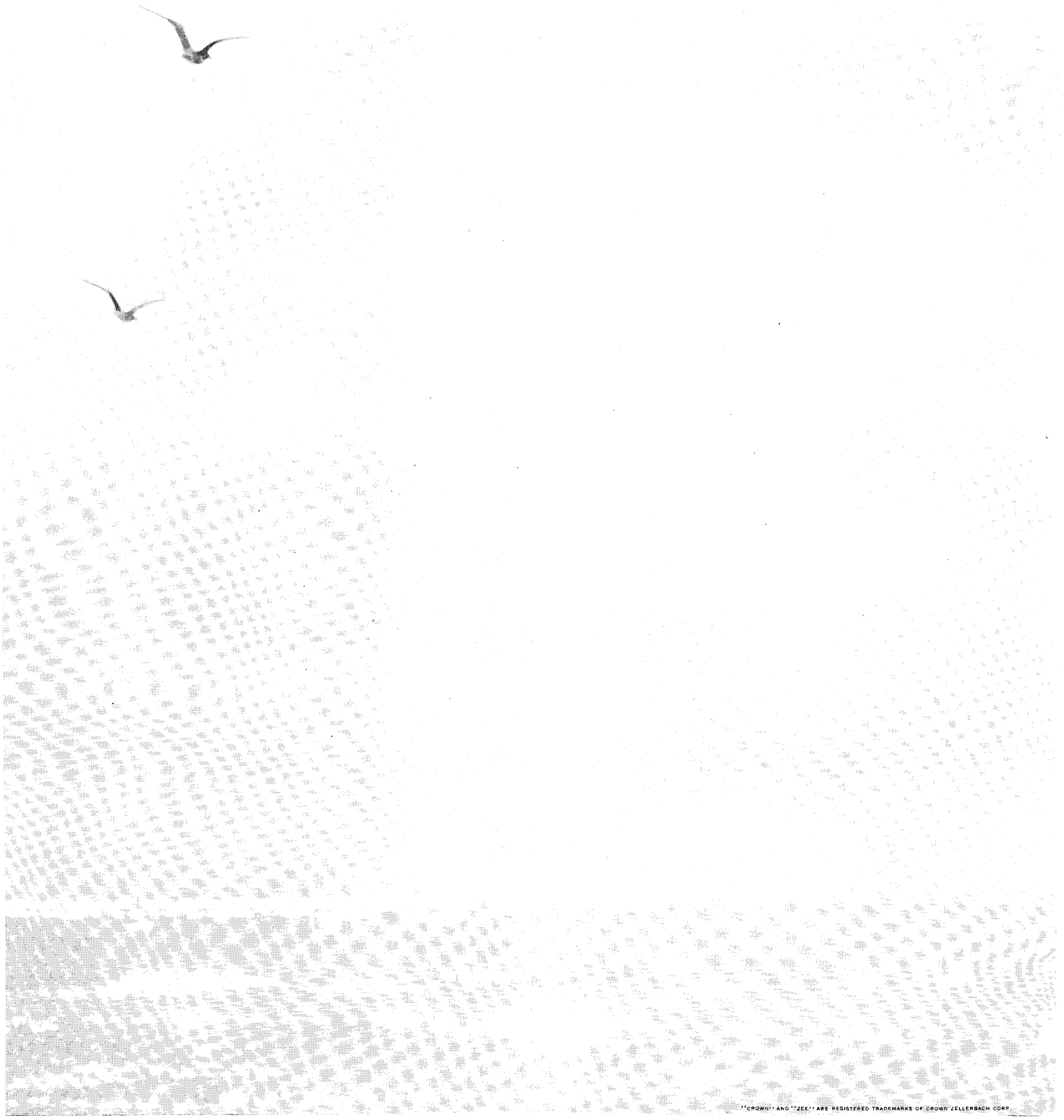

A gentle reminder: Crown Zee is a very soft toilet tissue.

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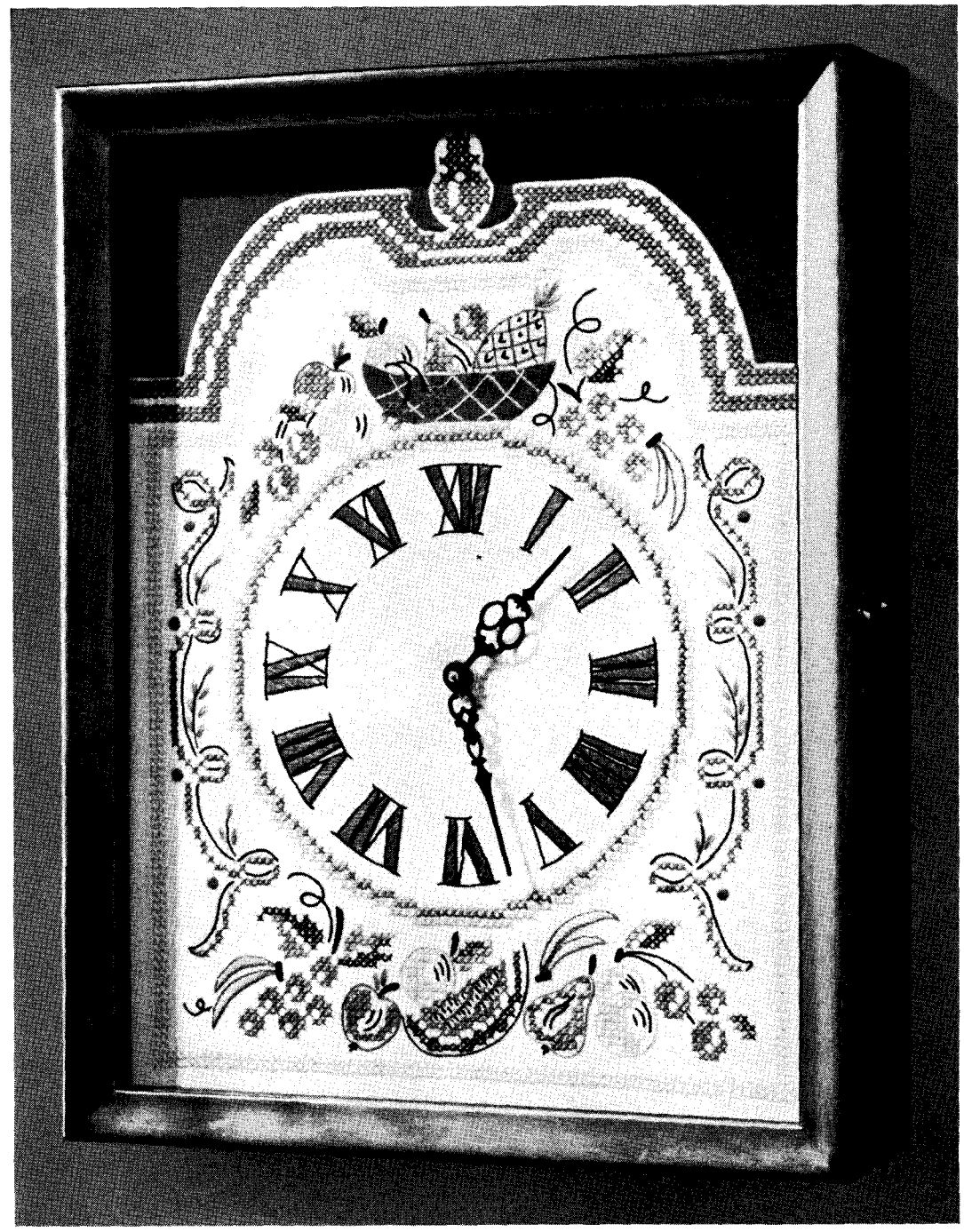
MAKE THIS HEIRLOOM SAMPLER CLOCK



This wonderful new easy-do clock is as handsome as the day is long . . . and accurate too. Think how many times a day you'll enjoy your handiwork, as you tell time by the big readable numerals and antiqued black hands. Make it for a wedding, anniversary or housewarming gift. It will be long remembered. Stand it on a mantel or hang it on a wall—it's an heirloom-in-the-making that you'll treasure for years. Bright natural colored fruits and brown numerals are embroidered on fine white linen with cross-stitch. Wood frame is ready to assemble, then stain or paint—all parts are presanded, and grooves and holes for screws are already in place. It's easy to install the fine electric clock movement, and quick too. Overall size is 13½"x17½"x3¼". Glass is not included. KIT #PCK-23, price $12.98 postpaid. Federal excise tax included.

Complete kit contains stamped 100 per cent Belgian linen with embroidery thread, U.L. Approved Telechron electric clock movement, assembled front-frame, easy-to-assemble box frame, instructions. Kit assembly takes less than ½ hour after face has been embroidered.

HEIRLOOM SAMPLER CLOCK ORDER FORM

Heirloom Sampler Clock has been designed expressly for The American Home. Fill out coupon, enclosing personal check or money order (no stamps, please). Sorry, we are unable to handle foreign orders.

Please allow three weeks for handling and mailing.

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Please send me_____Heirloom Sampler Clock Kit(s) at $12.98 each. Federal excise tax included.
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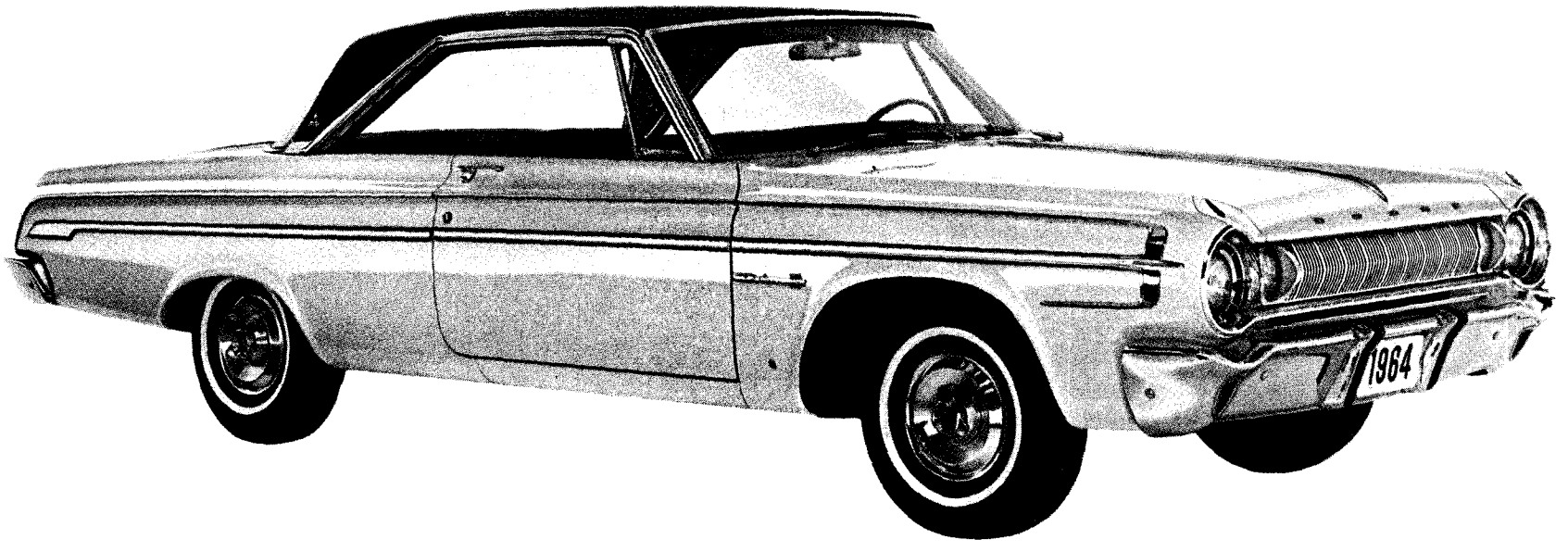
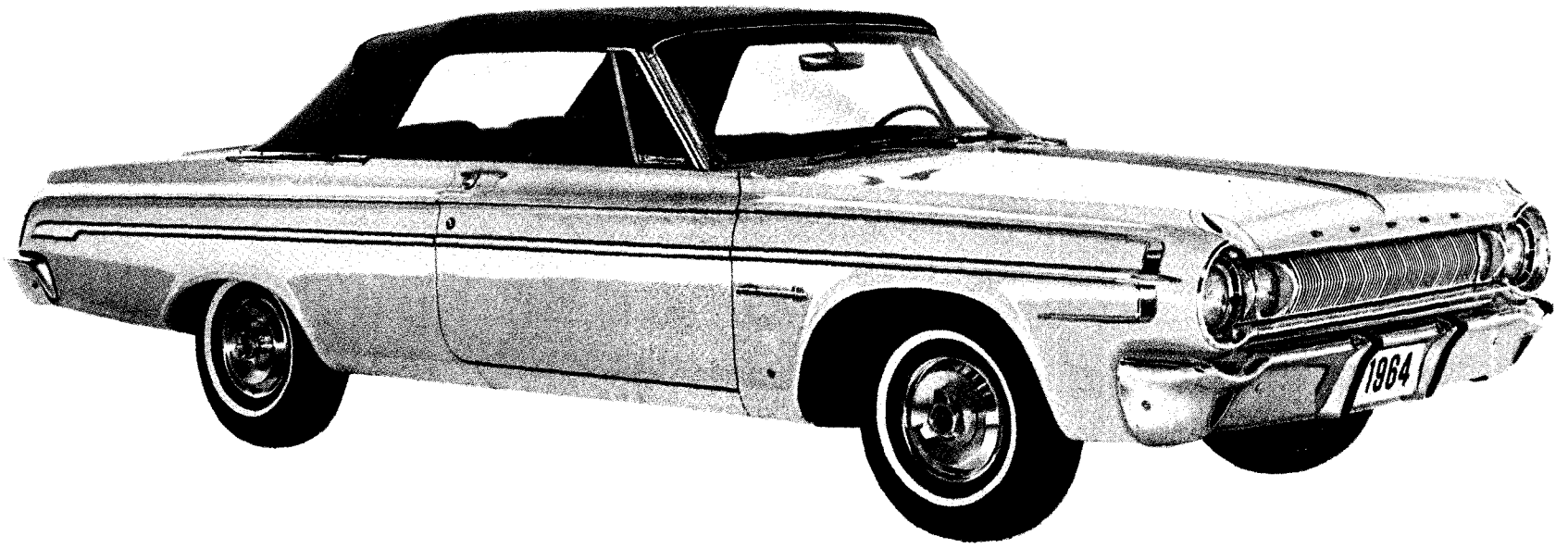


The great impostor



The real McCoy

These two performers have got quite an act. Look closely at the one on top. The great impostor. A handsome hardtop with all the excitement of a convertible. The optional vinyl covering does it—gives it a distinctive, custom-tailored, sophisticated appearance. Regal. Travels well in the best of circles—or out on the straightaway.

The quick-change artist in the bottom picture is the Polara 500 Convertible. Loves to put on airs, but underneath it all, is loaded with fun. Buoyant bucket seats, ready-for-action console and the biggest standard V8 in the low-priced field. Sporty as they come—and a sun worshiper from the word go.

But with either of these new Dodges, the price sticker's the real kicker—makes it as easy to own one as it is to drive one. No wonder Dodge has been leading the industry in percentage of sales increase for fifteen months in a row.

Why don't you get in the act? See your Dodge Dealer. Pick the model you want—then wait for the applause.

'64 Dodge

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

PARTICIPATING ADVERTISER | WORLD'S FAIR LUCKY NUMBER $1,000,000 SWEEPSTAKES © 1963, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR 1964-1965 CORPORATION | SEE PAGES 44-45

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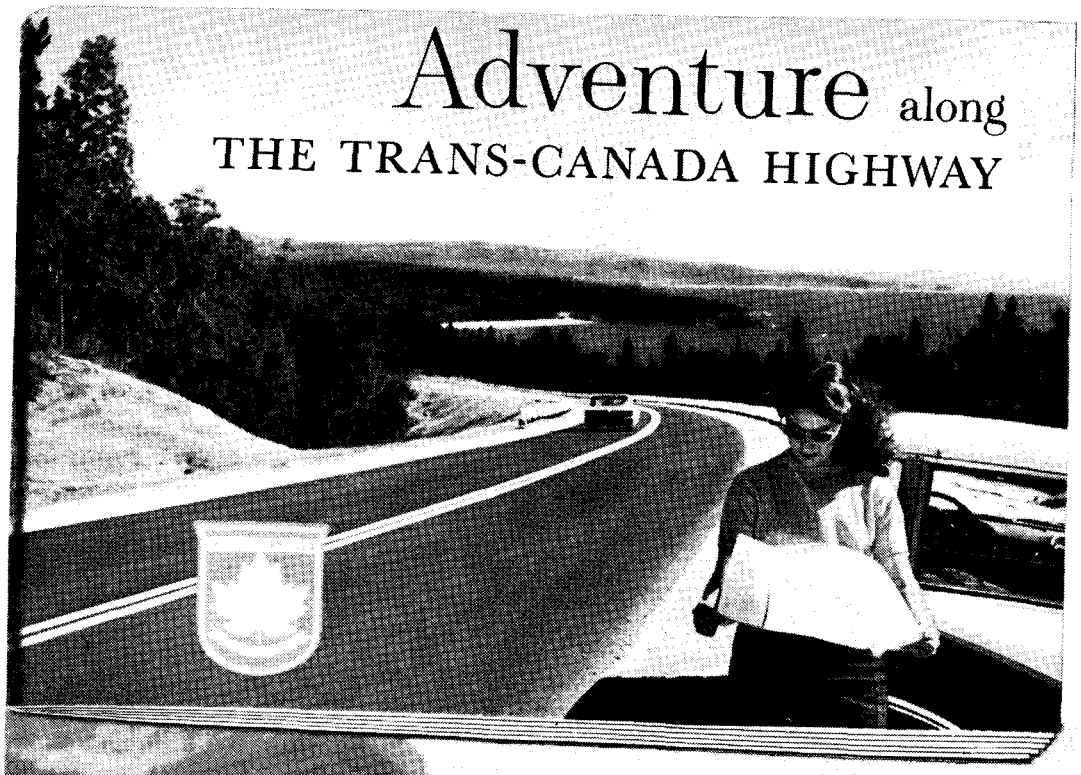

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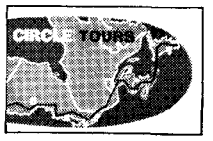

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without changing your natural hair color!

Makes your husband feel younger, too . . . just to look at you!

Gray hair, even when it's premature, says you're older than you are! So if *you* hate that gray, wash it away with Loving Care hair color lotion by Clairol. Gently, so skillfully does Loving Care wash in the young color that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of gray! And all anyone sees is that you look so much prettier, younger, after the very first wash. It's that natural looking. No big decisions about shades. Loving Care comes in a full range of colors—from newest Natural Black to palest shining blonde. You choose the tone most like your own. And about once a month, to keep gray away, just wash your hair with Loving Care. It won't rub off, won't brush off. Loving Care leaves your hair vital, shiny, in better condition than ever. Not a tint . . . better than a rinse. Hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair.

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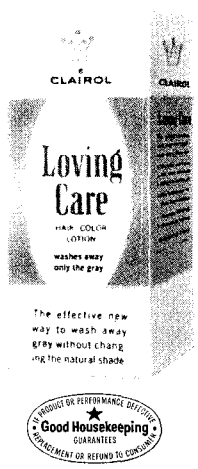
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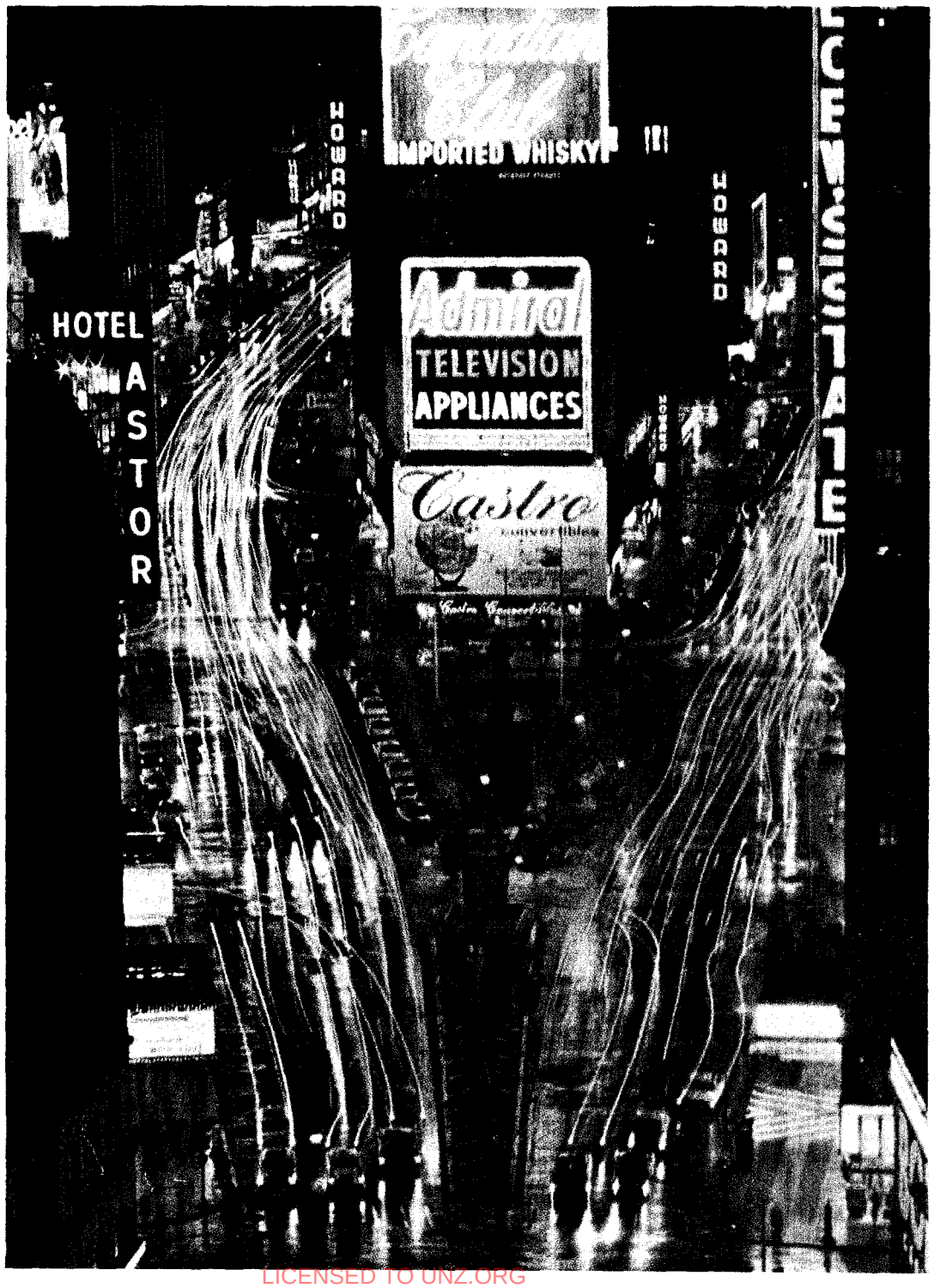
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

THE GREAT CITY

Trying to imagine the primeval promise of New York as it appeared to the explorers who first saw its empty and tree-covered shoreline, Scott Fitzgerald wrote that "man must have held his breath . . . face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder."

New York today has few trees, and empty space is so rare that a few square inches of it are more valuable than the trinkets which Peter Minuit supposedly paid the Indians for all of Manhattan. Yet man's capacity for wonder is never sated, and he has created few things which can excite that sense of wonder so perpetually as the incandescent city of New York.

New York has its scars of ugliness, its wounds of violence. For like the Rome of the Caesars, like Elizabethan London, it is a city of energy and power. It is the marketplace of the world, and the World's Fair is a symbol of that. But it is also a city of people, of modern pioneers, where no man dies in the house where he was born, where no man is truly at home, and no man truly a stranger. And for those who see beauty in the whirling force of a dynamo, it is a city of incomparable glory.



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Traversing the fair's International Area at 112 feet in the air, the colorful cable cars of the Swiss Sky Ride command one of the fair's most sweeping views and make an eye-filling sight themselves. The ride, 2,000 feet long, lasts five minutes.

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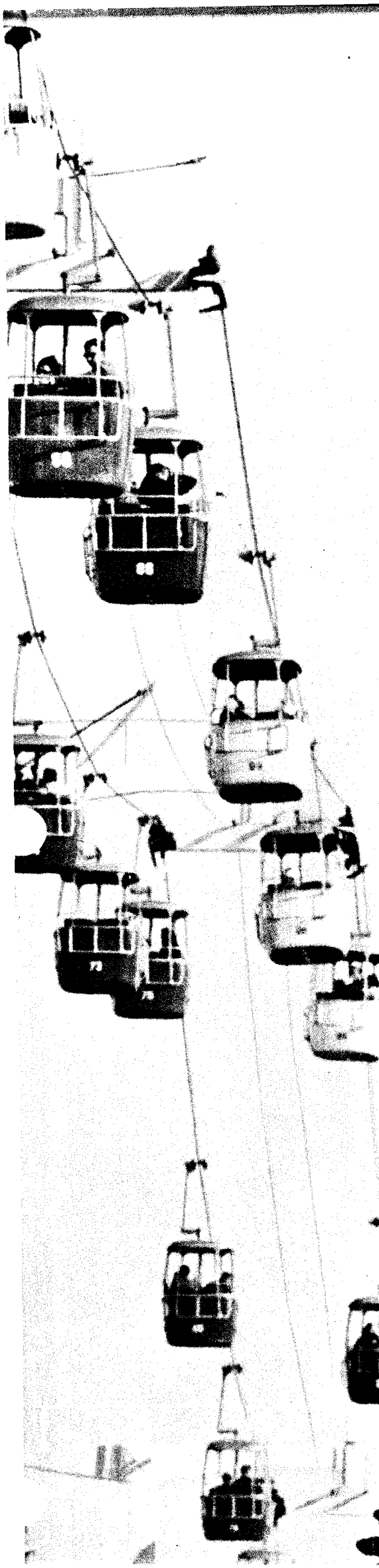
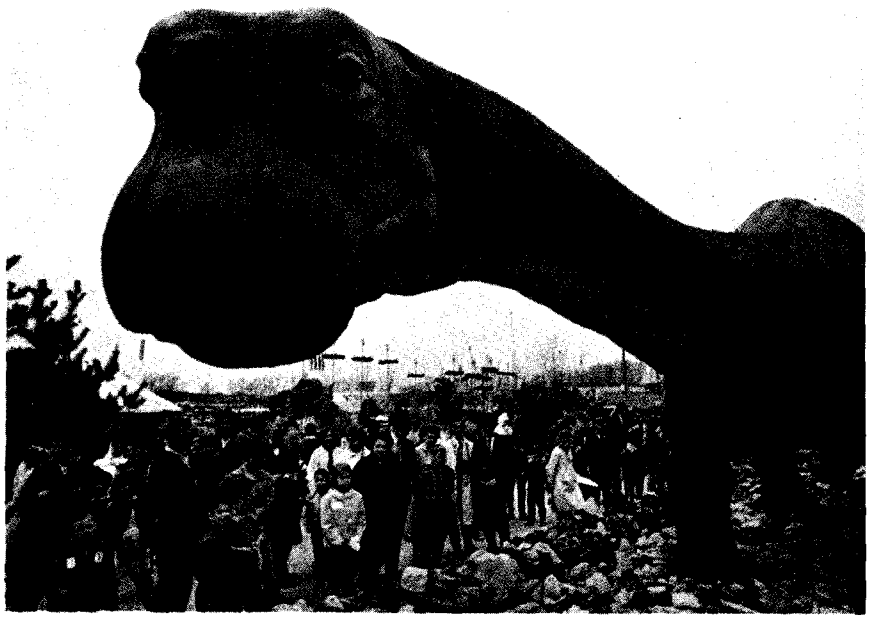


Trademark of Sinclair Oil, this brontosaurus of 70 million years ago is only one of nine fiber-glass monsters on display in Sinclair's child-fetching Dinoland exhibit.



THE GREAT FAIR

IN A GAUDY PARADISE, 80 MILLION GET A MAGIC LOOK AT THE FUTURE.

Photographs by JOHN ZIMMERMAN

From the Sky Ride that carries customers gasping through the air to the fiber-glass trademark dinosaur that ogles the visitor with quizzical stare, New York's World's Fair provides an all but overwhelming combination of commerce and technology, imagination and sheer excitement. This is the function of fairs—to dramatize what men have already built, and what they hope to build in the future. Back in 1939, New York filled in a swamp in a place called Flushing and called it The World of Tomorrow. It offered us eight-lane highways, electric razors, nylon underwear, television—visions of a dazzling future. Now, The World of Tomorrow is here, for better or worse, and the new fair takes a new leap into time.

General Motors' Futurama previews moving sidewalks, control towers that monitor auto traffic, and planes that take off vertically for the commuter run to the suburbs. Other prophecies include longer life (a machine for regulating the heartbeat), happier feet (a new, man-made leather "breathes" through pores), space exploration (on a surrealistic rooftop moonscape), and even scientific romance (a computer that pairs off pen pals).

But all is not science in this greatest show on earth. There is the amusement park, with its Monorail ride. There is religion, with Michelangelo's magnificent *Pietà;* a machine that answers 120 Bible questions; and Billy Graham appearing hourly on film. There is show biz, from a circus to Hong Kong's Hu dancers. There is an exhibit that re-creates the sounds and sights of faraway places. There are strange new buildings, some rising high over the old swampland, others under it (a house exhibit lurks 15 feet underground).

Eighty million people are expected to wander through this gaudy paradise before the doors close in October, 1965. When they tire of walking the 40 miles of sidewalk, between musical lampposts, they can relax on benches sufficient to accommodate 17,500 people. When hungry, they can feed at 112 restaurants. And when they leave, most will be filled with the same sense of wonderment which led Queen Victoria to confide in her diary, after viewing the Crystal Palace exhibit of 1851, that it was all so "magical—so vast, so glorious."

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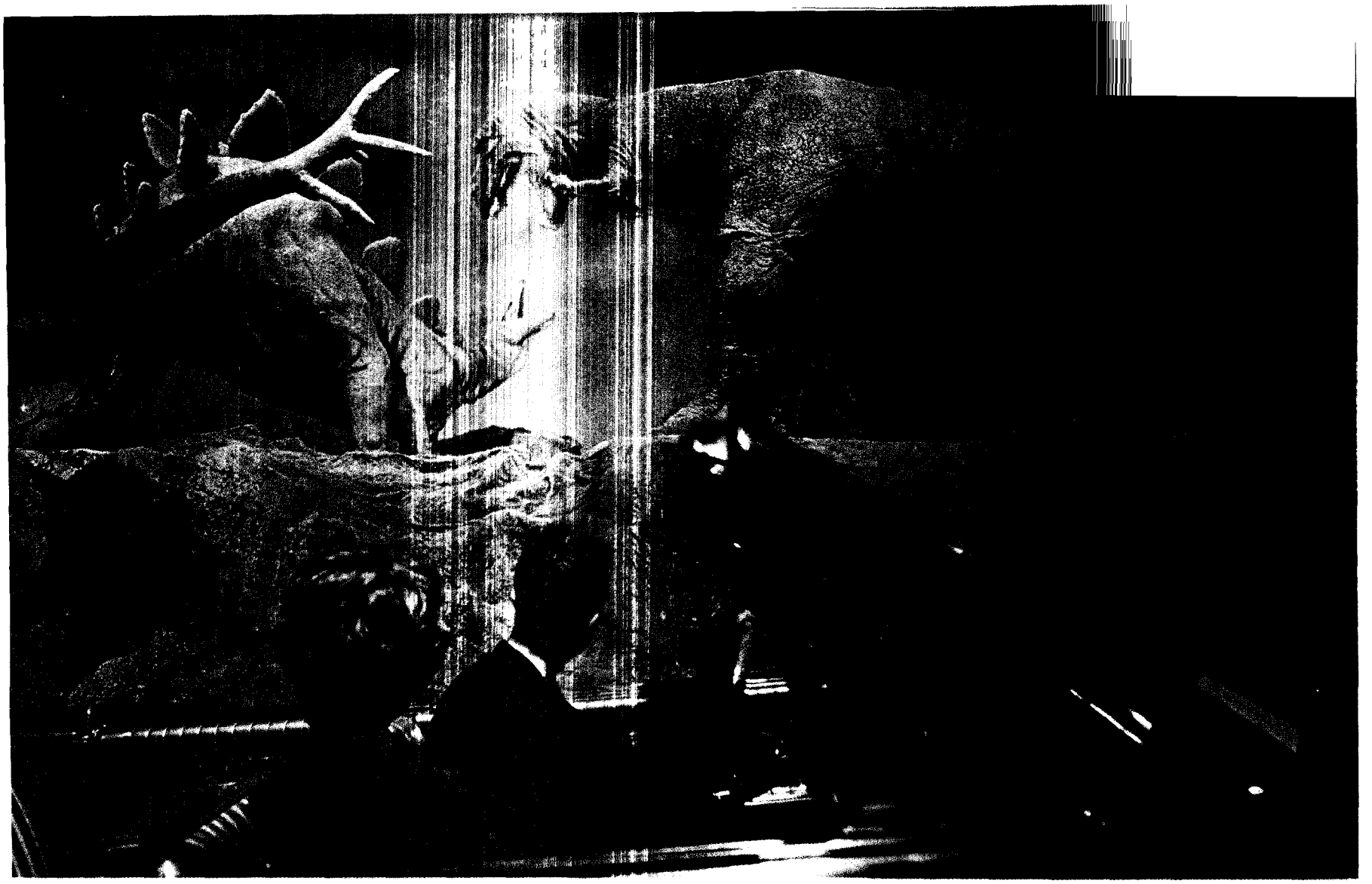
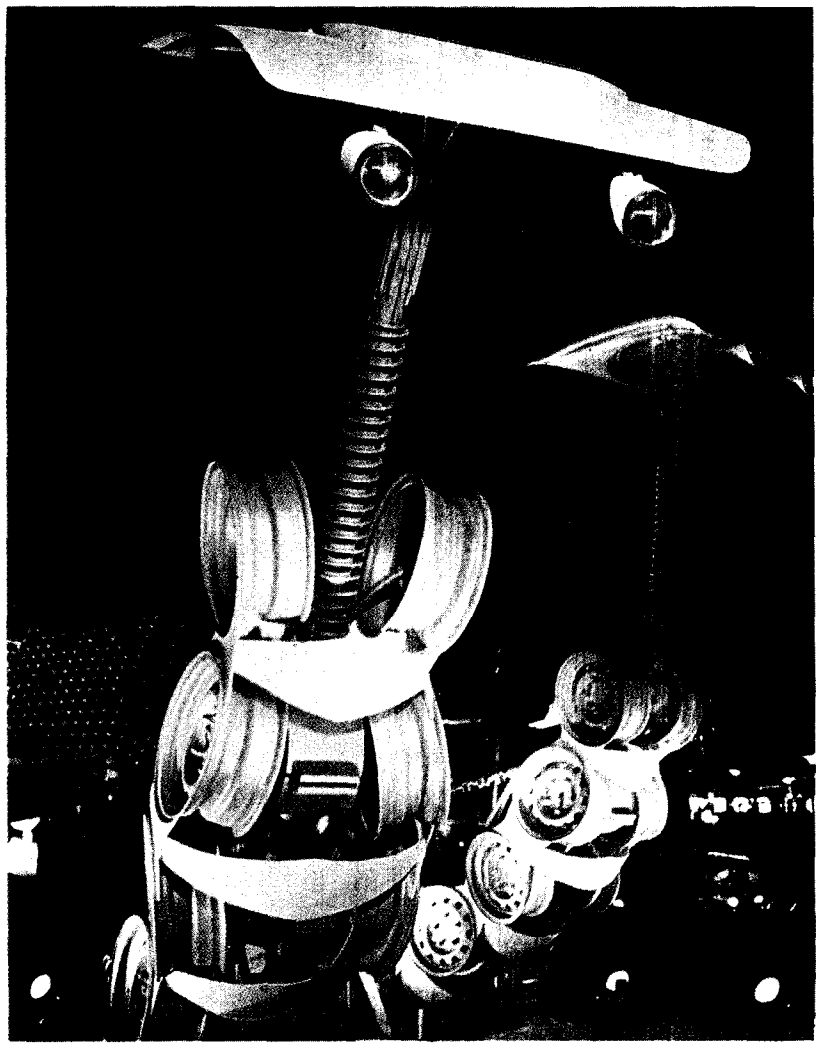


These brawling dinosaurs were created by a new Walt Disney technique called audio-animatronics, which makes three-dimensional figures move and utter lifelike sounds. Spectators ride in Ford convertibles through a "Time Tunnel" which starts out in the Mesozoic era and winds up at a space city seen as an abstraction in lights.

No fair would be a fair without a Ferris wheel, and this is New York's version, disguised as a huge rubber tire by U.S. Rubber Co. Made of polyester resin and glass fiber, it lifts riders—four to each bright-red gondola—80 feet in the air.



These giant insects in the outdoor rest area of the Chrysler exhibit belong to a zoo made out of auto parts. Heads are trunk lids, eyes are taillights, bodies are car wheels. Visitors can also walk through insides of a giant eight-cylinder auto engine.

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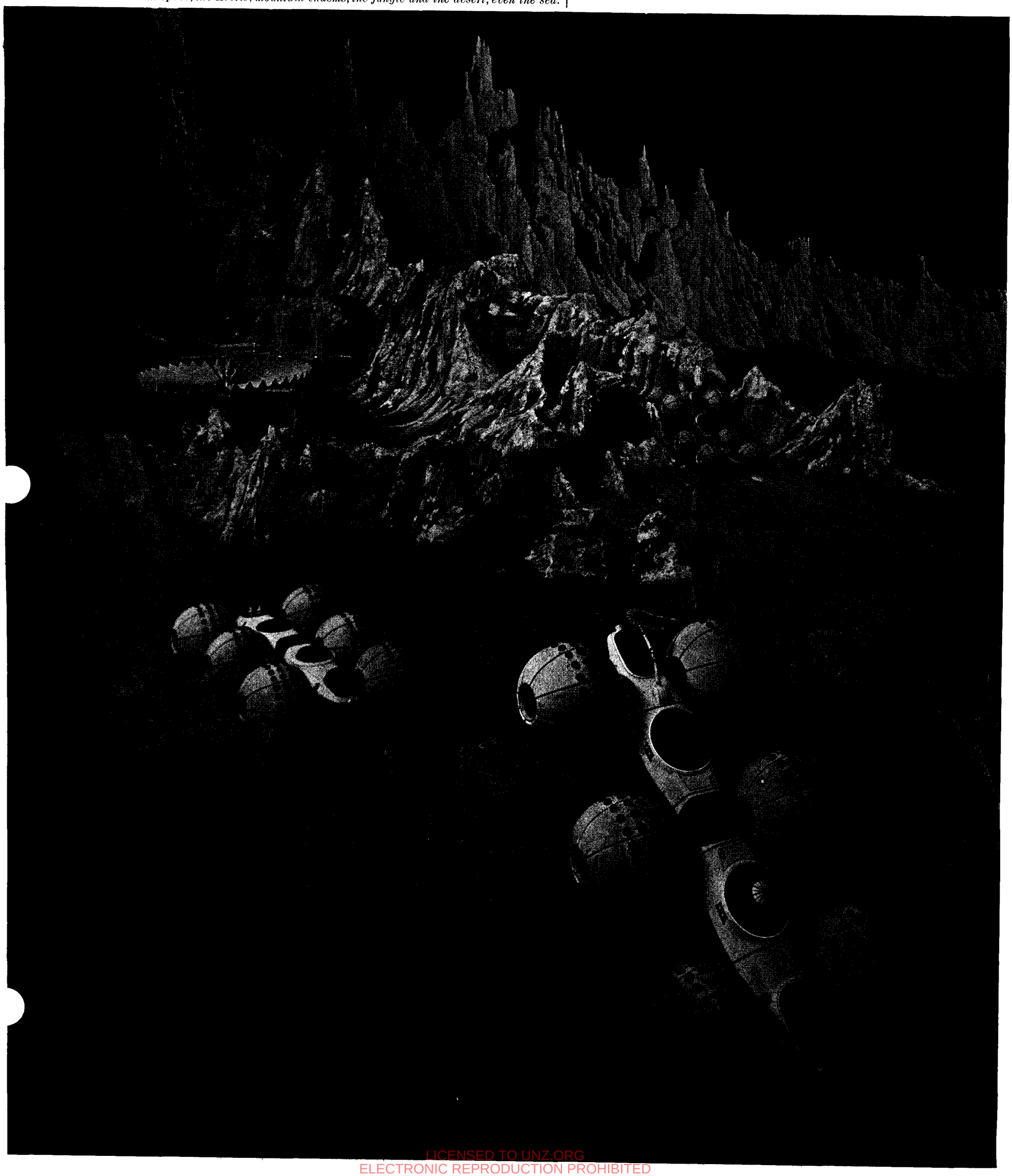
WONDERS BUILT ON IMAGINATION

Lunar crawlers on globular wheels roll over the bumps of the moon's surface in this simulated moonscape at the General Motors Futurama. Audiences sit three abreast in moving chairs that roll from one display to another, showing how mankind will manage to conquer and inhabit some of Creation's inhospitable corners. Only 60 years hence, declare G. M. prophets, men will plant dwellings in space, the Arctic, mountain chasms, the jungle and the desert, even the sea.



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THE OTHER YOU—IN TECHNICOLOR

Visitors to Clairol exhibit see themselves in technicolor by peering into gadgets that use mirrors and pictures to show how they'd look in a variety of hair styles and hues. Inside pavilion—which is off-limits to men—women ride a carrousel and receive analyses of proper hair-coloring worked up for them by a computer.

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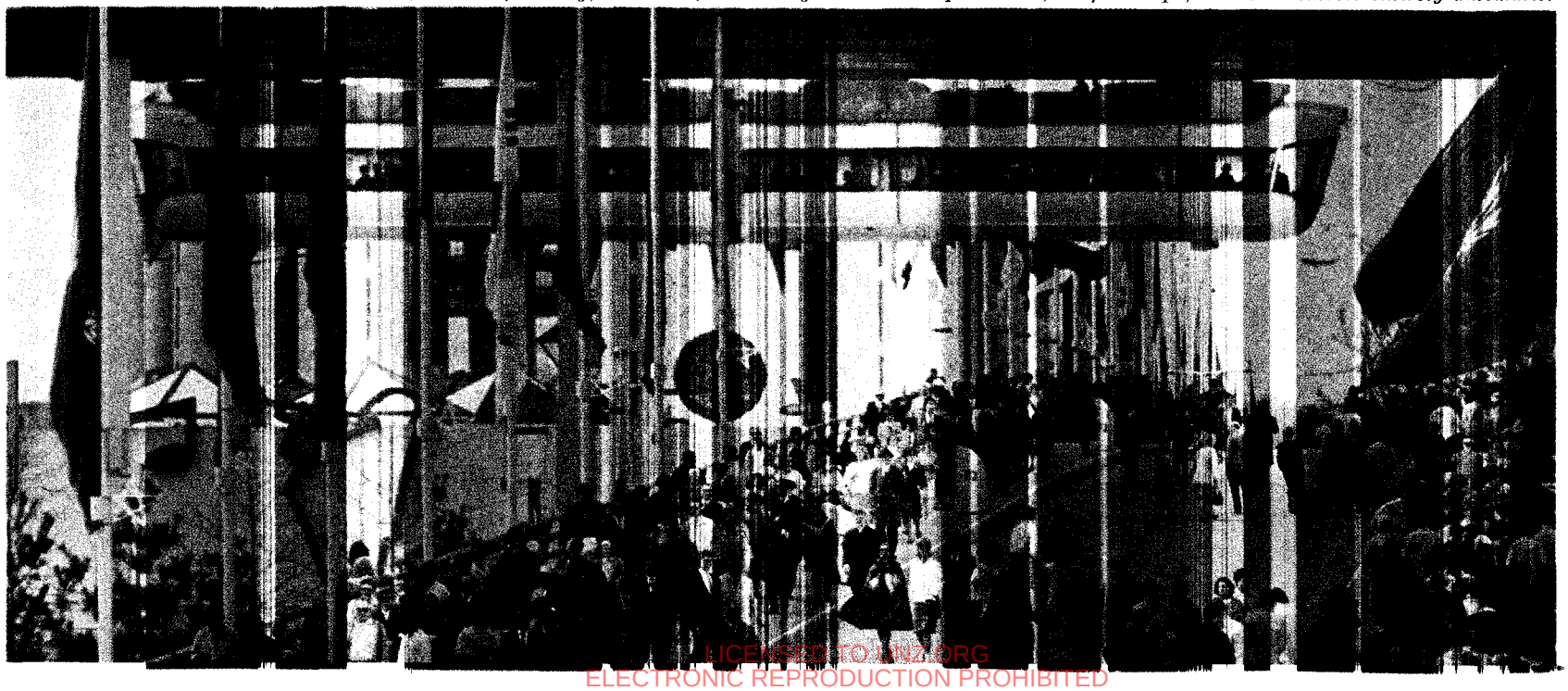
At "Small World" show, boaters see 26 lands with animated figures of children. Above scene includes London Bridge, Pisa Tower, Irish leprechauns.

TV-phone hookup illustrates person-to-person telephone of the future, which lets callers see as well as hear each other. Though the device is still a long way from the consumer market, Bell System is using its fair exhibition to make practical studies of how the public reacts to a phone with a picture.

Offering passengers a gliding, air-conditioned ride with fine fair views, Monorail demonstrates what sponsors believe is commuter transportation of the future. Seven two-car trains, each 90 feet long, travel 40 feet above ground on two parallel 4,000-foot loops, with the controls entirely automatic.



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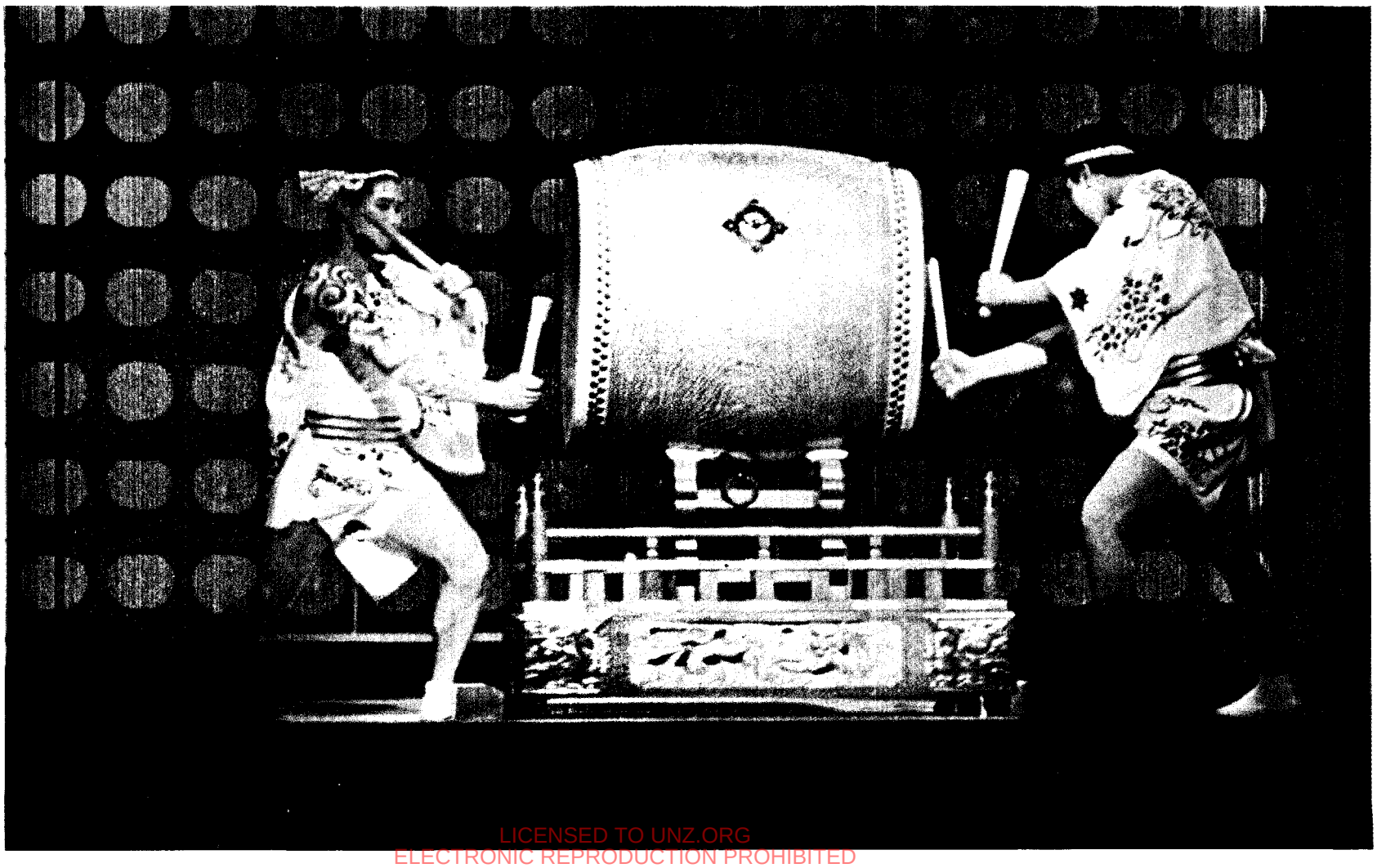
As drums beat an exotic rhythm, a group of Watusi tribesmen does a primitive victory-celebration dance to entertain visitors at the African Pavilion. The 10 dancers, along with 12 royal drummers, are the personal performers of King Mwami Mwambutsa IV of Burundi. Other attractions of the pavilion include exhibits depicting the various cultures of Africa, a tree-house refreshment center and bar, and live animals from the Dark Continent's jungles.

Two young Japanese men dressed in bright costumes thump an elaborately decorated ceremonial drum in an ancient ritual featured on the colorful stage of the House of Japan restaurant, where shows are presented three times daily. Customers can dine on sukiyaki while watching dancing girls and other oriental entertainers. The restaurant is divided into indoor and outdoor eating areas, and the rooftop level overlooks still another eye-opening panorama of the fair.



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In dramatic contrast to the ancient African and Japanese doings at the left is this free-flying rocket man of the future, whose scheduled flights enliven the finale of Leon Leonidoff's "Wonderworld" extravaganza at the fair's amphitheater. His rocket belt, developed by Textron Corporation's Bell Aerosystems Co., can propel a man at speeds up to 60 miles an hour. The maximum altitude attained so far is 80 feet.

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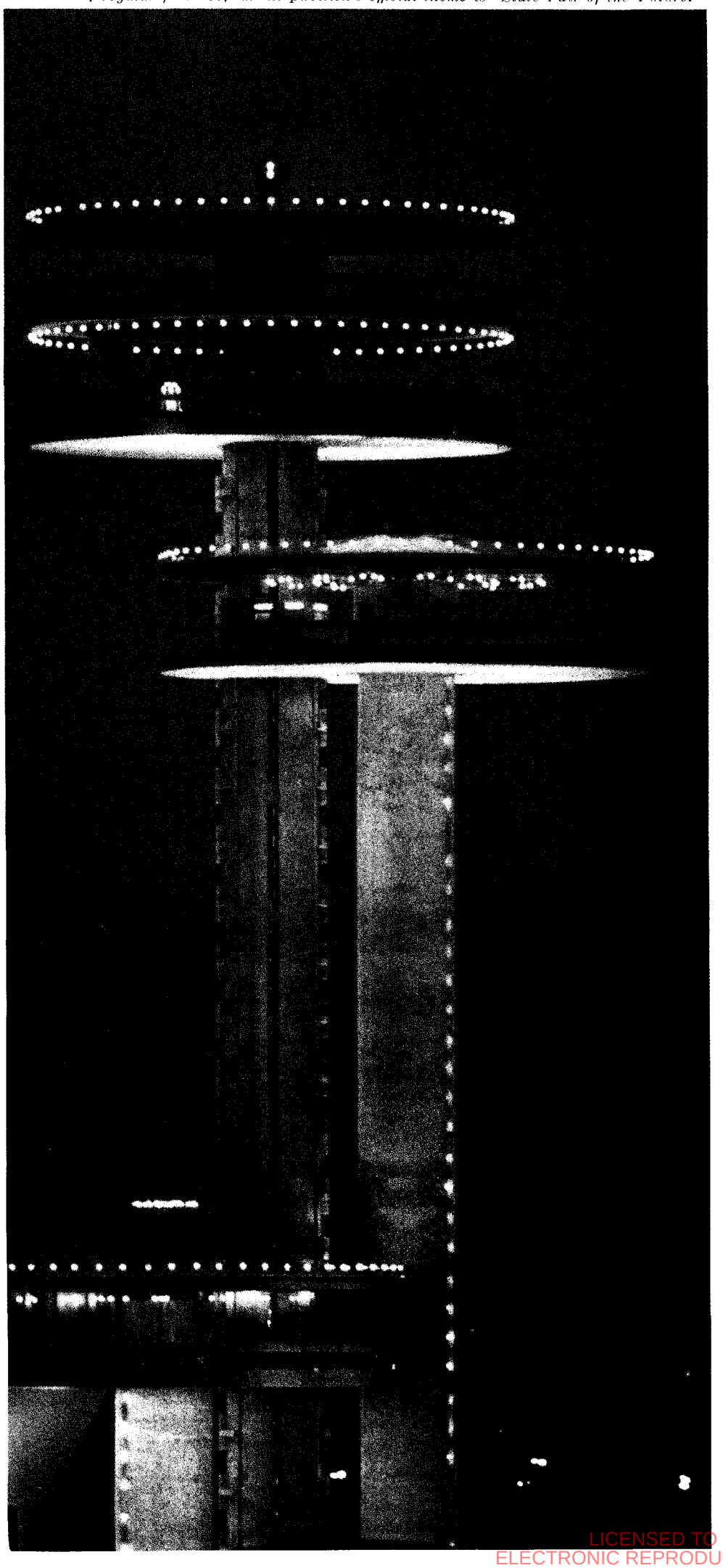
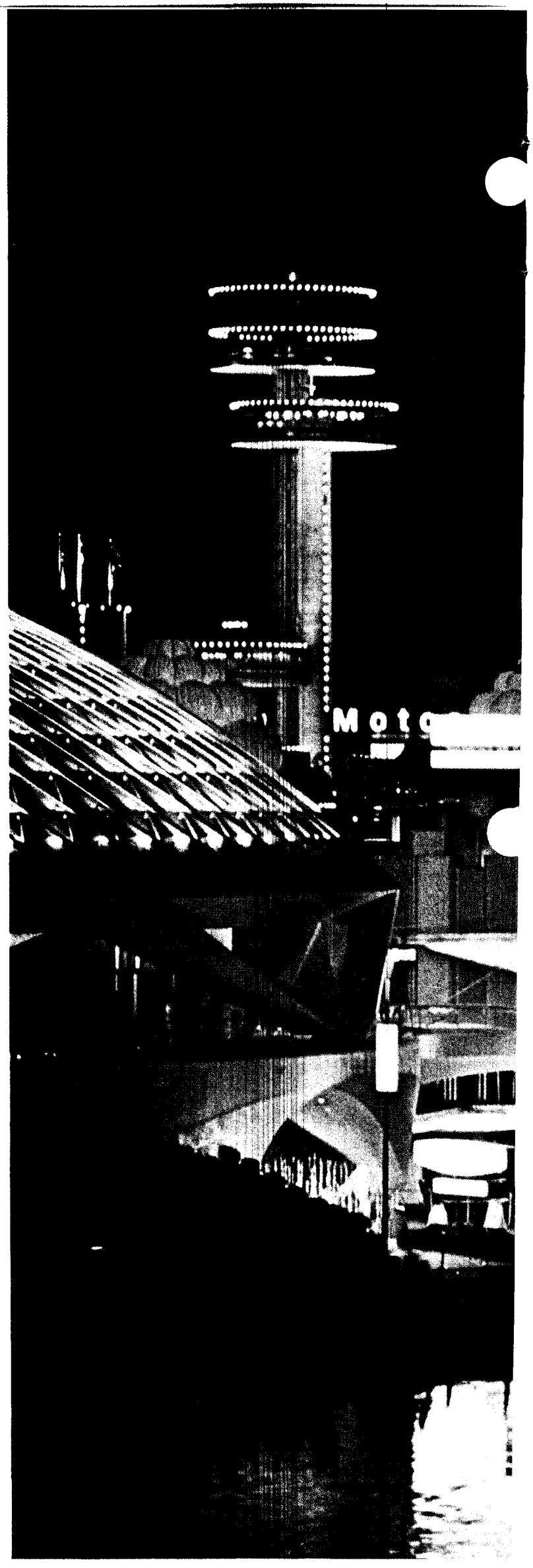
HEIGHT AND LIGHT

Pinnacle of the fair is tallest tower in the New York State exhibition, a shaft with a ring (serviced by high-speed elevators) at the 226-foot peak. The lesser New York observation towers rise 60 and 150 feet respectively. Overall, New York's show suggests the state's urban-rural political conflict. Fashion shows are regular features, but the pavilion's official theme is "State Fair of the Future."





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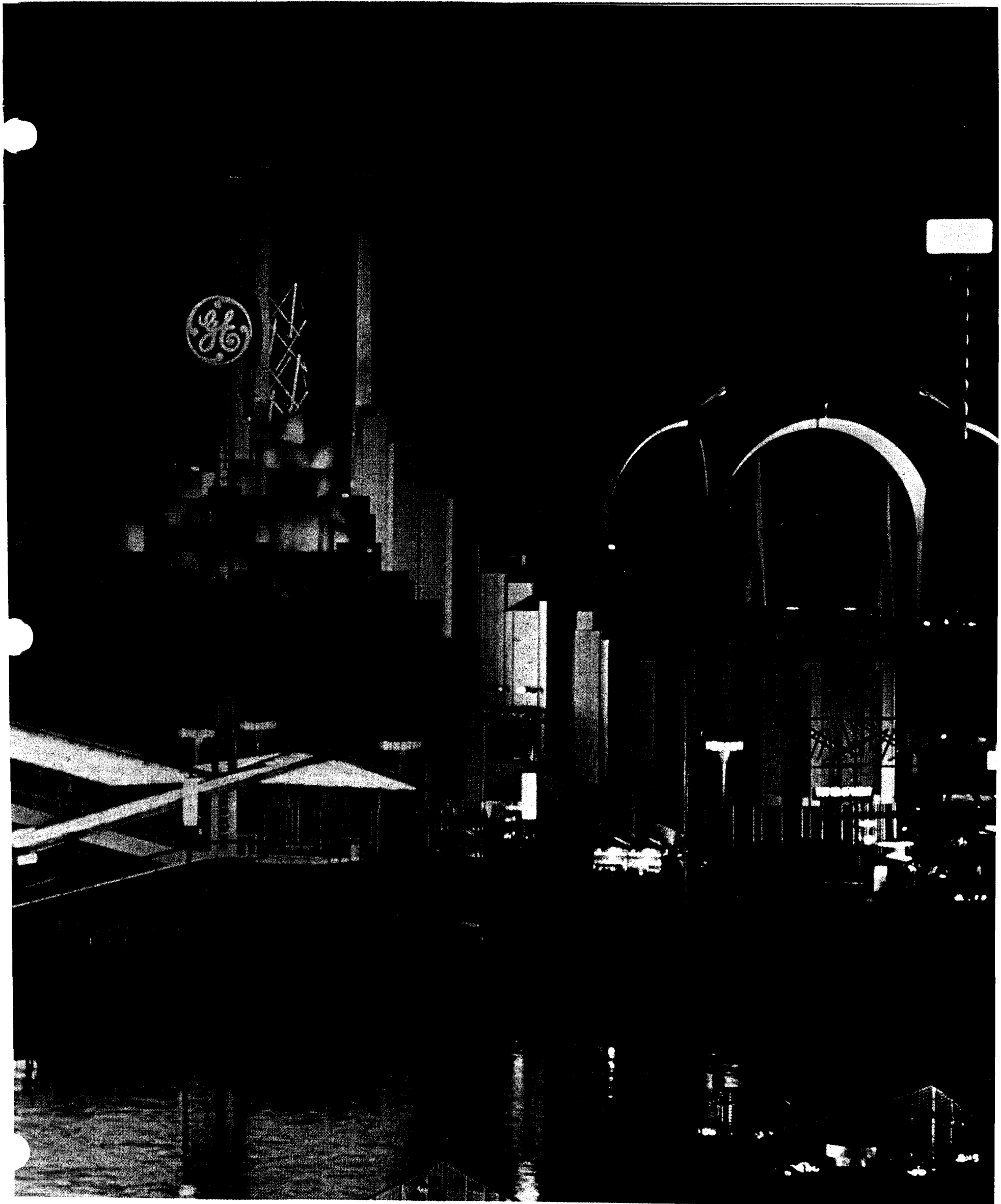

Looming at left, roofed with light, is General Electric's dome, housing "Progressland," a show of electrical wonders. Here the audience, rather than the stage, revolves. Multicolored dominoes in the center make up Tower of Light, the electric-companies' exhibit; inside the pavilion a musical pays tribute to Benjamin Franklin. At right: Johnson's Wax building, a golden massif with white frosting that arches up 90 feet.

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The old S.O.B. does it again

Happiest when battling critics, autocratic Robert Moses is probably the only man who could have built the World's Fair.

By BILL DAVIDSON

Standing before the New York State Pavilion, Moses proudly surveys his handiwork.

One day recently, Robert Moses, president of the New York World's Fair Corporation, climbed to the top of one of its taller structures for an Olympian view of his handiwork. Looking about him in a manner described by one of his many enemies as "not dissimilar from the way the Lord observed *His* handiwork on the Sixth Day of Creation," Moses found that what he had done was good. "Well," he said, satisfied but unsurprised, "I guess they'll have to say that the old s.o.b. has done it again."

He always does, somehow. In the past 40 years he has been responsible for the planning and construction of nearly every bridge, tunnel, expressway and park in the New York area. As head of such agencies as the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority and the New York City Parkway Authority, he has spent billions shaping the city and its environs to his own taste. Viewing the results, most people decide—often reluctantly—that he has done extraordinarily well.

Prior to completion, however, it is a rare Moses project that fails to generate vast and vocal opposition. The reason for this opposition—and the reason for his success at getting things done—is that Moses brooks no criticism, accepts no advice and simply bulldozes his autocratic way ahead. "I've never been given a job on a popularity basis," he says cheerfully. "I get these assignments when other people have failed. They look around and say, 'Maybe we'll have to take the old s.o.b. to pull this off.' So *I* get the job and *I* have to battle the critics."

The truth is that Moses enjoys battling critics. As the World's Fair neared completion this spring, he engaged in continuous hassles with the "idiotic and inefficient" public officials with whom he had to deal. And after its opening on April 22 he directed a running fire at all the people who tried to use political influence to get in free—even turning down a request for passes for Mayor Robert Wagner and a group of distinguished guests of the city. Gate receipts is a subject on which Moses is undeniably touchy, for he badly wants his enterprise to show a handsome profit.

Touring the fairgrounds these days, he obviously takes a warm parental pride in his accomplishment. Not long ago, for instance, he paused by the magnificent Thailand Pavilion and reminisced about the huge ash heap which once smoldered foully where the fair now stands. Garbage disposal area for the entire borough of Brooklyn, it was called the Corona Dump. Ruling monarch of the dump was one Fishhooks McCarthy, a political power of the 1920's.

"I used to come out here and look at McCarthy's dump and it made me sick," Moses said. "From the very beginning I knew I had to convert the area into a beautiful system of parks"—as he intends to do after the fair closes down.

Meanwhile, he is inordinately pleased with the fair itself. "The stars of my show are Michelangelo and Walt Disney," he says, "quite a combination." And he brushes aside criticism with the benevolence of a man untroubled by self-doubt. "We must put up calmly with assorted dyspeptics, grumblers, hit-and-run writers and talkers who say that our fair is artless, funless, constipated and tasteless. The effect of malice is overestimated and easily overcome by accomplishment."

Probably his most colorful battle on fair matters took place before the fair opened. This was his fight with the A&P supermarket chain, which had erected a huge 250-foot-long illuminated sign advertising baked goods on its property just outside the fairgrounds. In a barrage of vitriolic press releases, Moses scored the sign as a "baleful neon eye" that would "contaminate" millions of visitors, and described A&P's attitude as one of "the public be damned." His first thought was to obscure the offending sign with a mammoth smoke screen. When engineers pointed out that the unpredictable winds of Flushing Meadow, site of the fair, would make this tactic impossible, Moses hit upon the idea of an enormous screen from which would be hung balloons 10 feet in diameter. After a brief tussle in the courts this method was adopted, and controversy about the fair simmered down to a point where the air of battle is almost too thin for Moses to breathe.

No one who knows Moses, however, doubts that the old warrior—he is 75—will be back in the middle of some scrap or other before long. Despite his scholarly appearance, he has the temper of a rhinoceros and, when angered, the profane and vituperative vocabulary of an infantryman. In his four decades of public service (under six New York governors and four New York City mayors) he has had violent feuds with literally hundreds of government officials, including one President of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt. He has angrily resigned from one job or another so often that no one keeps count any more (only once, though, has an irate resignation been accepted—by Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, last year). And he has roused the organized—but ineffective—ire of countless private citizens, including an Indian named Mad Bear Anderson, and scores of angry mothers who picketed him bearing baskets of soiled diapers.

More recently, he antagonized the residents of New York's Fire Island, off the south shore of Long Island. A major attraction of Fire Island is the absence of automobiles: There has been no way to get them there. But Moses, seeing a place for a highway where none existed, decided to link the isolated community with Long Island's heavily traveled arteries by building a bridge. The thought of such desecration brought the bitterness of Fire Islanders to such a pitch that, on one

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"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

Tony Mietla has worked for Campbell for more than a quarter-century

Why Campbell's meats are always right for the recipe

If you were to talk with Tony Mietla, who has been a meat cutter at Campbell's for 29 years, he could tell you many stories about how fussy Campbell is to get exactly the right meats for its recipes.

For example, we use only boneless loins in Swanson TV Brand Loin of Pork Dinners, and only tender, specially smoked ham in the Ham Dinners.

When it comes to beef for Campbell's Soups, Swanson Frozen Dinners and Meat Pies, and ground beef for Franco-American Spaghettis, again our chefs specify exactly what cuts they need. And just as the best home cooks do, they insist upon using the one that gives the best taste and texture to the finished dish.

The turkey meat that goes into our Turkey Noodle Soup comes from the same kind of tender bird you'd buy at Thanksgiving time. For Swanson Frozen Fried Chicken Dinners, the young fryers are grown to order for the very best quality—and for soups, we use the whole plump chicken, the kind that cooks up tender and gives soup the best chicken flavor.

Even the franks in Campbell's Beans & Franks are made to a special recipe, to get the flavor that goes best with good cooked beans. And for Campbell's Frozen Green Pea with Ham Soup, we use only the tender, pink hams like those in the picture.

Buyers who shop for meat with a knowing eye, and chefs who cook with a knowing hand—it takes both to create the flavors you like best. And teamwork like this is a big part of the motto Campbell works by: "*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

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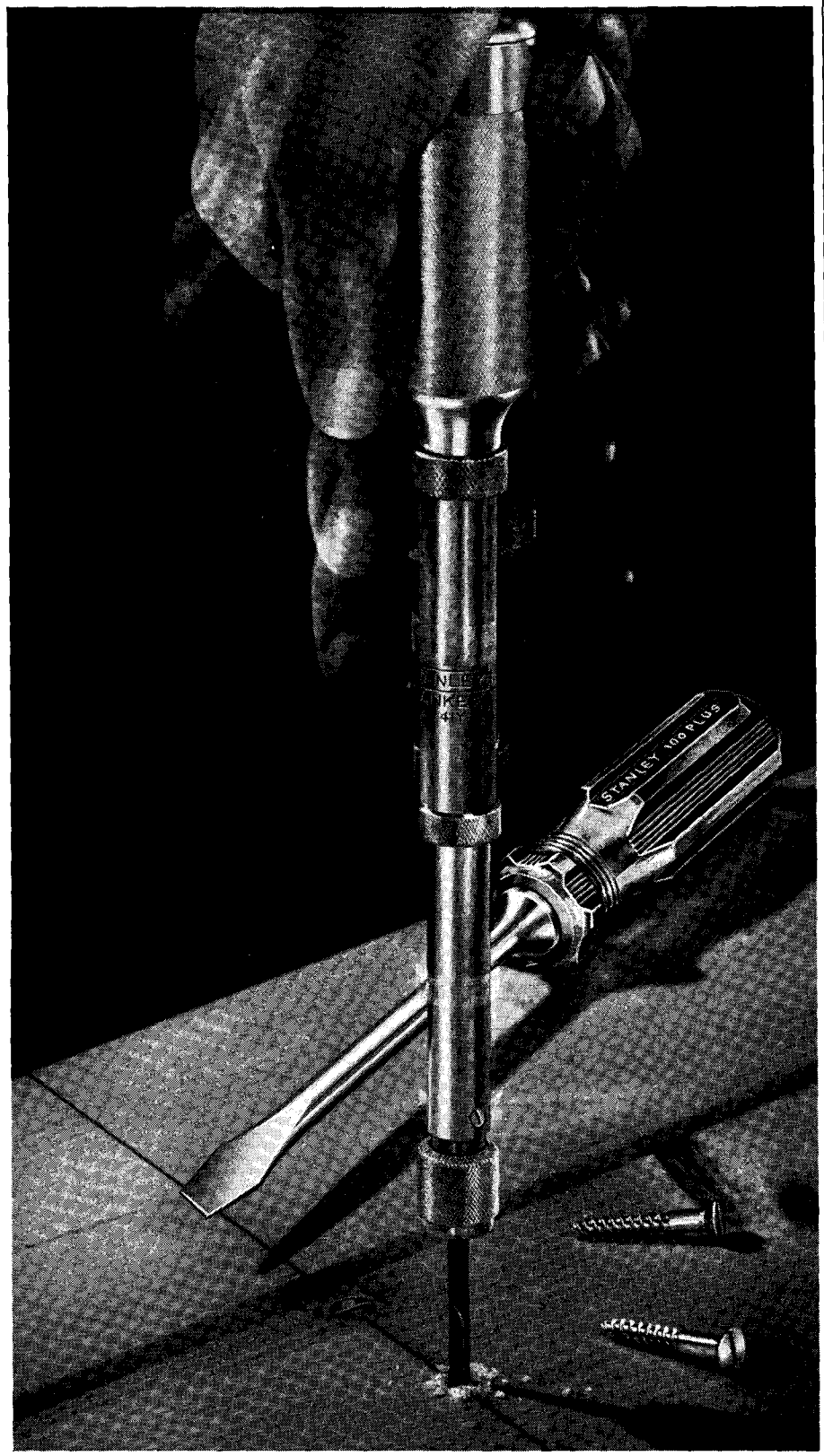

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occasion, while Moses was out in his boat peacefully fishing, Fire Island craft picketed him with signs reading a heartfelt "Go Down, Moses."

Although he is best known as a builder and storm center, Moses is far more complex than that. For one thing, unlike many short-tempered autocrats, he is all but deified by the men who have worked for him on one or another of the 20-odd jobs he has held over the years. He, in turn, is intensely loyal and gruffly respectful to them. Many of them are working for him now in the World's Fair Corporation, as employees or as paid consultants; others serve under him in the two public offices which he still holds—Chairman of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority and the city's Representative on Arterial Highways.

Moreover, Moses is an acknowledged authority on such subjects as Shakespeare, Greek mythology, the pole vault, the modern Irish playwrights, ancient Roman history and former light heavyweight boxing champion Archie Moore. A scholar with a talent for using words—he writes all his own speeches, for example—he once picked up an entry blank brought home by one of his daughters, sat down at his typewriter and wrote an essay for a national contest sponsored by General Motors. He won the first prize, $25,000. He reads about 25 books a week, skimming each page in a matter of seconds, and while the fair was still abuilding, it was not uncommon to find him seated in the midst of the rubble with his tanned face, long bent nose and bulging eyes buried in a volume of poetry, only the top of his balding head showing.

Moses is one of those rare scholars who has always had enough money to indulge his scholarship. He was born in New Haven, Conn., of extremely well-to-do parents. His father owned a department store and the Chamber of Commerce building in the city, and his mother was the daughter of a New York City Commissioner of Education. Young Moses earned his Bachelor's degree at Yale, where he was captain of the swimming team (he still swims several miles a week, in pools or the Atlantic) and an editor of a campus publication, the *Courant*. He says that even then he specialized in writing invective. Asked what kind, he replies, "Oh, just general invective."

From Yale, he went to Oxford—where he also captained the swimming team and water polo team—and earned a B.A. and an M.A. in jurisprudence, and then to Columbia for a Ph.D. in political science.

After completing his studies, he found himself independently wealthy as the result of a trust fund from his mother; and he decided to devote himself—and his talents for invective—to a life of public service. In 1913, when he was 24, he became an investigator for an organization set up to find ways of improving New York City's creaky, graft-ridden municipal government. It was during this period that he met and married Mary Louise Sims, daughter of a Methodist minister in Wisconsin—they now have two married daughters and five grandchildren. He also met Al Smith, the future New York Governor, whom he came to admire as a forthright practical politician.

Smith admired young Moses, too, saying that he was so honest he would cross the street to spit in the eye of a man he disliked, since he might seem to approve of the fellow if he just walked peacefully past him. When Smith became Governor for the third time in 1924, he appointed Moses to the unsalaried new post of Chairman of the State Council of Parks. This led to a dozen other equally unsalaried state jobs, and Moses began to bulldoze his way across the New York countryside, creating his vast network of state parks, parkways and such unprecedented public paradises as Jones Beach. It also led to Moses' reputation as a ruthless, stubborn—but completely incorruptible—dictator.

In 1934, Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia decided that Moses' genius and cantankerousness should be tapped for the benefit of New York City as well as of the state, and appointed him the city's Commissioner of Parks at a salary of $13,000 a year (raised, much later, to $25,000). In his 40 years of public service, this was the only job for which Moses ever drew a paycheck.

Far more important rewards to him than money have been the power to sculpt nature on a grand scale and the joy of battle—in about equal parts. Sometimes he has even let his penchant for invective thwart his creative urge as a builder. Once, for example, he undiplomatically described a politician whose support he needed as being a Welsh rarebit: "neither Welsh nor a rabbit, just a big piece of cheese." This remark has helped stall one of Moses' pet projects, an expressway across midtown Manhattan, for many years. Similarly, his historic feud with FDR in 1925 came about when Roosevelt, then the Chairman of the Taconic Park Commission, which was subordinate to Moses' State Council of Parks, asked Moses to hire his assistant, Louis M. Howe, to a $5,000-a-year job in the State Council. Moses agreed, but found out that Roosevelt wanted Howe to continue working for him, devoting only a few hours a month to his job in Moses' office. Moses told FDR, "If you want a secretary or a valet, hire him yourself."

Moses did not speak

This undiplomatic message—followed by Moses' intemperate attacks on the New Deal when he was campaigning unsuccessfully against Herbert Lehman as Republican candidate for the governorship of New York in 1934—led the then-President Roosevelt to withhold all work relief funds from New York City in an attempt to force Mayor LaGuardia to fire Moses as builder of the Triborough Bridge. But LaGuardia backed Moses and the President finally reversed his order. Instead of thanking the mayor for his support, however, Moses did not even speak to him for months—because, at the height of the battle with FDR, LaGuardia had failed to inquire about the health of one of Moses' daughters, who was seriously ill with pneumonia at the time.

This was not, of course, Moses' only run-in with LaGuardia. He once stormed out of LaGuardia's office—after tendering a hot-tempered (but unaccepted) resignation—and slammed the door with such vigor that the glass panel shattered, showering His Honor with shards. Mayor-baiting, in fact, has always been almost instinctive with Moses, and the relative cordiality of his relations with Mayor Wagner is a source of wonderment at City Hall. Some experts attribute this to the mellowing effects of age, but others cite the fact that both men are now somewhat hard-of-hearing. Each has one ear which is practically deaf, and both are too vain to wear a hearing aid. Thus, some observers say, Moses turns his deaf ear

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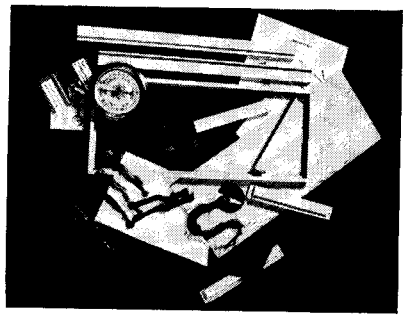

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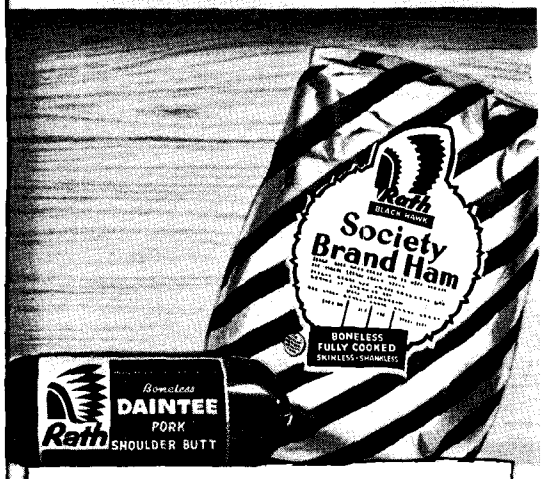

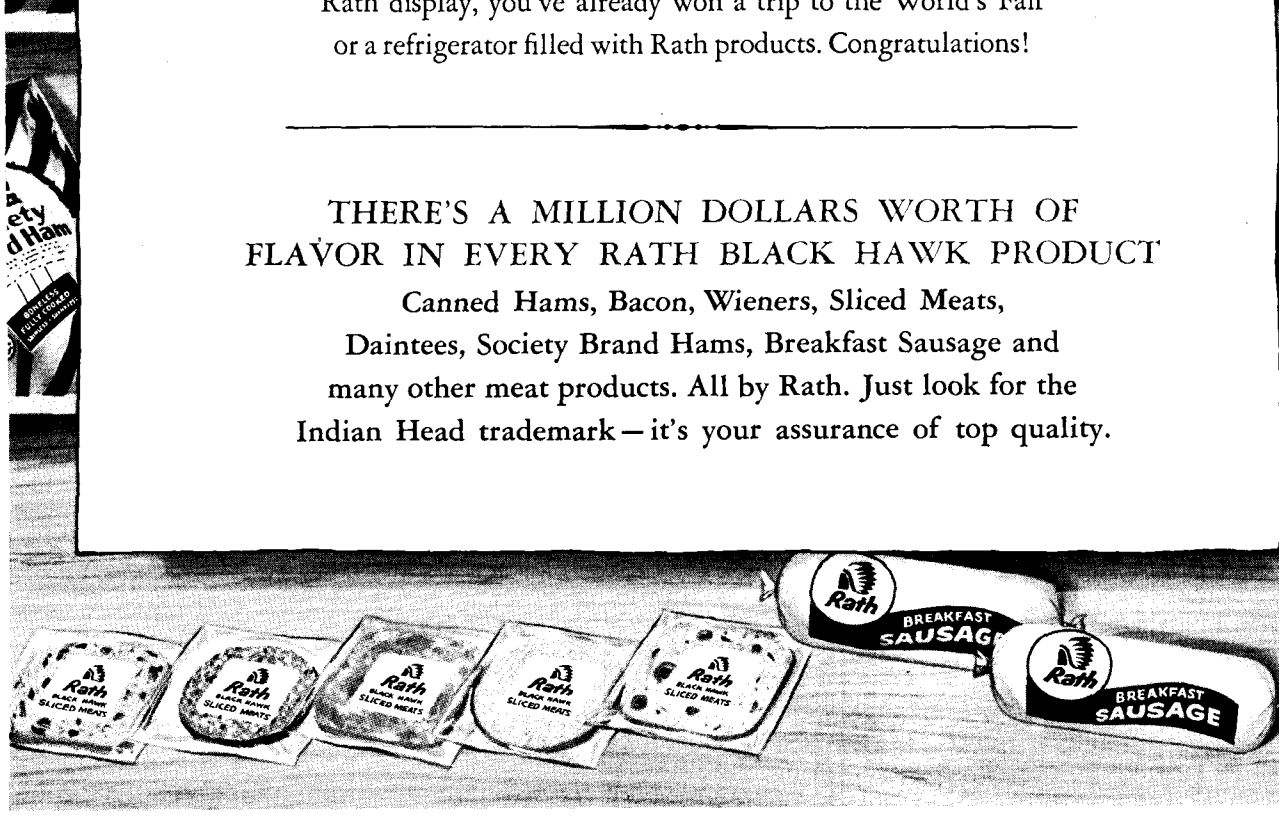

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to Wagner when Wagner begins to equivocate, and Wagner turns his deaf ear to Moses when Moses begins to hurl insults. This way they get along fine.

The same cannot be said of his relationship with the city's Traffic Commissioner, Henry A. Barnes, with whom Moses is in almost daily contention. "Moses seems to think there's an Eleventh Commandment: Thou Shalt Not Disagree with Moses," says Barnes, echoing a sentiment that has been expressed numberless times before. Wartime information chief Elmer Davis, for example, once called Moses "another Hitler," and columnist James Wechsler of the New York *Post* has said, "Every time Moses gets into an argument, he sounds as if he's giving New York City twenty-four hours to agree with him or get out of town." Moses brushes off such criticism as preposterous and labels his critics "foulers of the local nest," "merry little Borgias," "goo-goo idealists" and the like.

Perhaps the closest he ever came to compromising with his critics was in the late 1950's, when he was building dams and power generating facilities for the state on the St. Lawrence and Niagara rivers. He was picketed so constantly that sign-carrying protesters became almost part of his retinue. "First," he says, "there were the Indians, the Tuscaroras. We had to take a small part of their lands, for which we were willing to reimburse them handsomely. Their chief, Elton Greene, was all right. He fought us fairly in the courts and was a gracious loser when it was ruled that what we wanted was not treaty land but a few hundred acres they had purchased not long ago from the white man. The real thorn in my side was Mad Bear Anderson, a miserable maverick and chronic troublemaker. He picketed, calling me the greatest enemy of the Indian since Custer, and his men pulled up our surveyors' stakes and did all kinds of mischief. But in addition to the Indians, there were the Dirty Diaper Women. They claimed our blasting had disrupted their wells, and to prove it they followed me wherever I went with baskets of dirty diapers which they said they couldn't wash because I had taken their water away from them."

One night, when Moses was relaxing in his hotel near Niagara Falls, the picketing reached its climax. The Indians were out in front, and their allies, the Dirty Diaper Women, were covering the rear. In the middle of the night, Moses finally tried to flee his tormentors by sneaking down a side fire escape. He eluded the Indians, but the Dirty Diaper Women had their scouts out and they followed him to a Power Authority building. At 2 A.M., Moses said, "Bring them in and let's see what their grievance is." He found out, and though he is still skeptical about the validity of their complaint (many of them lived so far from the blasting that it would have taken an earthquake to affect their wells), he decided to let the Dirty Diaper Women tap into his water mains. When Moses finally finished the St. Lawrence and Niagara projects, some two years ahead of schedule, most of the once-belligerent citizenry turned out to honor him.

The same sort of transformation—from critics to boosters—followed Moses' disruption of the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn to build approaches for his still-unfinished Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, linking Staten Island and Brooklyn. At a stormy hearing before the New York City Board of Estimate, hundreds of residents of the area to be affected shouted picturesque Brooklyn epithets at Moses. In the 17 hours of anti-Moses oratory that followed his 20-minute presentation, one of the speakers, a clergyman, stirred the crowd to near-homicidal wrath when he intoned, "What God hath wrought, let not Moses tear asunder."

But Moses as usual won out. The land was condemned, the residents were relocated, and the clergyman's church was moved with public funds to handsomer quarters. Two years later there was a ceremony to commemorate the beginning of construction on the bridge. In the forefront of the multitude congratulating Moses for his brilliance and drive was the clergyman—all smiles and posing industriously for the photographers. Such conversions are not uncommon, though Moses usually redresses the balance by making new enemies almost instantly. "The key to the man," says a veteran New York reporter, Marvin Sleeper, "is that Moses rubs many people the wrong way, but comes out smelling like a rose because he claims he knows what's good for people—and by God he does."

In 1960, when Moses was invited to become the $100,000-a-year president of the World's Fair Corporation, he removed himself from many areas of potential controversy by giving up most of his many jobs with the city, including that of Parks Commissioner, a post he had held continuously since 1934. And in 1963 he quit *all* of his jobs with the state, ranging from Chairman of the State Power Authority to Secretary of the Temporary State Commission on Protection and Preservation of the Atlantic Shorefront, in a heated gesture of protest against Governor Rockefeller, whom he accused of wanting to appoint his own brother, Laurance, to one Moses job—Chairman of the State Council of Parks. Rockefeller accepted Moses' resignations—probably to Moses' surprise—and did name Laurance to the post.

Peace? Who wants that?

With such a sharply curtailed field of combat, it might seem that Moses would henceforth be leading a much more peaceful existence. But peace and calm are foreign to Moses' nature, and already there are hopeful signs of battles to come. New York City Comptroller Abraham Beame has clashed with him over his plans to develop the fair site and other extensive lands into a chain of city parks after the fair closes down in 1965. Beame implies that Moses wants to continue as a sort of private-enterprise czar over city-owned property. Moses retorts that Beame is a fathead because he does not realize that he, Moses, will be giving the city a free gift of money (from the fair's profits) and know-how, neither of which the City Parks Department possesses. "I've got legislation allowing me two years after the fair is over to develop Flushing Meadow into a new park system," Moses says, "and no pipsqueak politician is going to tell me I can't do it."

This project will occupy Moses until he is well past 80, but he is thinking past that. "The one thing I really want to take a crack at," he said recently, "is the ancient Amalfi Drive running along the Italian coast from Rome to Naples. I'll leave the old road, but I'll build a superhighway alongside it. I've got it figured out. I know exactly where I'll put every cloverleaf and it'll be the most beautiful highway in the world." THE END

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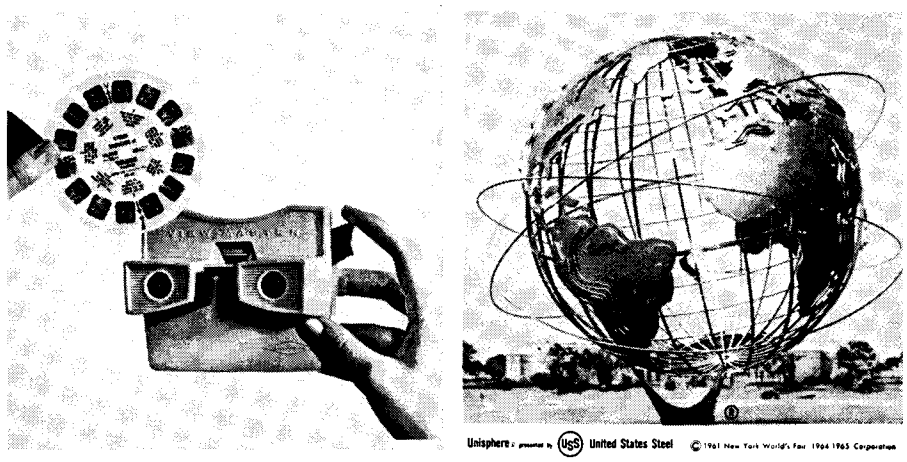

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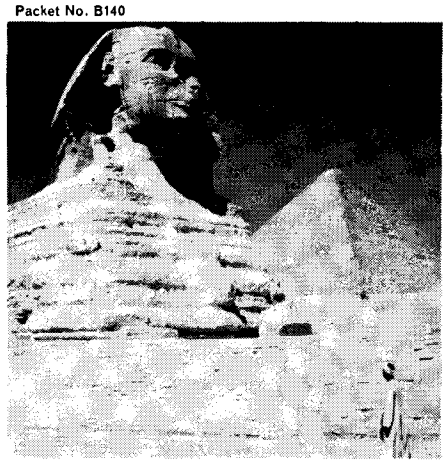

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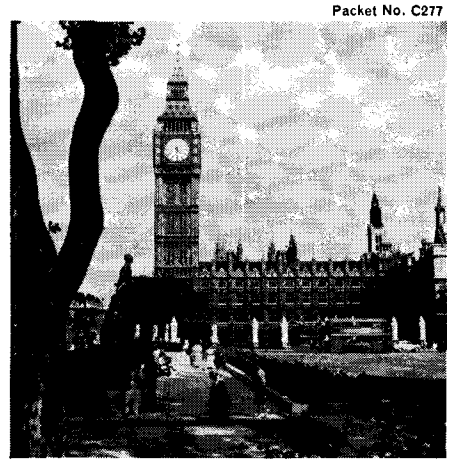

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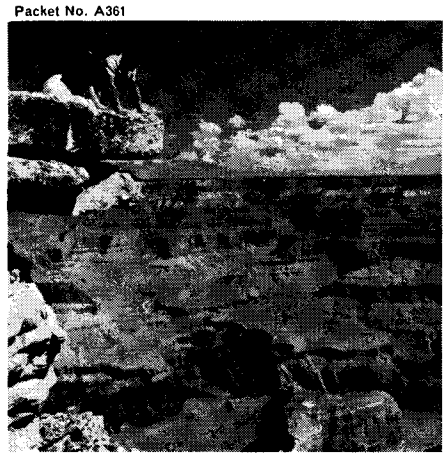

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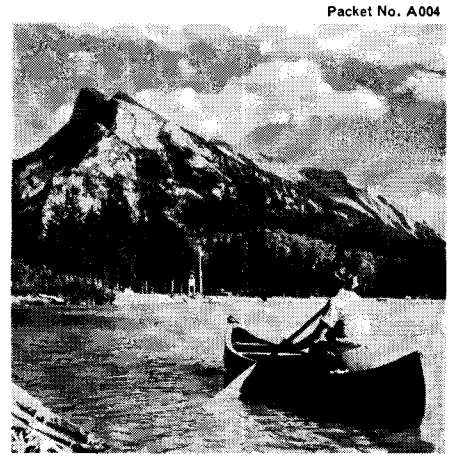

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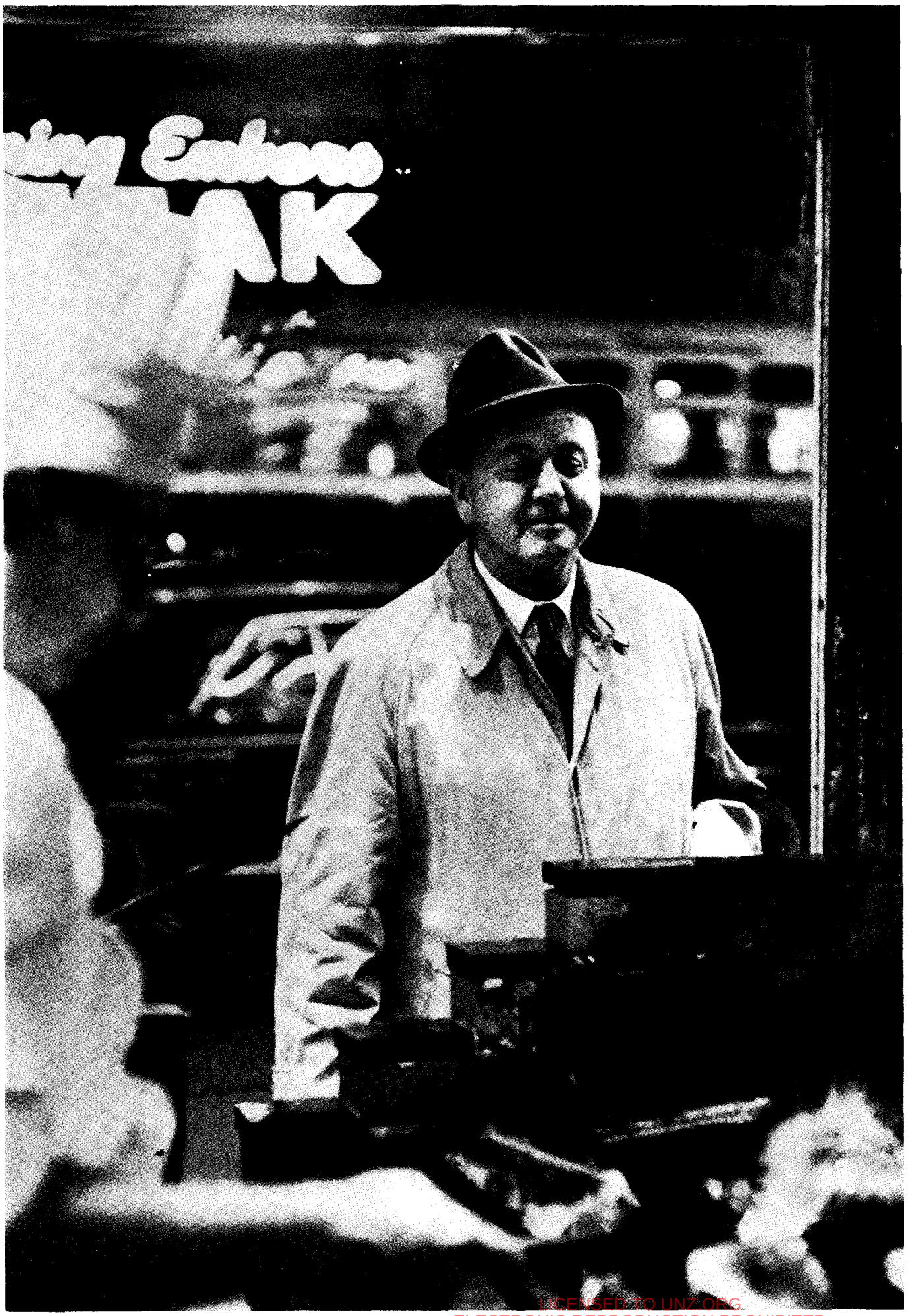
BY EDMUND G. LOVE

WAITER!

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO IS EATING HIS WAY THROUGH 5,000 NEW YORK RESTAURANTS IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.



The author window-shops a short-order counter café in Times Square area before deciding whether to try bill of fare inside.

For the past 12 years I have been engaged in the pleasant task of eating my way through the restaurant section of the Yellow Pages of the New York telephone directory. I started at the top with the A's, and last week I had proceeded down the list as far as Le Tre Venezie. If my health and my tailors hold out, I confidently expect to eat my last zabaglione in Zucca's Restaurant, last on the list, in about the year 1980.

There are 5,595 listings of restaurants in the Yellow Pages. As of this writing I have actually sampled about 1,750 of them. It has cost me, thus far, more than $18,000 simply for this exploration. Before I finish, I estimate my total expenditure will exceed $50,000. In this day and age, when businessmen and financiers are trying to combine their hobbies with sound fiscal practices, I find myself embarked on a project that will bring in nothing at all except excess avoirdupois.

As news of my project has spread, I have received a varied set of reactions. Some people have questioned my sanity. Others want me to write guidebooks, recipe books and daily columns. I have even been invited to be on television shows. I do not intend to write a guidebook of any kind. When I was a small boy, my father told me never to recommend a church or a woman to anyone. And I have found it wise never to recommend a restaurant either. Something always goes wrong with the cheese soufflé.

I got interested in restaurants because I was hungry. The idea of eating my way through the Yellow Pages alphabetically had not entered my mind when I walked into A La Fourchette in the fall of 1952. At that time I was working in a

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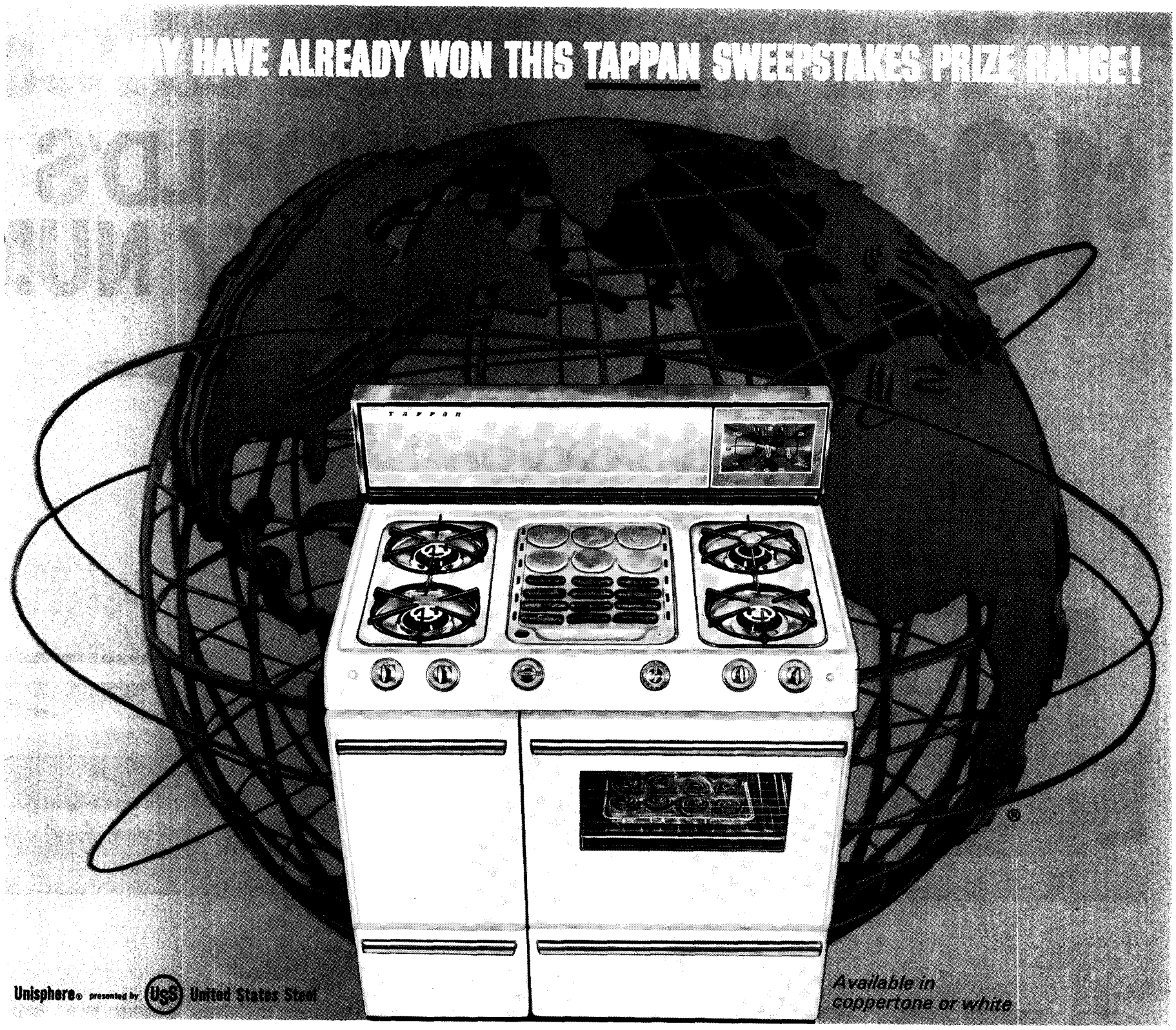
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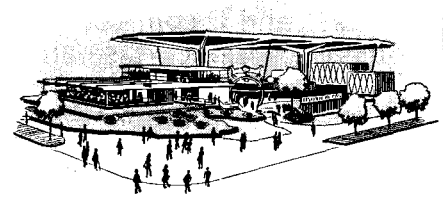

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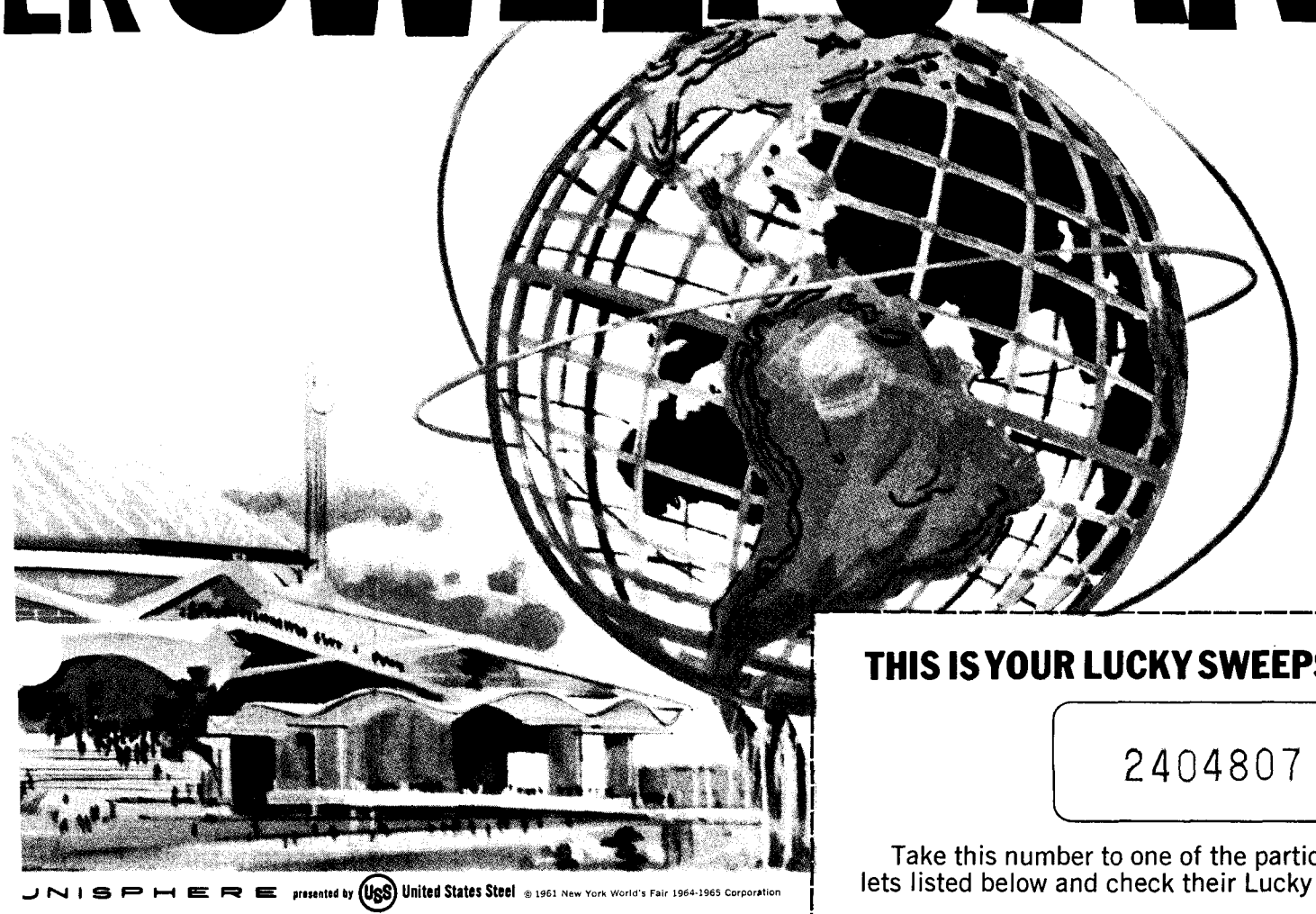

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"IN ONE VERY EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT I ACTUALLY DISCOVERED THE TOP ..

Waiter

Morristown, N.J., supermarket, where I sliced, weighed and wrapped cheese. I was flat broke; for two weeks, while I waited for my first payday, I had existed by eating slices of pastrami, boiled ham and salami furnished by an obliging coworker who manned the meat-slicing machine. I was heartily sick of cold cuts by the time I set out for New York to look for a better job. For once in my life I was going to have a good meal, and to hell with the cost. I opened the Yellow Pages and took the first restaurant off the top. The meal that I had that night was one of the most enjoyable in my memory. I resolved that when payday rolled around again, I would have another fling with the phone book. The second time I opened the Yellow Pages, I took the second restaurant on the list. Without realizing it, I was off and eating.

I have no idea when I decided to go right on through the alphabet, but it must have been fairly early in the game. I seem to remember somewhat hazily that I wondered just what the best restaurant in New York was. I suppose that I also had the universal big-city dream of discovering a restaurant that no one else knew about. (There is no such place. If no one has discovered a restaurant yet, it doesn't deserve to be discovered.) I do know that when I first started, I ate indiscriminately in luncheonettes, diners, bars and cafeterias. As time has passed, I have been forced to develop some kind of formula to eliminate some of them. Otherwise I might never finish the job.

Because I enjoy a Martini before dinner, I cross off everything that does not have a bar. This automatically eliminates about one third of the listings. Besides helping to preserve my digestive system to some extent, it has kept me from wading through 29 feeding stations run by Bickford's and 31 belonging to Chock Full O'Nuts. Three years ago, to my dismay, just as I was approaching Horn & Hardart, I learned that bars were being installed in some of the Automats. After much soul-searching, I decided to make another change of rules to keep myself from eating with Horn & Hardart for five solid weeks. I arbitrarily crossed off all chains of restaurants, bar or no bar. I just pick out one of the branches and eat there and pretend that I have tried them all.

Eating in restaurants by my system requires other kinds of rules. I have developed what amounts to a ritual. For instance, I always arrive at a new restaurant at precisely seven o'clock in the evening without a reservation. And, except for the main course, I ordinarily eat exactly the same things in each place—onion soup to start.

Some of this has sound reasoning behind it. The seven-o'clock descent on an unsuspecting *maître d'* is a real test of a restaurant. Everyone who is going to dinner before the theater in New York arrives at a restaurant about seven. Seats are scarce, and tempers are short. If there is a better way to find out about the service, I never heard of it.

The reasoning ritual

I ritually order the same food in every restaurant for one simple reason. I am neither a gourmet nor a venturesome eater. I need an obvious basis for comparison. It is quite easy to compare a bowl of onion soup in La Cote Basque with a bowl of onion soup in The Esplanade restaurant, so I always have a bowl of onion soup. Of course, I like onion soup. Not long ago a friend ventured the opinion that there could not possibly be very much difference in onion soup. Let me say right now, after almost 2,000 bowls of onion soup, it runs all the way from plain, unadulterated dishwater to gumbo that has to be eaten with a fork. The way the Spanish do it is quite different from the way the French do it. Both are entirely different from the way Mr. Lipton does it, and at least once out of every three times I find myself eating it fresh out of the package. In one very expensive restaurant I actually found the top of an instant-soup envelope in my bowl. If nothing else, my experiences with onion soup have taught me never to take anything for granted.

My various systems of ordering and eating food have come under some rather severe tests over the years, and on occasion I have been forced to change the rules out of sheer self-preservation. There was one horrible period when I got to China in the Yellow Pages. I ate sweet-and-sour pork 23 times in a row. As I neared the end of this trial, I would have been willing to pay a big premium to a Chinese waiter who could find a hamburger in the refrigerator. The only thing that kept me going was the knowledge that I was coming to a place on the list called the Chinese Rathskeller which might just possibly have a little German food. When it turned out to be more of

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the same old sweet-and-sour pork, I took the step of deliberately dropping a restaurant into the list out of the usual order just to give myself a little relief. I still do this occasionally. If this be treason, I'm making the most of it.

One of the most confusing things that has ever happened to me was when I reached "George." There were 21 George's. Most of them were Greek restaurants, but this wasn't what bothered me. I got lost. It got to the point where I couldn't remember which George I had been to and which one came next. I ate in one particularly lousy George's three times before I realized what I was doing. Joe's gave me almost as much trouble. There were 24 Joe's in the phone book, and six of these were "Joe's Original." There was one block on Third Avenue with six restaurants named Joe's, and three of them had that "Original" business tacked on the end. I think I can be pardoned for getting in the wrong one now and then. I had no trouble with the 28 John's or Johnny's, except that one of them looked awfully familiar. After some study I discovered that the lousiest of the George's had changed his name to John.

There are more rewards than food in alphabetical eating. The most fascinating thing that has come my way is a vast and growing fund of anecdotes and stories. A few years ago, for example, I walked into a restaurant on East 54th Street and ordered a French meal. When the waiter served me, he put down what was unmistakably a bowl of wonton soup, a Chinese delicacy, if I ever saw one. I couldn't understand how a Chinese dish got served in a French restaurant, until I began snooping around. I discovered that four different restaurants were using the same kitchen! All were owned by different people. One served French food. One served Chinese food. One specialized in steaks. And one featured plain old ham and eggs. All four of the restaurants have now disappeared. I suppose the cooks went crazy.

I have also found several buildings that house more than one restaurant, each with its separate kitchen. When such a situation exists, it is usually fraught with trouble. Not long ago my wife and I were having dinner in one of New York's better steak houses, located on the ground floor of a building on 43rd Street. Above it, on the second floor, was a good Italian restaurant. All evening long the two managers were jawing at one another, each maintaining that the other was stealing customers. Toward the end of our meal our attention was attracted to the rear of the restaurant by a commotion there. We discovered that the cooks from upstairs had invaded the downstairs kitchen with pails of water and carving knives to claim some food that had been diverted on the way upstairs. When the water began flying and the police arrived, I decided that we had had enough.

From A to Z the most expensive single meal I have ever eaten in New York was at Twenty-one (In the phone book it is listed as "Jack and Charlie's 21," and I'll come around to it again about 1972, because it is also listed as "Twenty-one Club"). Year in and year out the least expensive meals are usually those I get in Chinese restaurants. I imagine that if someone dressed the Chinese waiters in purple tuxedos, a la The Forum of the Twelve Caesars, and had them bring in the sweet-and-sour pork on a flaming stick, the price would go up—but it wouldn't prove anything. I have found that price is the last thing to look for in restaurant eating. Much more important to a pleasant meal are all the other factors; food, service, *décor*, convenience and personal taste. On the whole, I think New York restaurants are priced fairly—for New York. People from Wichita and Detroit are a little nervous about the prices they have to pay in New York, and that probably is why cities like Wichita and Detroit have so few really fine restaurants.

How about the stomach?

I wouldn't recommend that anyone else try what I've tried. Someone asked me once how my stomach was holding up under the strain, and I told him that the only thing I had noticed was that it kept getting bigger all the time. For the last five years I have had to amend my regimen, taking two months off to go on a diet and to get back in shape for the next year's eating. It is now as much a part of the ritual as everything else.

While I do not encourage people to start at A and go to Z, I have been so plagued by people who keep calling me to ask for the names of good restaurants that I have come up with a substitute. I try to get them to pick any letter of the alphabet and eat through that. Right now I have one friend eating in the G's and another experimenting with B. They seem to be having a lot of fun, but I have to prod to keep them moving along. They have a tendency to settle down in one place when they find a good one. From their experiences and my own observations, I can make one true statement: Anyone who eats in any letter today will have almost an entirely new list from the one I tried just a few short years ago. When I went through the C's, Café Chauveron was only a gleam in some chef's eye, and I was already in the G's when Four Seasons (The) opened. And, alas, I may never get to eat in the Acropolis No. 8 Luncheonette Surprise.

For a good many years I kept my eyes glued on a restaurant run by a Mrs. Fontana Zuppa, which was the last place listed in the phone book. I used to walk by it once a week and wonder when I would get there. It is with great sorrow that I must report that Mrs. Zuppa's place disappeared in a cloud of dust not long ago. I mean, it literally disappeared. Wreckers working on the building next to hers accidentally swung that big iron ball in the wrong direction, and that was that. Zucca's Restaurant, formerly last but one on the list, now inherited Zuppa's place. Well, keep your chin up, Mr. Zucca! I'm getting closer, and I think *you're* safe. I'll be seeing you in 1980. THE END

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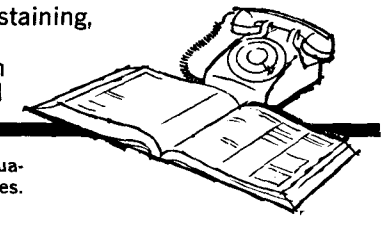

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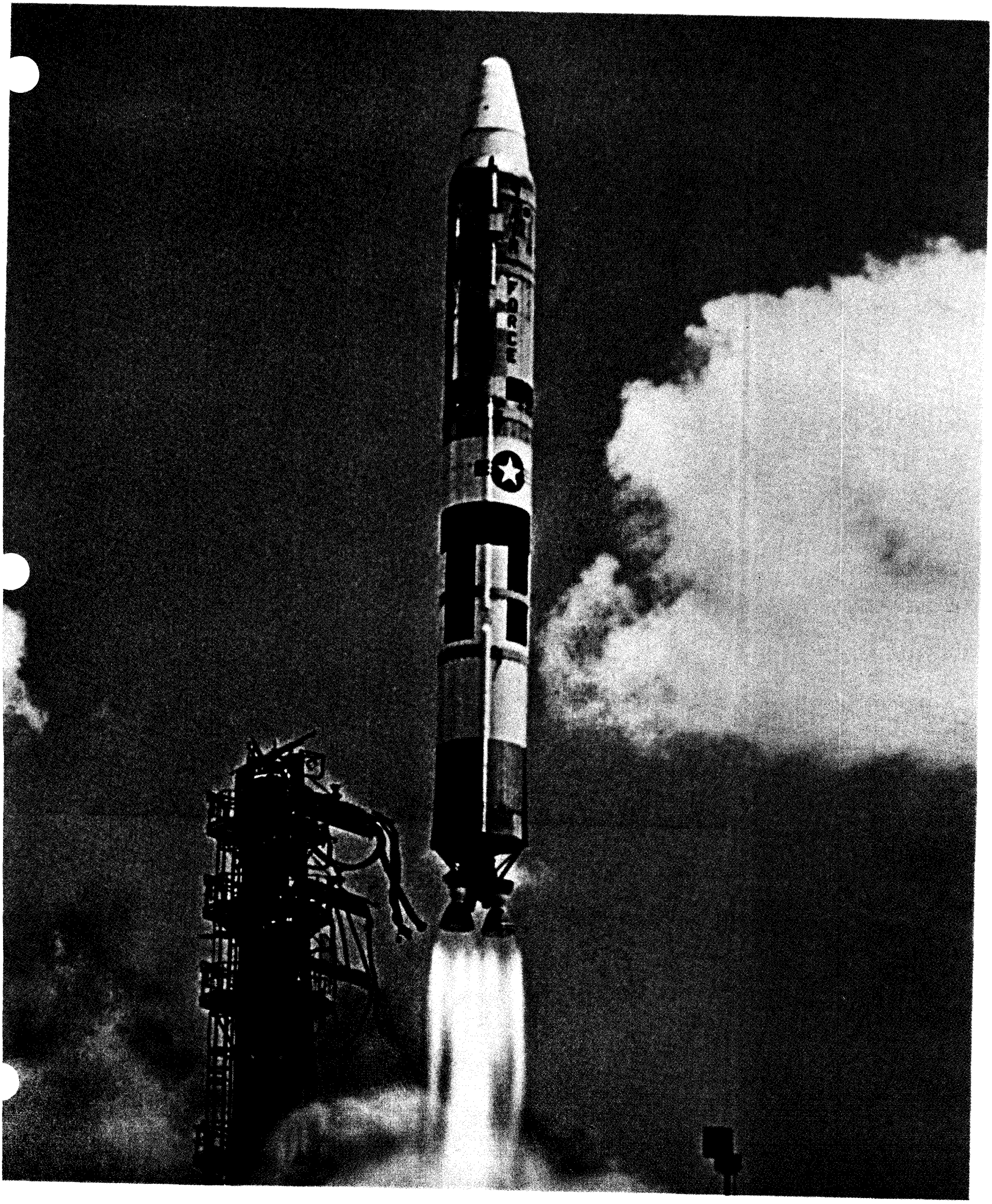

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FOUR STORIES ABOUT NEW YORK

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS,
'The landmarker'

JOHN UPDIKE,
'The lucid eye in Silver Town'

WARREN MILLER,
'The long night of Shubert Alley'

HERBERT GOLD,
'Dance of the Divorced'

An author sets his story in a certain locale for definite reasons. There are special qualities about a particular place—Barcelona, Salt Lake City or Bombay—that will enhance a story's theme. These four stories show the qualities of New York City that make it an effective setting for fiction: its veneration for the new, its bustling immorality, its crowded loneliness, its blinding magic. If Louis Auchincloss's theme is the tragic waste implicit in discarding the old for the sake of the new, then New York is the perfect setting for his story. Warren Miller writes of the ruthlessness of the city, too, in his story of the contagious ambition that thrusts scruple aside in the hustling world of the New York theater. The sense of "isolation within a crowd" that one feels in New York makes it the ideal locale for Herbert Gold's tale of two separated people, tentatively approaching each other and then stepping warily away in what he calls "the dance of the divorced." And the magic of "silver town" is so brilliant to the "lucid eye" of John Updike's young hero, so painfully illuminating to the boy, that he does what a good many other visitors to this city will never cease to do—he gets something in his eye.

The skyline of New York
is an enduring monument to razed hopes.

THE LANDMARKER

By Louis Auchincloss

Louis Auchincloss was brought up in New York City in an environment that is often reflected in his stories. The Auchinclosses were Scottish merchants who came to New York at the beginning of the last century and stayed to become one of Manhattan's most influential families. Mr. Auchincloss was educated at Groton and Yale and has his law degree from the University of Virginia. After serving in the Navy in World War II, he joined a Wall Street law firm and since then has been working there days and writing at night. He has written nine novels, including Portrait in Brownstone; *a book of criticism,* Reflections of a Jacobite; *and three books of short stories,* The Injustice Collectors, The Romantic Egoists *and* Powers of Attorney, *the last a series about a large law office. Two stories from this series were published in the* Post.

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Illustration by Joe Cleary

Chauncey Lefferts had been trained as an "extra man" in a social era when extra men had still more or less to be men, before the age of the designer, the decorator, the peacock whose cry was as harsh as his plumage was bright. Nobody had minded that Lefferts was drab so long as Lefferts was punctual or that he was dull so long as he was available. Unremarkable of appearance as of opinion, he was perfectly content to be unnoticed so long as he was present: a slight, round, paunchy gentleman, kindly-eyed and discreetly dressed, with soft brown hair, all his own and undyed, who never forgot a name or a family relationship and who talked as easily with the men over the brandy as with the ladies in the drawing room.

But now he was out-of-date and out of invitations—except for the ever-loyal Bella Hoppin—as out-of-date as the old mansions in which he had dined as a younger man, some of which survived here and there, as boarding houses or shops, moldering and dowdy, admired only by his faithful self on afternoon strolls. As time had drawn on, the façades of these disappearing abodes had come to be his sole connection with their former owners, some dead but others merely transplanted and dead now only to him in their distant fashionableness, so that his daily rambles had become a sort of social memoir, a retracing in asphalt of his old gay rounds. Living in the past, did people say? Where else *could* he live?

And what a past! He remembered as a young man, before the first war, the exhilaration of riding up Fifth Avenue on the top of an open bus and seeing unfold before him that glorious romp through the Renaissance! He remembered the massive brownstone of the Vanderbilt "twins" at Fifty-first Street, the mellow pink tower of the Gerry chateau, where the Pierre now stands, and, further north, the birthday-cake splendor of Senator Clark's and the wide grilled portals of Mrs. Astor that opened to the visitor before he ever touched a bell. And he remembered, too, the long wonderful dinners, to him a peak of civilization, where one arrived happily at eight and departed satisfied at eleven, having spent two of the intervening hours at table over seven courses and five wines.

Oh, people sneered at those parties now, of course. But at least one had known what was expected of one. Today, even at Bella Hoppin's, one never knew how late into the night cocktails might push the battered meal or what ghastly parlor game would be thrust on one afterward. Lefferts lived in a constant secret dread that he would be asked, as a penalty in one of these, to step up on a table and strip before the jeering multitude.

"Well, at least we're *alive*," Bella had once retorted to his protests. "We don't just sit in a row like a herd of dressed-up swine with our noses in the trough. We use our imaginations. I'm afraid you're getting stuffy, Chauncey."

"My idea of heaven," Lefferts muttered, "is a place where one needn't be ashamed to be stuffy."

"Don't turn into a crank, dearie. You haven't the money for that."

Lefferts sighed. It was certainly true that his income, like his invitations, had dropped off in recent years. The old grandfather who had limited the modest family trust to railway bonds had ignored the perils of inflation. Had it not been for Bella, who had been his friend since dancing-school days, and a few much younger couples who regarded him beneficently as a social curiosity, rather like a tattered hansom cab parked outside the Plaza, he might have had to dine every night at the Cosmopolitan Club with his maiden sisters who never made even a decent effort to conceal their satisfaction that he should have been dropped at last by Mammon. Poor Lefferts had plenty of opportunity to consider Oscar Wilde's axiom that if to be in society was simply a bore, to be out of it was simply a tragedy.

Happily for him, however, the past had not proven a sterile pursuit. When there were no longer enough houses to visit on his daily walks, he ventured further afield to seek out other survivals of the great preceding century. In a curious way his need to retreat to it seemed to have a democratizing effect on his attitudes. Anything that shared now in the dignity and grandeur of that greater age—a church, a station, a hotel or a store—shared similarly in his widening affections. He learned the secrets of the rapid transit to be able to visit even the most distant of his new friends, and the same Lefferts who had once walked by the Lady Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral and Commodore Farragut's statue in Madison Square without turning his head was now happy to pass a morning traveling underground to the center of Brooklyn for a glimpse of the Gothic gates of Greenwood Cemetery.

It was as if he and the old by-passed city had found each other in a golden twilight. As he stood looking up at Louis Sullivan's terra-cotta angels with their outstretched arms, high on a cornice over Bleecker Street in Greenwich Village, or wandered amid the chaste Greek porticos of Snug Harbor in Staten Island or took in the faded grandeur of Colonnade Row in Lafayette Street near Astor Place, he felt a tremendous upsurge of spirit. This was even more intensely the case when the approach to the landmark was through dingy streets, past yawning warehouses, where Lefferts had to piece his way cautiously and self-consciously, peering ahead until at last he saw, shooting up out of the jumbled masonry, like a nymph rising from her bath, the fine thrust of a Florentine campanile. The very mass of the surrounding city, the engulfing, amorphous, indifferent city, like a huge sow smothering her own offspring, gave to his searches some of the excitement of a consecrating act, as though, a monk in a desperate age, he was solacing his soul by lighting little candles in darkest corners. It even charmed him that the landmarks were frequently merely façades, that the interiors were put to vulgar uses, that bales were stored where there had once been counters of silverware, that dull-eyed lodgers, unconscious of the past and hardly aware of the present, moped in what had once been gilded drawing rooms. The very precariousness of surviving beauty, the mask or shell exposed to a world that never looked up, was analagous to his own threadbare elegance. What was he but a sober, four-story brownstone façade, with Gothic arches and an iron grille, such as one might find in Hicks Street over at Brooklyn Heights?

"Have you ever heard of Tinetti's?" he asked Bella Hoppin one night before dinner, in her splendid green-and-gold drawing room that opened up to the arriving guest like an issue of *House and Garden*. Ordinarily he had the tact not to put such a question to his hostess at such a time, but his new obsession made him importunate. "It was the most fashionable department store in the city in 1850. It stood at the corner of Lafayette and Spring streets. A great square iron palazzo with a hundred arched windows, like the Sansovino library in Venice. When your great-grandfather, Mayor Brevoort, opened it, he said that the new world need no longer hang its head before the architecture of the old."

The reference to her ancestor checked the incipient frown on Bella's high brow. "Weren't they divine, those old New Yorkers? Like Hudson River primitives. Whatever put them in your head?"

"Because the Tinetti building is still standing. It's a textile factory, a bit beat-up, naturally, but the lines and proportions and the old dignity are still there. I thought it might amuse you to give your St. Andrew's Settlement House ball there. It could be cleaned up in a few days, and we could all go in the costumes of the opening." He watched her closely as he paused. "You would go, of course, as your great-grandmother Brevoort."

Oh, he had her attention now! "Why, Chauncey, what a perfectly divine idea. Do you know I still have some of her dresses? But where would we ever get permission to fix the place up?"

"Right here."

"Here?"

"You own the block, Bella. It's up to you. And so is the fate of Tinetti's, which is scheduled to be torn down, come spring."

Lefferts remembered having read that a hippopotamus is dangerous to man only when he gets between it and the water. The same, he concluded sadly, taking in the sudden opaqueness of Bella's gaze, might be said of the heiress and the sources of her wealth.

"I make it a point never to interfere with my agents," she said in a crisper tone. "They do their job, I mine."

"But, Bella," he protested, "their job is to get you the greatest revenue they can. Yours is a higher responsibility. It is to see that for the sake of a few more dollars that you don't really need ——"

"I'm glad you're in a position, Chauncey, to talk of not needing dollars," she interrupted as she moved away to greet a newcomer. "The rest of us find them very useful."

It was not Bella's general reputation that she was a disappointing woman—indeed, if anything, she was deemed to fulfill more richly even than she promised—but to Lefferts this was now her essential quality. Indeed, he had gone so far, in the bitterness of his recent seventieth birthday, to wonder if his disappointment in Bella was not his disappointment in life. She always appeared so large, so handsome, so full-blown, so fair of breast and straight of carriage, with so noble a brow and nose and such fine luxuriant hair, a Roman mother of heroes, like Cornelia or Volumnia. True, her laugh was a bit too loud, her voice too raucous, her perspiration too quick, but that was even part of the promise. The disappointment was in her ultimate failure to be what she seemed: the perfect mixture of wisdom and worldliness, sentiment and saltiness, horse sense and horsiness, to be instead a Volumnia who blued her hair, a Cornelia who doted on gossip. It never occurred to Bella that "good talk" was anything but a kind of oral album of candid-camera shots of the great, and her world agreed with her. "Isn't Bella wonderful?" they were always saying. Only Lefferts dissented. Bella was not sensitive, but she could sense dissent.

"Chauncey, I'm going to be frank with you," she told him later that night, having beckoned him to her sofa when the gentlemen joined the ladies. "I don't like the way you've been looking. Have you seen a doctor? We're not at an age where we can take chances, you know."

So that was it, he reflected morosely. He was to be "handled." He was to be "fixed." His ears echoed already with the plaudits of the friends: "Bella is really prodigious. She never forgets anyone."

"I have a common or garden variety of arterial trouble," he said dryly. "We can't all have your health. It will kill me in time, but, after all, something must. There are no fountains of eternal youth. Not in New York, anyway. And if there were, somebody'd tear them down."

"I thought you might be looking for one in those rambles you're always taking."

"No, I just go to visit a few old friends.

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The Landmarker

Poor shabby edifices that will probably disappear even before me. And be missed about as much."

"You must stop feeling sorry for yourself," Bella reproached him. "Nothing ages like self-pity."

"I'm not aging. I'm aged."

"Fiddlesticks, seventy isn't old anymore. The worst thing you can possibly do is to keep relating yourself to a lot of old tenements waiting for the wrecker. It's turning you into the dullest kind of bore, the one who's always trying to save some shack from a highway or housing development. Mark my words, Chauncey, those people end by losing all discrimination. You'll be wringing your hands over the Third Avenue El."

"As a matter of fact, those Gothic entrances were a great loss!"

"Now, stop! You see? What you need is people. You've got to see more people. It's the only way to stay young."

People! What else had aged him? Surviving to seventy with one's mental faculties intact was like going to a cocktail party while on the wagon. How noisy his contemporaries sounded, how little they listened, how obsessive was their naked concern with their own "pluck" and their trips, their endless jet trips, to Luxor, to Hong Kong, to Tokyo! As though it took pluck to throw their old carcasses into armchairs and be transported from one pleasure to another! No, the only true companions of Lefferts's old age were the shabby, graceful, undemanding façades of his landmarks.

He went down the next morning to visit the doomed, dark, dusty Italian palace, empty now, with broken windows, ready for demolition, but like a marquise in a tumbrel on her way to the guillotine, her neck bared, her head high, her scornful eyes fixed over the heads of the screeching mob. Lefferts tried desperately to imagine the building a century back; he closed his eyes tightly until amid the stars and flashing he had a sense of crinolines and glittering counters. He seemed suddenly to be losing his balance, and he spread his arms out wildly.

He recovered consciousness in a clean, commodious, green hospital room with a dazzling view of the Hudson, and he speculated idly that he might be at last in the heaven of old landmarks, until it was borne in upon him with a shock that he was in the Harkness Pavilion. Could his sisters have possibly played so fast and loose with his funds? Nowadays the poor, like himself, did not expect to leave estates; they simply looked to save enough to cover their terminal ailments. But at fifty dollars a day! He reached frantically for the bell just as the door opened, and Bella came in.

"There's not a thing to worry about," she assured him. "Just a slight seizure. It's providential that it happened where it did. My managing agent was in the building when you were brought in, and when he found the card in your wallet he recognized your name and called me. I had you taken right here, and, of course, you're not even to *think* of the bill. In a way, I regard myself as responsible. It was your worry about that old store that brought this on. And you were right about it, too. It *is* a beauty. I went down and looked at it myself this morning. I've given instructions to preserve it. We may even have it done over. It'll be like the Racketty-Packetty House of Frances Hodgson Burnett, do you remember? I used to read it to the girls when they were little. The old dolls' house that was going to be burnt until the little princess spotted it and recognized its true worth and had it refurbished so that it was even grander than Tidy Castle?"

Lefferts spent the next weeks in a kind of euphoria. When Bella took on a job, she did it thoroughly. After he was released from Harkness she moved him to her apartment where he had a trained nurse and breakfast in bed and was taken out for a short drive in the afternoon in Bella's Bentley. He liked to think that the interest in old buildings that he might have imparted to her would have a softening effect on her, too. It was an odd way to learn humanity, no doubt, but was it not possible, as her interest stretched from interiors to exteriors, from the abodes of the rich to stores and even tenements, that her heart might reach out to *all* who lived under roofs? Or was this merely the loosest kind of sentimentality, the product of what had been—despite all Bella's efforts to conceal it from him—a stroke?

Yes, he was certainly very ill, and,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm going to a costume party. Can I rent a gray flannel suit?"

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worst of all, the common but deadly disease that had clutched him was at last striking at his memory. He could not remember what he had done the day before, how long he had been at Bella's, when his sisters had last called. He was afraid of seeing in the faces of his nurse and of Bella's discreet, impassive staff just how bad it was, and he smiled vaguely when they asked him questions that troubled him, or affected not to have heard. If only in losing one's memory, one could forget that one had lost it! But the awareness of his growing deficiency stayed with him like a street lamp seen by an insomniac from a darkened house.

He kept reminding himself that Bella had promised to spare Tinetti's, but he could not be sure that he had not imagined it, and he dared not ask her for fear of making her reconsider an act of such uncharacteristic extravagance. It became his fixed idea to visit the old place and see if her offered renovations had been started, but he had not the courage to ask her grand chauffeur to take him so far downtown. One afternoon, however, when the nurse had delivered him to the doorman and returned to the elevator, his chance came. Bella's chauffeur was late.

"Oh, please, tell him I took a cab," Lefferts said eagerly to the hesitant doorman, under orders, no doubt, about Mrs. Hoppin's guest. "Would you be good enough to call me one?"

The cabdriver took him down by the East River and turned off at Delancey Street. As he approached the area of Tinetti's down Spring Street under the old dark commercial buildings he felt an excitement that was almost unbearable.

"Please let me out here and wait!" he exclaimed, and getting out of the cab he stumbled along the pavement toward Lafayette Street. He would not look ahead; he would not have the driver witness his shock of what he now realized that he must see. When he had come within visual range of the old store, he closed his eyes, his head still bowed and uttered a prayer. Then, resolutely, he looked up and opened his eyes.

Of course, it was gone.

On the site was a great pit in the bottom of which a crane was working. The corner was flooded with a new sunlight that made the dull windows of the neighboring buildings blink. Lefferts had an extraordinary and oddly painless sense of inner void, as though a cube in his own mind, comparable to Tinetti's had been removed by the most competent surgery. But that cube of sensation had nonetheless been the best of him, and he and the departed building were together at the end in his own departing memory. As for the rest of him—well, he would know now what to do with the rest of him.

He was perfectly calm again. He returned to the cab and to Bella's apartment. At tea she asked him, a bit suspiciously, where he had been, and he told her that he had dropped in at the Frick Collection.

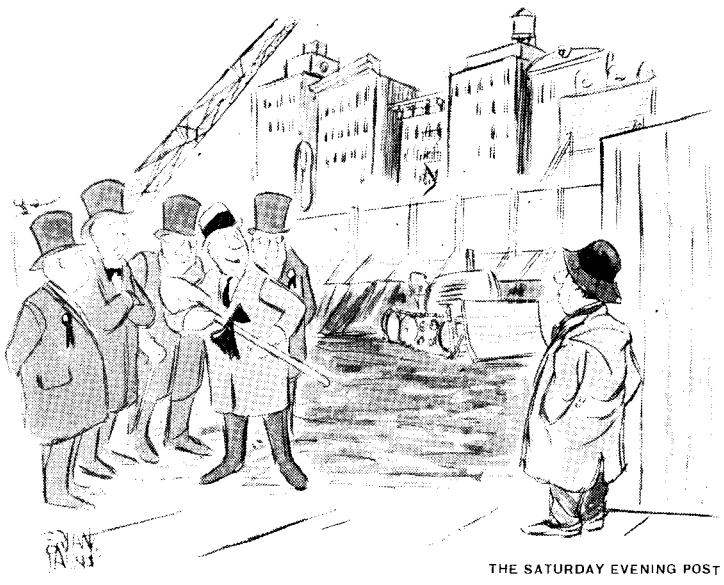
"I like to visit the great Holbeins of More and Cromwell once a year. A saint and a sinner, yet they have in common that pale, hard accepting look of Tudor courtiers. They were always willing to gamble, even knowing that they would lose. I sometimes think you're a bit of a Tudor, Bella. But a Tudor queen. *They* always won."

Bella smiled. He would not alienate her now. Obviously she believed that he had forgotten Tinetti's. He would have to be very careful to do nothing to upset that belief. For Bella in the right could be tremendous, but Bella in the wrong might oust him from her apartment. And how he clung to it, that apartment! To be fed and fussed over, to be safe from his censorious siblings, to be able to doze over a drink by a fire while the muted sounds of Bella's social life throbbed from the distant drawing room—it was not to be lost now.

"If you ever have any trouble with Saint Peter, Bella," he continued as he sipped his tea, "just mention what you've done for old Chauncey Lefferts, and he'll whisk you right past those pearly gates!"

Bella smiled again and even beamed; she loved to be thanked as she loved to be worshiped. Her smile embraced him and reassured him. "Trust me, give yourself up and be cared for," she seemed to be telling him. She was nurse; she was asylum; she was the city itself, with its force and possessiveness. She could be counted on to succor the weak, as she could be counted on to destroy the strong. A Tudor, he repeated to himself, with a pale accepting smile. A terrible Tudor queen.

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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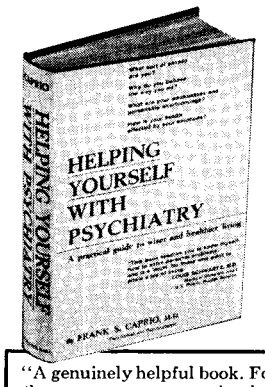

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There is so much in the air in New York a visitor is bound to get some of it in his eye.

THE LUCID EYE IN SILVER TOWN

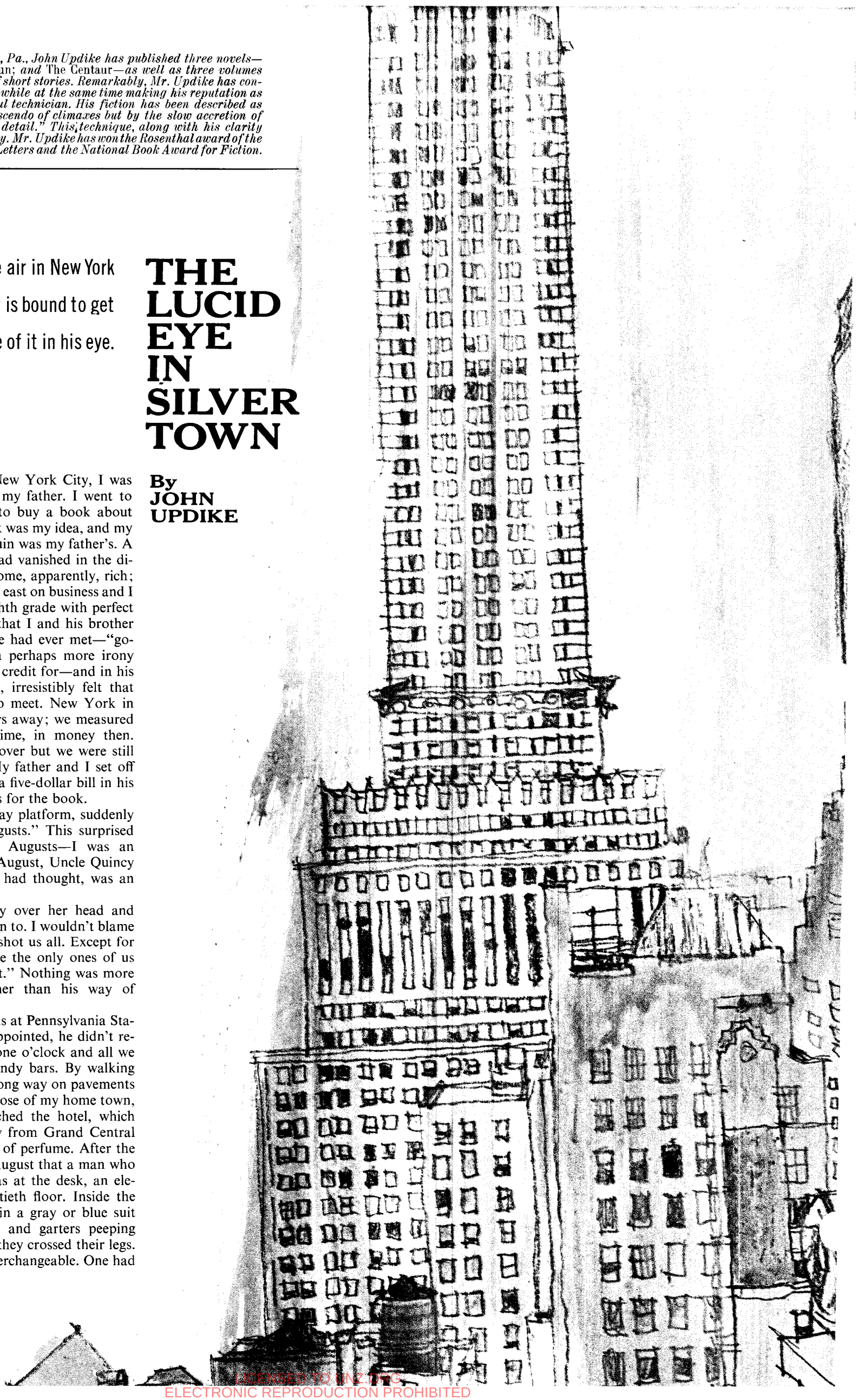
By JOHN UPDIKE

The first time I visited New York City, I was thirteen and went with my father. I went to meet my Uncle Quin and to buy a book about Vermeer. The Vermeer book was my idea, and my mother's; meeting Uncle Quin was my father's. A generation ago, my uncle had vanished in the direction of Chicago and become, apparently, rich; in the last week he had come east on business and I had graduated from the eighth grade with perfect marks. My father claimed that I and his brother were the smartest people he had ever met—"go-getters," he called us, with perhaps more irony than at the time I gave him credit for—and in his visionary way he suddenly, irresistibly felt that now was the time for us to meet. New York in those days was seven dollars away; we measured everything, distance and time, in money then. World War II was almost over but we were still living in the Depression. My father and I set off with the return tickets and a five-dollar bill in his pocket. The five dollars was for the book.

My mother, on the railway platform, suddenly exclaimed, "I *hate* the Augusts." This surprised me, because we were all Augusts—I was an August, my father was an August, Uncle Quincy was an August, and she, I had thought, was an August.

My father gazed serenely over her head and said, "You have every reason to. I wouldn't blame you if you took a gun and shot us all. Except for Quin and your son. They're the only ones of us ever had any get up and git." Nothing was more infuriating about my father than his way of agreeing.

Uncle Quin didn't meet us at Pennsylvania Station. If my father was disappointed, he didn't reveal it to me. It was after one o'clock and all we had for lunch were two candy bars. By walking what seemed to me a very long way on pavements only a little broader than those of my home town, and not so clean, we reached the hotel, which seemed to sprout somehow from Grand Central Station. The lobby smelled of perfume. After the clerk had phoned Quincy August that a man who said he was his brother was at the desk, an elevator took us to the twentieth floor. Inside the room sat three men, each in a gray or blue suit with freshly pressed pants and garters peeping from under the cuffs when they crossed their legs. The men were not quite interchangeable. One had



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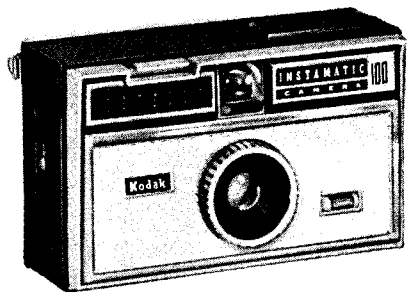

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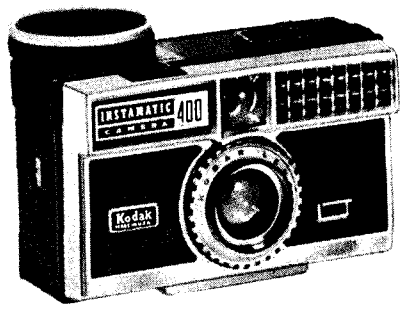

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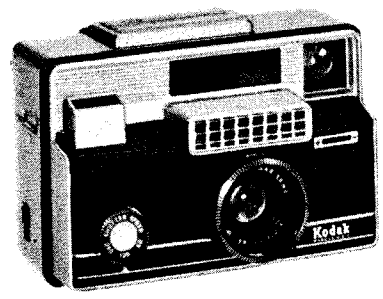

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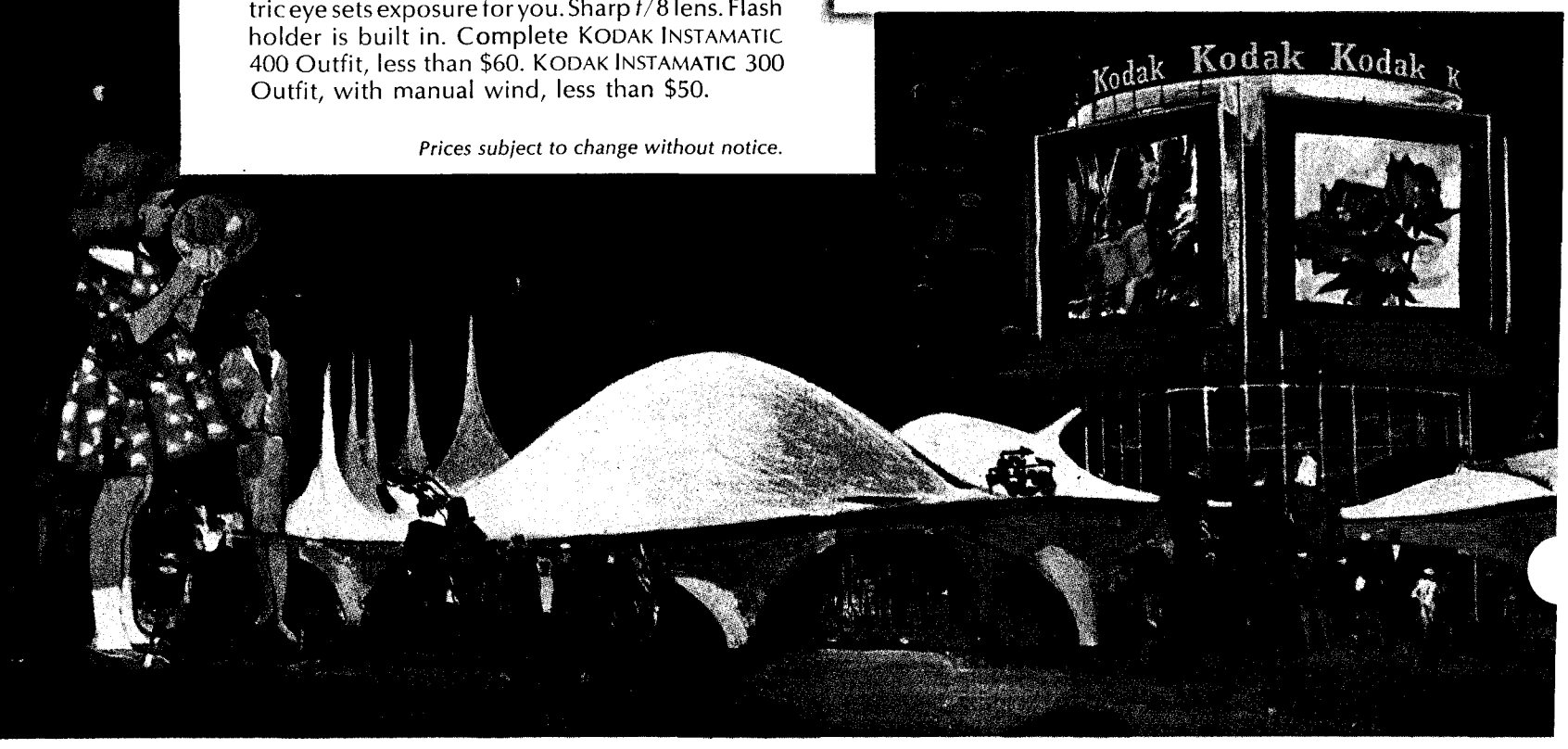

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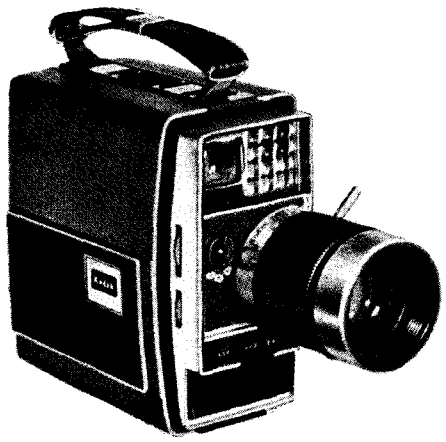

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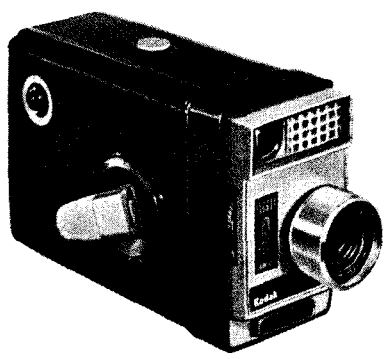

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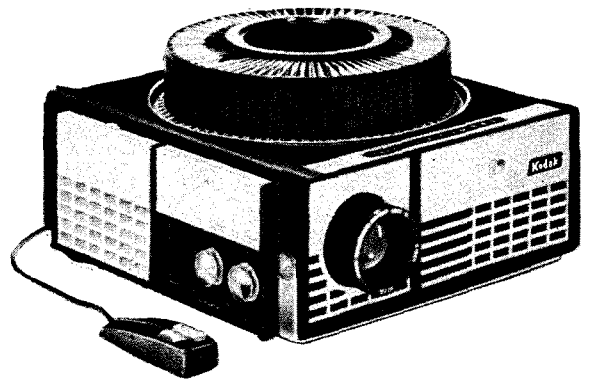

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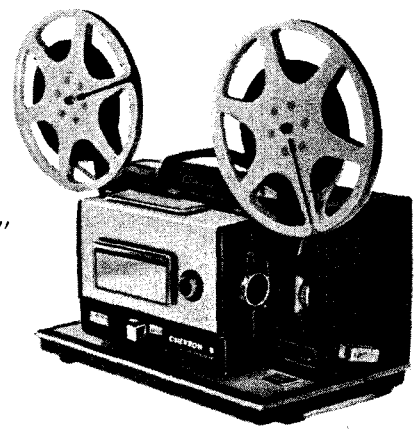

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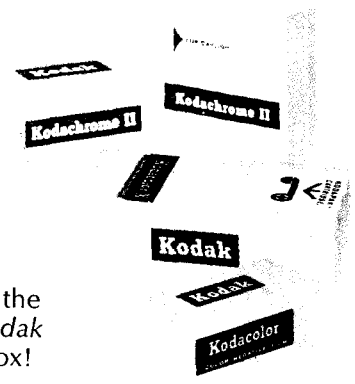

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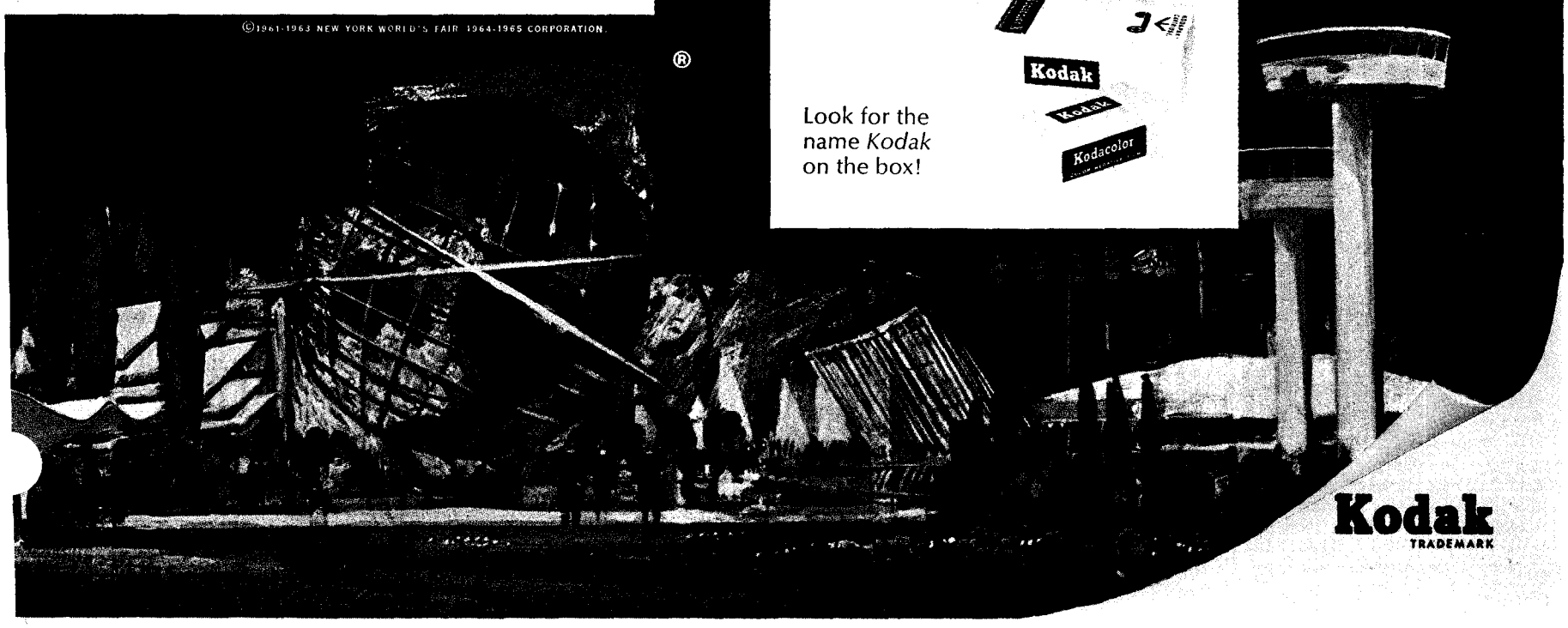

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TRADEMARK

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a caterpillar-shaped moustache, one had tangled blond eyebrows like my father's, and the third had a drink in his hand—the others had drinks, too, but were not gripping them so tightly.

"Gentlemen, I'd like you to meet my brother Marty and his young son," Uncle Quin said.

"The kid's name is Jay," my father added, shaking hands with each of the two men, staring them in the eye. I imitated my father, and the moustached man, not expecting my firm handshake and stare, said, "Why, hello there, Jay!"

"Marty, would you and the boy like to freshen up? The facilities are through the door and to the left."

"Thank you, Quin. I believe we will. Excuse me, gentlemen."

"Certainly."

"Certainly."

My father and I went into the bedroom of the suite. The furniture was square and new and all the same shade of maroon. On the bed was an opened suitcase, also new. The clean, expensive smells of leather and lotion were beautiful to me. Uncle Quin's underwear looked silk and was full of fleurs-de-lis. When I was through in the lavatory, I made for the living room, to rejoin Uncle Quin and his friends.

"Hold it," my father said. "Let's wait in here."

"Won't that look rude?"

"No. It's what Quin wants."

"Now Daddy, don't be ridiculous. He'll think we've died in here."

"No he won't, not my brother. He's working some deal. He doesn't want to be bothered. I know how my brother works; he got us in here so we'd stay in here."

"*Really*, Pop. You're such a schemer." But I did not want to go in there without him. I looked around the room for something to read. There was nothing, not even a newspaper, except a shiny little pamphlet about the hotel itself. I wondered when we would get a chance to look for the Vermeer book. I wondered what the men in the next room were talking about. I wondered why Uncle Quin was so short, when my father was so tall. By leaning out of the window, I could see taxicabs maneuvering like windup toys.

My father came and stood beside me. "Don't lean out too far."

I edged out inches farther and took a big bite of the high, cold air, spiced by the distant street noises. "Look at the green cab cut in front of the yellow," I said. "Should they be making U-turns on that street?"

"In New York it's OK. Survival of the fittest is the only law here."

"Isn't that the Chrysler Building?"

"Yes, isn't it graceful though? It always reminds me of the queen of the chessboard."

"What's the one beside it?"

"I don't know. Some big gravestone. The one deep in back, from this window, is the Woolworth Building. For years it was the tallest building in the world."

As, side by side at the window, we talked, I was surprised that my father could answer so many of my questions. As a young man, before I was born, he had traveled, looking for work; this was not *his* first trip to New York. Excited by my new respect, I longed to say something to remold that calm, beaten face.

"Do you really think he meant for us to stay out here?" I asked.

"Quin is a go-getter," he said, gazing over my head. "I admire him. Anything he wanted, from little on up, he went after it. Slam. Bang. His thinking is miles ahead of mine—just like your mother's. You can feel them pull out ahead of you." He moved his hands, palms down, like two taxis, the left quickly pulling ahead of the right. "You're the same way."

"Sure, sure." My impatience was not merely embarrassment at being praised; I was irritated that he considered Uncle Quin as smart as myself. At that point in my life I was sure that only stupid people took an interest in money.

When Uncle Quin finally entered the bedroom, he said, "Martin, I hoped you and the boy would come out and join us."

"Hell, I didn't want to butt in. You and those men were talking business."

"Lucas and Roebuck and I? Now, Marty, it was nothing that my own brother couldn't hear. Just a minor matter of adjustment. Both those men are fine men. Very important in their own fields. I'm disappointed that you couldn't see more of them. Believe me, I hadn't meant for you to hide in here. Now what kind of drink would you like?"

"I don't care. I drink very little any more."

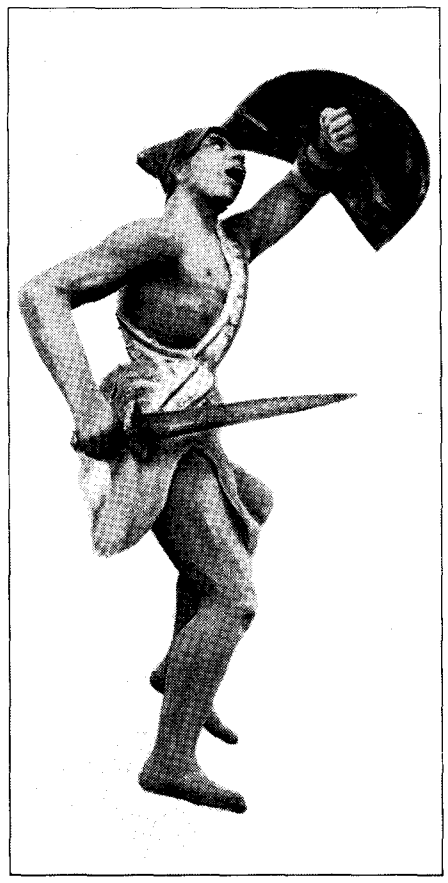
"Scotch-and-water, Marty?"

"Swell."

"And the boy? What about some ginger ale, young man? Or would you like milk?"

"The ginger ale," I said.

"There was a day, you know, when your father could drink any two men under the table."



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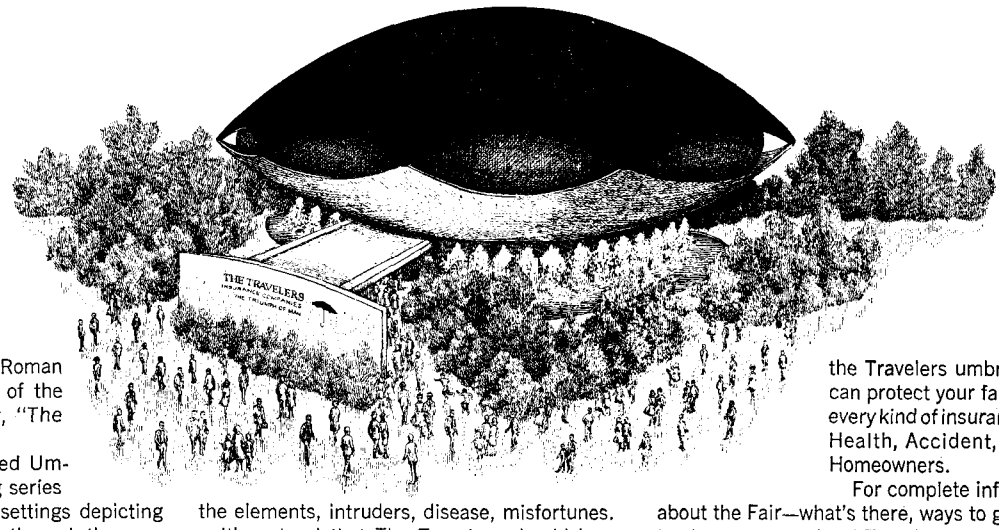

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As I remember it, a waiter brought the drinks to the room, and while we were drinking them I asked if we were going to spend all afternoon in this room. Uncle Quin didn't seem to hear, but five minutes later he suggested that the boy might like to take a look around the city—Gotham, he called it. Baghdad-on-the-Subway. My father said that that would be a once-in-a-lifetime treat for the kid. He always called me "the kid" when I was sick or had lost at something or was angry—when he felt sorry for me, in short. The three of us went down in the elevator and took a taxi ride down Broadway, or up Broadway—I wasn't sure. "This is what they call the Great White Way," Uncle Quin said several times. Once he apologized, "In daytime it's just another street." The trip didn't seem so much designed for sight-seeing as for getting Uncle Quin to the Pickernut Club, a little restaurant set in a block of similar canopied places. I remember we stepped down into it and it was dark inside. A piano was playing *There's a Small Hotel.*

"He shouldn't do that," Uncle Quin said. Then he waved to the man behind the piano. "How are you, Freddie? How are the kids?"

"Fine, Mr. August, fine," Freddie said, bobbing his head and smiling and not missing a note.

"That's Quin's song," my father said to me as we wriggled our way into a dark curved seat at a round table.

I didn't say anything, but Uncle Quin, overhearing some disapproval in my silence, said, "Freddie's a first-rate man. He has a boy going to Colgate this autumn."

I asked, "Is that really your song?"

Uncle Quin grinned and put his warm broad hand on my shoulder; I hated, at that age, being touched. "I let them think it is," he said, oddly purring. "To me, songs are like young girls. They're all pretty."

A waiter in a red coat scurried up. "Mr. August! Back from the West? How are you, Mr. August?"

"Getting by, Jerome, getting by. Jerome, I'd like you to meet my kid brother, Martin."

"How do you do, Mr. Martin. Are you paying New York a visit? Or do you live here?"

My father quickly shook hands with Jerome, somewhat to Jerome's surprise. "I'm just up for the afternoon, thank you. I live in a hick town in Pennsylvania you never heard of."

"I see, sir. A quick visit."

"This is the first time in six years that I've had a chance to see my brother."

"Yes, we've seen very little of him these past years. He's a man we can never see too much of, isn't that right?"

Uncle Quin interrupted. "This is my nephew Jay."

"How do you like the big city, Jay?"

"Fine." I didn't duplicate my father's mistake of offering to shake hands.

"Why, Jerome," Uncle Quin said. "My brother and I would like to have a Scotch-on-the-rocks. The boy would like a ginger ale."

"No, wait," I said. "What kinds of ice cream do you have?"

"Vanilla and chocolate, sir."

I hesitated. I could scarcely believe it, when the cheap drugstore at home had fifteen flavors.

"I'm afraid it's not a very big selection," Jerome said.

"I guess vanilla."

"Yes, sir. One plate of vanilla."

When my ice cream came it was a golf ball in a flat silver dish; it kept spinning away as I dug at it with my spoon. Uncle Quin watched me and asked, "Is there anything especially you'd like to do?"

"The kid'd like to get into a bookstore," my father said.

"A bookstore. What sort of book, Jay?"

I said, "I'd like to look for a good book of Vermeer."

"Vermeer," Uncle Quin pronounced slowly, relishing the r's, pretending to give the matter thought. "Dutch School."

"He's Dutch, yes."

"For my own money, Jay, the French are the people to beat. We have four Degas ballet dancers in our living room in Chicago, and I could sit and look at one of them for hours. I think it's wonderful, the feeling for balance the man had."

"Yeah, but don't Degas' paintings always remind you of colored drawings?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"All right—let's watch that backswing next time."

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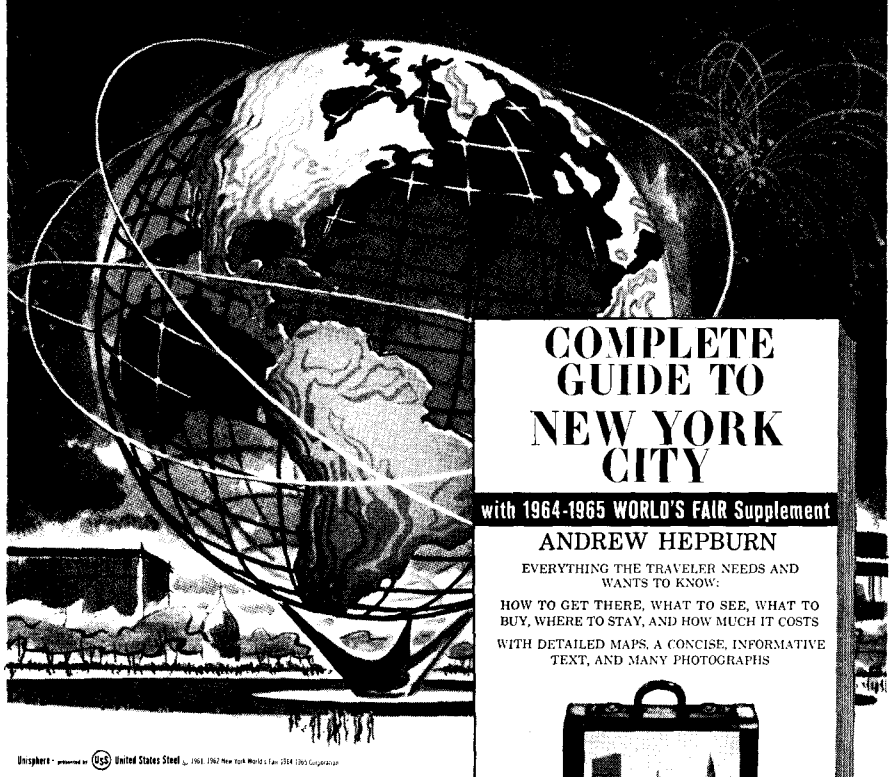
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For actually *looking* at things in terms of paint, for the lucid eye, I think Vermeer makes Degas look sick."

Uncle Quin said nothing, and my father, after an anxious glance across the table, said, "That's the way he and his mother talk all the time. It's all beyond me. I can't understand a thing they say."

"Your mother is encouraging you to be a painter, is she, Jay?" Uncle Quin's smile was very wide and his cheeks were pushed out as if each held a candy.

"Sure, I suppose she is."

"Your mother is a very wonderful woman, Jay," Uncle Quin said.

It was such an embarrassing remark, and so much depended upon your definition of "wonderful," that I dug at my ice cream, and my father asked Uncle Quin about his own wife, Tessie. When we left, Uncle Quin signed the check with his name and the name of some company. It was close to five o'clock.

My uncle didn't know much about the location of bookstores in New York—his last fifteen years had been spent in Chicago—but he thought that if we went to Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue we should find something. The cab driver let us out beside a park that acted as kind of a backyard for the Public Library. It looked so inviting, so agreeably dusty, with the pigeons and the men nodding on the benches and the office girls in their taut summer dresses, that without thinking, I led the two men into it. Shimmering buildings arrowed upward and glinted through the treetops. This was New York, I felt: the silver town. Towers of ambition rose, crystalline, within me. "If you stand here," my father said, "you can see the Empire State." I went and stood beneath my father's arm and followed with my eyes the direction of it. Something sharp and hard fell into my right eye. I ducked my head and blinked; it was painful.

"What's the trouble?" Uncle Quin's voice asked.

My father said, "The poor kid's got something into his eye. He has the worst luck that way of anybody I ever knew."

The thing seemed to have life. It bit. "Ow," I said, angry enough to cry.

"If we can get him out of the wind," my father's voice said, "maybe I can see it."

"No, now, Marty, use your head. Never fool with the eyes or ears. The hotel is within two blocks. Can you walk two blocks, Jay?"

"I'm blind, not lame," I snapped.

"He has a ready wit," Uncle Quin said.

Between the two men, shielding my eye with a hand, I walked to the hotel. From time to time, one of them would take my other hand, or put one of theirs on my shoulder, but I would walk faster, and the hands would drop away. I hoped our entrance into the hotel lobby would not be too conspicuous; I took my hand from my eye and walked erect, defying the impulse to stoop. Except for the one lid being shut and possibly my face being red, I imagined I looked passably suave. However, my guardians lost no time betraying me. Not only did they walk at my heels, as if I might topple any instant, but my father told one old bum sitting in the lobby, "Poor kid got something in his eye," and Uncle Quin, passing the desk, called, "Send up a doctor to Twenty-eleven."

"You shouldn't have done that, Quin," my father said in the elevator. "I can get it out, now that he's out of the wind. This is happening all the time. The kid's eyes are too far front."

"Never fool with the eyes, Martin. They are your most precious tool in life."

"It'll work out," I said, though I didn't believe it would. It felt like a steel chip, deeply embedded.

Up in the room, Uncle Quin made me lie down on the bed. My father, a clean handkerchief wadded in his hand so that one corner stuck out, approached me, but it hurt so much to open the eye that I repulsed him. "Don't torment me," I said, twisting my face away. "What good does it do? The doctor'll be up."

Regretfully my father put the handkerchief back into his pocket.

The doctor was a soft-handed man with little to say to anybody; he wasn't pretending to be the family doctor. He rolled my lower eyelid on a thin stick, jabbed with a Q-tip, and showed me, on the end of the Q-tip, an eyelash. He dropped three drops of yellow fluid into the eye to remove any chance of infection. The fluid stung, and I shut my eyes, leaning back into the pillow, glad it was over. When I opened them, my father was passing a bill into the doctor's hand. The doctor thanked him, winked at me, and left. Uncle Quin came out of the bathroom.

"Well, young man, how are you feeling now?" he asked.

"Fine."

"It was just an eyelash," my father said.

"*Just* an eyelash! Well I know how an eyelash can feel like a razor blade in there. But, now that the young invalid is recovered, we can think of dinner."

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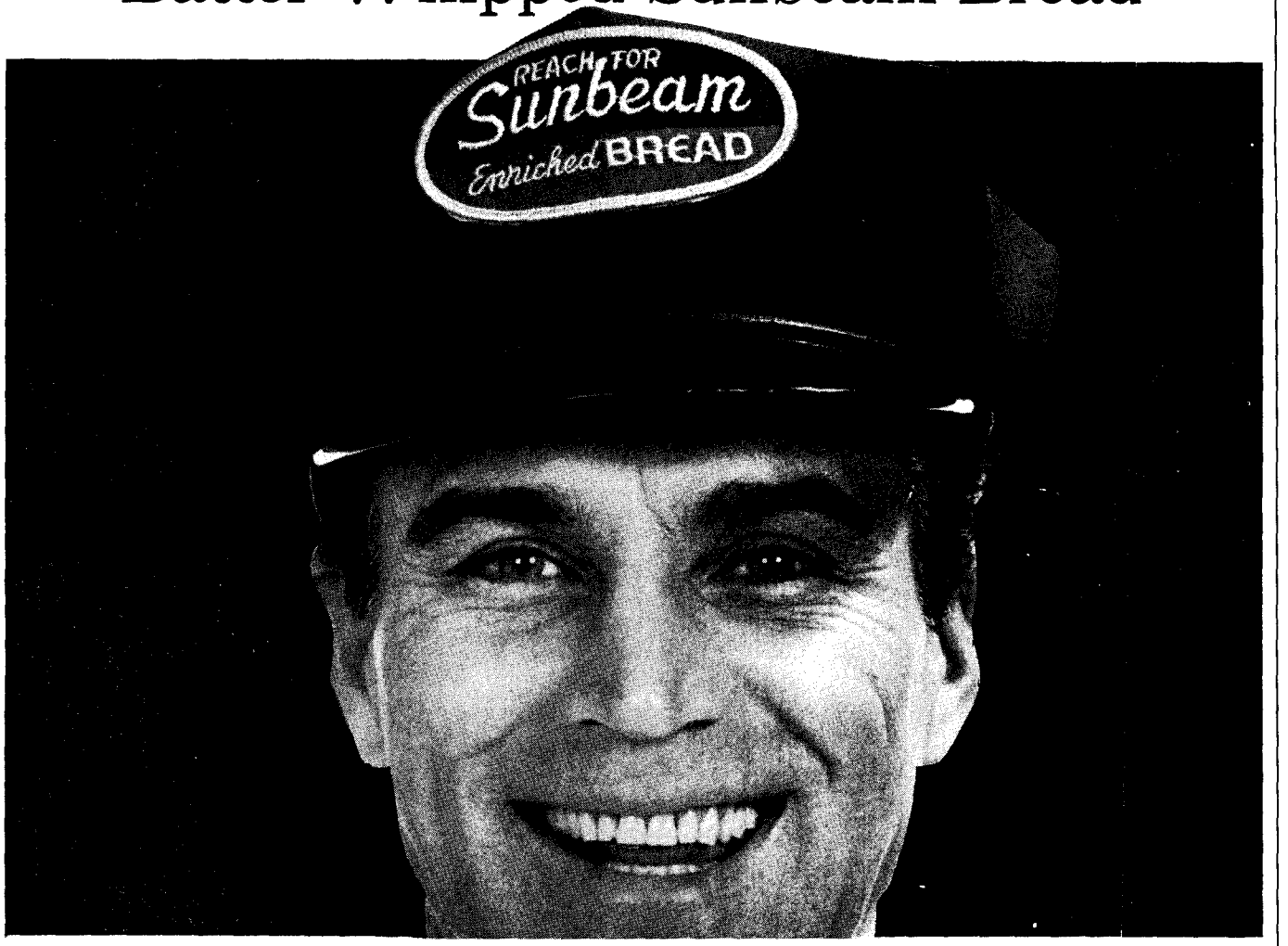

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"No, I really appreciate your kindness, Quin, but we must be getting back to the sticks. I have an eight-o'clock meeting I should be at."

"I'm extremely sorry to hear that. What sort of meeting, Marty?"

"A church council."

"So you're still doing church work. Well, God bless you for it."

"Grace wanted me to ask you if you couldn't possibly come over some day. We'll put you up overnight. It would be a real treat for her to see you again."

Uncle Quin reached up and put his arm around his younger brother's shoulders. "Martin, I'd like that better than anything in the world. But I am solid with appointments, and I must head west this Thursday. They don't let me have a minute's repose. Nothing would please my heart better than to share a quiet day with you and Grace in your home. Please give her my love, and tell her what a wonderful boy she is raising. The two of you are raising."

My father promised, "I'll do that." And, after a little more fuss, we left.

"The child better?" the old man in the lobby called to us on the way out.

"It was just an eyelash, thank you, sir," my father said.

When we got outside, I wondered if there were any bookstores still open.

"We have no money."

"None at all?"

"The doctor charged five dollars. That's how much it costs in New York to get something in your eye."

"I didn't do it on purpose. Do you think I pulled out the eyelash and stuck it in there myself? I didn't tell you to call the doctor."

"I know that."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm not here to interpret the artist's intent, madam. My job is simply to see that no one steals it."

"Couldn't we just go into a bookstore and look a minute?"

"We haven't time, Jay."

But when we reached Pennsylvania Station, it was over thirty minutes until the next train left. As we sat on a bench, my father smiled reminiscently. "Boy, he's smart, isn't he? His thinking is sixty light-years ahead of mine."

"Whose?"

"My brother. Notice the way he hid in the bathroom until the doctor was gone? That's how to make money. The rich man collects dollar bills like the stamp collector collects stamps. I knew he'd do it. I knew it when he told the clerk to send up a doctor that I'd have to pay for it."

"Well, why *should* he pay for it? *You* were the person to pay for it."

"That's right. Why should he?" My father settled back, his eyes forward, his hands crossed and limp in his lap. The skin beneath his chin was loose; his temples seemed concave. The liquor was probably disagreeing with him. "That's why he's where he is now, and that's why I am where I am."

The seed of my anger seemed to be a desire to recall him to himself, to scold him out of being old and tired. "Well, why'd you bring along only five dollars? You might have known something would happen."

"You're right, Jay. I should have brought more."

"Look. Right over there is an open bookstore. Now if you had brought *ten* dollars ——"

"Is it open? I don't think so. They just left the lights in the window on."

"What if it isn't? What does it matter to us? Anyway, what kind of art book can you get for five dollars? Color plates cost money. How much do you think a decent book of Vermeer costs? It'd be cheap at fifteen dollars, even secondhand, with the pages all crummy and full of spilled coffee." I kept on, shrilly flailing the passive and infuriating figure of my father, until we left the city. Once we were on the homeward train, my tantrum ended; it had been a kind of ritual, for both of us, and he had endured my screams complacently, nodding assent, like a midwife assisting at the birth of family pride. Years passed before I needed to go to New York again. THE END

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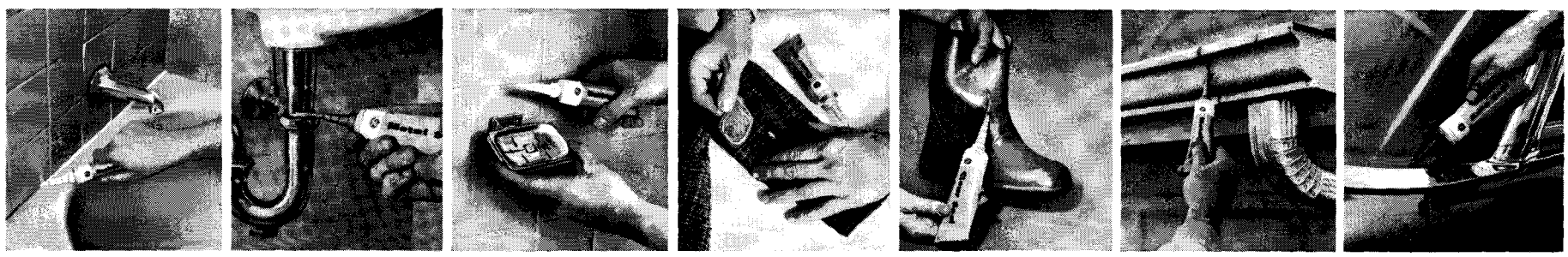

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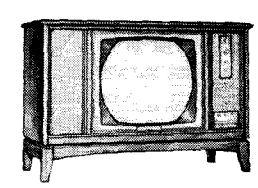

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By WARREN MILLER

The long night

IS IT EVER POSSIBLE, IN NEW YORK, TO GET WHERE YOU WANT TO BE

Times Square, especially in daylight, is a part of the city New Yorkers seldom see; it may be the city's heart, but it does not beat for them. They abandon it willingly to tourists and servicemen on furlough, French poets, amateur photographers. In the New Yorker's vision of his city there is no place for Times Square. It is an aspect of the city—garish and grubby, the hucksterism laid bare for all to see—he chooses to avoid. Only at night does it exist, and even then it is for him only an obstacle to be overcome on his way to the theater, more an affront than a hazard.

Hugo March, born elsewhere but at home only in this city, and made secure by his never-failing sense of himself, stood easily on the island in the middle of the square, unthreatened by the taxis rushing toward him, waiting for the light to change. It was the first time in years he had seen the square by day. He looked at the Paramount and without emotion recalled himself in uniform, on furlough, standing in line at this theater in '42 to see a Bogart movie. Sinatra had been on stage, and ushers stood by with stretchers. It had been Hugo's introduction to New York.

It was an introduction New York had not lived up to; the city had presented itself to Hugo under the false colors of wartime: easy friendships in the brownout and odd encounters in the Astor Bar. Even the news flashes traveling around the *Times* building had been personal messages then to all who watched; now it was merely news, stuff of headlines, nothing more. The lights had now gone on all over the world, just as the song had promised, and revealed . . . this square, derelict and seamy, a nagging presence, a poor relation in the outer office. Hugo put it in the immense category of unsolved postwar problems: poverty . . . ice-cube trays still sticking . . . suburban delinquency . . . Times Square. It was a souvenir of the war and made him feel his age.

He need not have worried. Like most men active in the arts, he looked ten years younger than his age, no more than thirty. He crossed the street and walked under the Paramount's marquee. He smiled ruefully at his reflection in the window of the Concord Bookstore and said to himself, There he is—Peter Pan, and he needs a haircut. Then he noticed that in the window full of remaindered books knocked down to eighty-nine cents was his own novel, his third, a book of which he was very fond. He tried to solace himself with the thought that there were quite a few other good books to keep it company; but he found no joy in this. Honorable failure was no better than any other kind. Hugo had always wanted the delicious consolation of a grand success.

And I shall have it, he said, passing now display windows full of a kind of clothing he would never wear—Who buys it? he wondered—white-on-white shirts with curious collars, silk suits gleaming like silver foil, armor of those who had never heard of Hugo March.

But they'll be hearing of me soon, he said; for he knew he was walking in the direction of fame. He turned left now and headed west, leaving Times Square behind him, turning his back on reality and mortality; and he entered then the land of probability and appearances, that country where he felt most at home, a first citizen. At his left was Sardi's, and to the right the imaginary great wrought gates of Shubert Alley opened to let him in, the exiled prince returning to his own land. An outsize concrete tennis court, barred to traffic, Shubert Alley extended itself like a trapeze artist, made the mad leap from 44th to 45th Street, while realtors and the land-hungry gasped at the terrible display of waste, which they could count to the last penny at so much the square foot.

Post Fiction

Warren Miller, born in Stowe, Pa., was graduated from the University of Iowa, where he returned to teach after three years in the Army in World War II (he says he malingered in England and shirked in Normandy). He quit teaching after five semesters (he says he loved the teaching, but despised his students), then came to New York, where he worked "too many" years in advertising, then quit that *when his first novel,* The Way We Live Now, *was published in 1958. Since then he's "loafed," writing "at odd hours of the day" numerous short stories; three children's books;* Ninety Miles From Home, *a study of Castro's Cuba; some pseudonymous novels; and seven novels under his own name, including a new one,* The Siege of Harlem, *which McGraw-Hill will publish this summer. His novel,* The Cool World, *was recently made into a film, and before that appeared briefly on Broadway as a play—from which experience came some of the background, but none of the characterizations, of this story.*

Hugo, banners snapping behind him, gun carriages rolling with their hollow and menacing roar, marched down the center of this strip of prime real estate; nothing could stop him now. He stopped. He wheeled suddenly to the left, magnetized by the sight of his own name on a poster: BASED ON A NOVEL BY HUGO MARCH. There it was, his name, one fourth the size of the director's, one eighth the size of the star's, but larger than he had ever seen it before. It seemed to Hugo that it must have been printed in a special ink; it glowed, it moved, it expanded while he watched, had a life of its own. Above his name, and only twice as large, was that of Tom Chalmers, the playwright, who had adapted his book for the stage.

It was almost exactly a year ago that Chalmers had optioned Hugo's novel and invited him to lunch. It had been for Hugo, after having lived there for ten years, a second introduction to New York, this time to the world of the hugely successful, the heavenly city of duplexes and Japanese manservants and chairs designed by famous architects. This was the city in which everything was under perfect control, and failure was the only sin. It was a fall from grace which could not be countenanced, the only fearsome, uncontrollable possibility.

Chalmers had worn a blue blazer and gray flannel slacks of incomparable richness. His feet in slippers embroidered with the initials of the famous athletic club where he "worked out," he paced the floor. He hit the palm of his left hand with his fist and said to Hugo, "I'm a hit-maker." He stopped and looked at Hugo, to give him time to savor these words. "My last two plays were flops," he said, "and I can't afford another. Your novel's got everything I want. It's a comedy, but it has significance. This year, audiences want significance. Don't ask me why."

Hugo had a vision of this middle-aged, baby-faced boy in a giant supermarket of books, shopping for significance, filling his cart with colorfully packaged volumes designed to make a quick appeal to the busy shopper.

Chalmers sat down in an antique rocking chair. The servant poured coffee. Chalmers put his hand to his forehead and said, "Do you ever have the feeling that *things* are spinning out of control?"

"No," Hugo said.

"Just wait," Chalmers had told him.

Hugo was still waiting, and with calm assurance. He stood looking at his name on the poster

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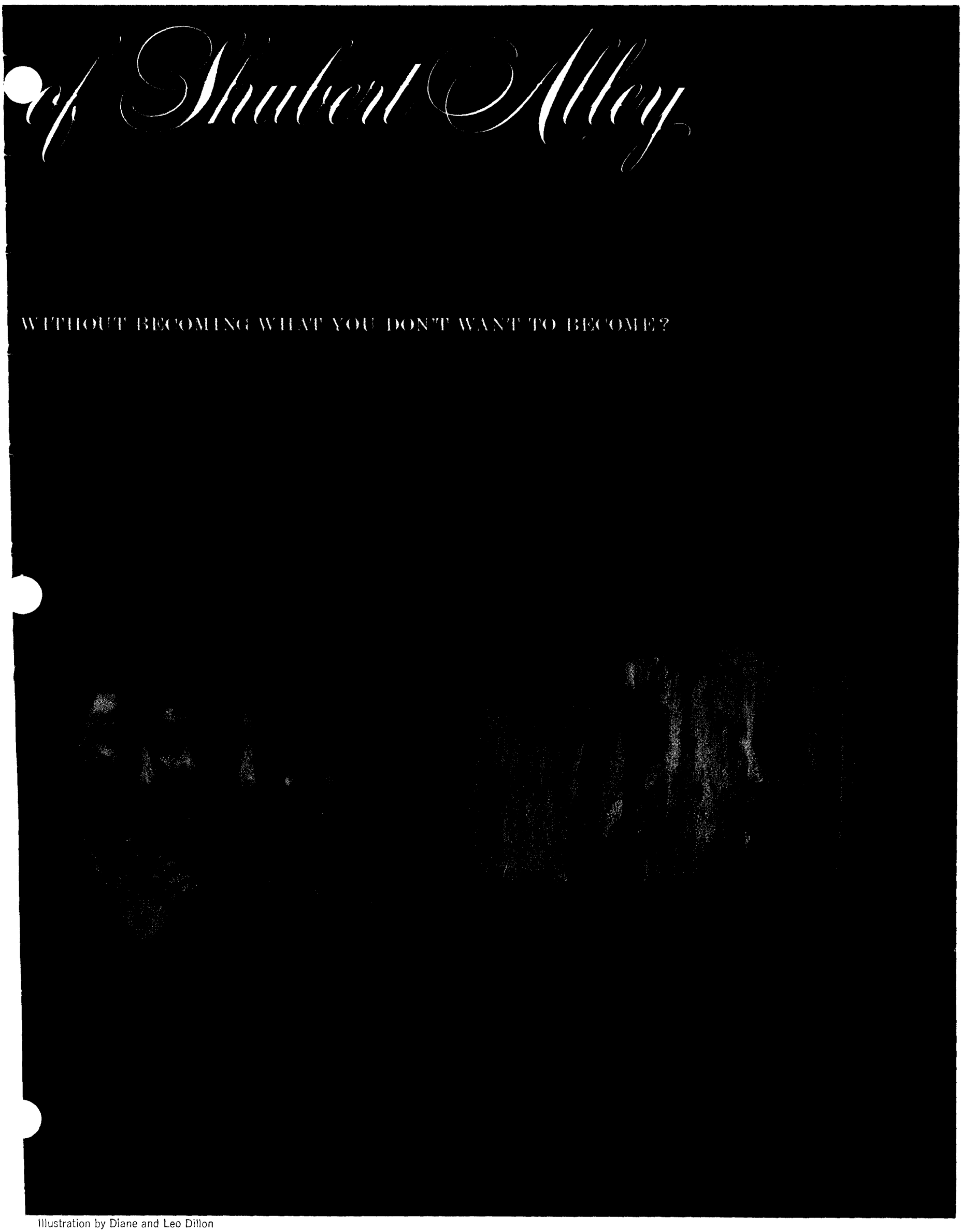
# of Student Alley

WITHOUT BECOMING WHAT YOU DON'T WANT TO BECOME?



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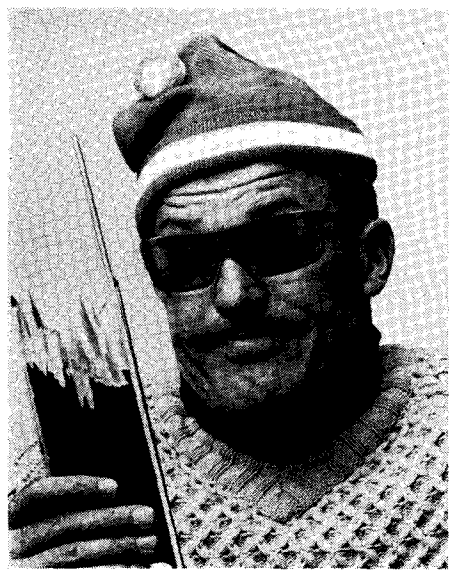

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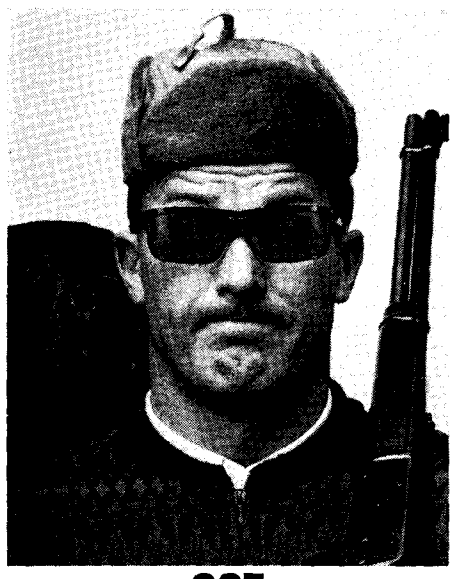

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and felt the mantle of destiny settle about his shoulders, a young brigadier before the crucial battle. For three generations, since coming to America, an artist had been struggling to be born into Hugo's family. In the '20's there had been a violinist; he had ended as a band leader. The next generation produced a director of grade-B Hollywood films. Hugo appeared, the true American at last: English his only language; the first of his line to wear sneakers, true sign that the villages of Europe had finally been leached out by American sun and air.

I am ready, he said to himself. He opened the door of the theater and stepped inside, into the lobby, anteroom of the new world, promised land. All the inner doors but one were locked; Hugo found it on the third try and felt like the hero of a fairy tale, the Prince releasing Beauty from her tower. He entered the darkness and after a moment made out the producer, Jasper Goldin, sitting a few rows from the back. He was slouched in his seat, all askew, as if washed up there by the onrushing waves of empty rows. Beside him was his secretary, Lily, her clipboard's little light flashing on whenever Goldin dictated a note to her, a spurious beacon in the stormy darkness.

Jasper had phoned Hugo the night before. "I won't hide it from you," he said. "Hugo, sweetheart, we're in trouble and the trouble is Chalmers."

Hugo now sat down next to him; Lily smiled a greeting, Jasper nodded, indicating an enormous fatigue. Hugo had met them once before, at the signing of the contracts; in this new world, Hugo understood, friendship is easy because it means so little. Together now they watched the director order the stage manager to move an ashtray one inch forward. The actors watched and tried to convince themselves the ashtray was important. The director was Samuel Hendrix, former star of musical comedies, former baritone, former actor. He spoke softly to the stage manager—"Now move it back an inch"—and his voice bounced among the empty seats, could have been heard in the top balcony's last row.

Jasper groaned. He shifted his portly body into a new and even more unnatural position. "That's how it is," he said to no one in particular, "when you don't have a play, you move ashtrays!"

Samuel turned around; he bent forward, all his movements exaggerated, and peered into the dark auditorium. "Jasper," he said, "Jasper, is that Chalmers I see sitting beside you? Can it be that Chalmers has arrived? Is our playwright with us?"

"It is not Chalmers," Jasper said.

"Then is it too much to hope," Samuel said, coming lightly down the four steps from the stage, "too much to hope that he will make an appearance today?" The actors, straggling toward the wings, laughed politely. Someone switched off the work lights and Samuel turned. "No, no," he shouted, "leave them on."

The stage manager appeared again. He said, "But ——"

"Please," Samuel said, on a rising note, in what he knew to be a quietly commanding voice.

The stage manager shrugged and sat down on a green sofa; he dropped his head in his hands and groaned.

"Did *you* see him today?" Samuel asked the stage manager, who raised his head and nodded.

"And?" Samuel prompted.

The stage manager said, "And I saw him. But he didn't see me." He held his hands in front of him, almost palm to palm, to show how close he and Chalmers had been to each other.

Samuel said, "Closer than that it wou' be unseemly to get."

"He was wandering about backstage at eight this morning," the stage manager said.

Samuel nodded; then he walked up the inclined aisle toward the rear of the theater where Jasper and Hugo sat behind their cigarettes. In that part of the auditorium the odor of disinfectant was quite strong. Samuel said, "Where is Chalmers? Tell me, anyone, where is he? There are forty dummy lines in Act One. There is the new scene in Act Two which we have not got. And we are still very badly in need of a Third Act curtain."

"Now then," Jasper said, not taking the cigarette from his mouth.

"Is that Jasper?" Samuel said, pretending not to have recognized him in the darkness. "Jasper," he said, "where is your playwright? Who is going to do the work? Where is Chalmers? I cannot be director and playwright too. Please get him to do some work."

"You know he's not going to do any work," Jasper said, his voice remarkably free of worry.

"He cannot!" Samuel said.

"That's right, you're absolutely right. He can't."

"We have no play and we have no playwright. Am I to understand we are going to go on this way?" Samuel's voice expressed unwilling belief in this notion. "The critics have been waiting all season for a production like ours—a comedy without a play."

"Before I forget," Jasper said, takii the clipboard from Lily's hands and turning on the little light. "At the change between scenes two and three I could see the stagehands' legs."

"It is all part of the plan, sweetheart. Since we do not have a third-act curtain. . . ."

"I know all about that."

". . . I am going to have the stagehands come downstage and tell the audience what Truth is."

Hugo put out his cigarette in a cardboard container full of butts and with a brown ring coffee had made.

"Pirandello," Samuel said.

"The truth is," Jasper said, "we have no need of Chalmers. We don't need him. Let's forget him. Let's pretend Chalmers doesn't exist."

"Pretend? Is it necessary to pretend? Look around you, dear. Show me Chalmers and then I'll pretend he doesn't exist."

"Now then," Jasper said, rising. He squeezed past Hugo and joined his director in the aisle; he put his arm around Samuel's shoulders and spoke to him in a low voice. Hugo leaned across the empty seat and said to Lily, "Am I permitted to ask? Where *is* Chalmers?"

"He has gone round the bend," Lily said. "We haven't seen him for a week. It is said that he takes long walks at odd hours; and we hear that he has turned to a new analyst, who was recommended to him by his ex-wife's former lawyer."

Hugo stood up and put the cardboard coffee container on the seat. He joine the two men in the aisle.

"Hello, Hugo," Samuel said with awful weariness. "Have you come to witness the debacle?"

"He has come to save us," Jasper said, and he started walking up the aisle toward the lobby. Hugo and Samuel followed

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him. They entered the lobby, and the light of day through the thinly curtained doors subtly changed their manner toward each other; now that they could see each other's faces they spoke more softly and with something like kindness.

They sat on the carpeted stairs leading to the balcony and smoked confidently under the NO SMOKING sign, knowing no one would tell them not to. Jasper sighed. He said, "Where are you going?"

Samuel said, "Right back." He opened the door into the auditorium and called to the stage manager, "All right, you can go black now." Then he came back to the stairs and sat down. "I forgot about the lights," he said.

Jasper turned to Hugo. "You read it? What do you think?"

"Oh, dear," Samuel said.

"No, I want to hear what Hugo has to say. I want to hear a *writer's* point of view. After all, the theater is words. Words. That's all."

"Well," Samuel said, and he smiled at Hugo.

"The language," Hugo said, meaning the language of the play. "The level of the language. So terrible." Jasper had sent him a copy of the play by messenger the night before.

Jasper gestured impatiently. "Never mind that. That's only words. We can fix that in the men's room during intermission. It's the *play* I want to hear about. What do you think of the play?"

"There is no play," Hugo said. "It remains to be written."

"All right," Jasper said. "That's what I wanted to hear. If it is the play, then that is what must be fixed."

"There is no play, Jasper," Samuel reminded him.

"All right. That's what must be fixed."

"What must be fixed?"

"We have to make a play out of it," Jasper said. He was not impatient.

"Chalmers had six months to make a play out of it," Samuel said. "We postponed; we gave him time; he did nothing."

"That was Chalmers. Hugo isn't Chalmers. I have the feeling Hugo is a hotel-room writer. We have three weeks. Hugo can do it. This I'm sure of."

Samuel smiled and put his hand on Hugo's knee. "Are you a hotel-room writer, Hugo? I know you're a real writer, but can you do this? You've never written a play."

"It's only words," Jasper reminded them. "And Hugo can write words like an angel. He is a gorgeous writer. I mean that, Hugo; from the bottom of my heart, I mean it."

"What about Chalmers?" Hugo asked. And when they did not answer, Hugo said, "It's his play." Jasper sighed. Samuel looked at the ceiling. "Have you told him you're calling me in?"

"We told him." It was Jasper who answered. Samuel raised his eyebrows.

"And what did he say?" Hugo asked.

"He said he'd jump out the window."

"I don't know," Hugo said.

"He won't jump!" Jasper said. "This I guarantee."

The box office door opened and a man stuck his head out; he was wearing a hat. "Mr. Goldin," he said. "Call for you."

Jasper went into the box office and closed the door.

Hugo said, "Samuel, what do you think?"

"Will he jump? Who knows?" He took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes with the heels of his hands, a boyish movement that Hugo found oddly touching. "This must all seem so crazy to you," Samuel said. "Writing a novel and getting it published must seem like child's play compared to this."

"It's another world," Hugo said. "But what happened to Chalmers?"

Samuel raised his eyebrows; he was too tired to shrug. "The strain got to be too much for him, that's all. There are those who can take it and there are those who cannot."

Jasper came out of the box office. "Come," he said. "Drinkie time." They followed him into the outer lobby. The man in the box office, his hand over the phone, called in a low voice to Samuel, "Are you here, Mr. Hendrix?"

Samuel said, "Oh, Lord." He looked out the door to the street. "I'm not here," he said finally.

Jasper and Samuel put their hands in their pockets and went out into the weather; they were suspicious of the outdoors: it could not be controlled. Jasper's long black car waited for them; they got in and the chauffeur closed the door noiselessly and drove them east. Jasper reached behind him, took the phone off the cradle and left it lying on the back of the seat. Hugo heard its humming and could see Chalmers in his duplex, phone in hand, listening to the busy signal.

They went to the Plaza. The lounge was crowded, but Samuel's still-famous face brought them attention. They were led to what everyone knew was the best table. Samuel looked neither to left or right, allowed himself to be stared at. Hugo observed the ritual carefully, aware this was an initiation for him.

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Shubert Alley

They sat in the international nowhere of that place and had their drinks. Samuel said, "I'm not sorry about this." Jasper looked up. "I'm not sorry about this," Samuel repeated. "I've made my decision. Lord, I thought I had made it fifteen years ago. Oh, you know," he turned to Hugo, "all that business about ends and means, the whole schmear. But lately I've found myself at three in the morning going over the same old argument. Chalmers phones. Chalmers leaves notes under my door. I've had to go through it all again, as if there's nothing we ever learn for good and all! And I've had to decide that my first loyalty is to the production."

Jasper looked thoughtful. "You're absolutely right," he said. "There are the backers to be considered."

"That is your problem, Jasper."

"There is two hundred and twenty-five thousand smackers involved, sweetheart. And a million to be made. A million."

"That is your problem, Jasper." And to Hugo, Samuel said, "Chalmers is not the only one to be considered. As director my first loyalty must be to the production. You're lucky, Hugo. For you there's no problem. Chalmers is not a friend of yours."

"I met him only once."

"There you are," Jasper said, nodding to them both.

"I don't know," Hugo said, enjoying his role, but not luxuriating in it as Samuel did in his. They were both playing at anguish, but only Samuel had mistaken this for integrity.

Jasper stood up, smiling like a producer. "Darling," he said. It was the star of their play, an aging Hollywood beauty; close up, off screen, she looked like a bulldog. Jasper introduced Hugo and invited her to sit with them.

"Well, Miss Barton," Jasper said, beaming at her, his star.

"I love your novel," she said to Hugo. "I'm reading it every chance I get." She ordered a double; the waiter dawdled, reluctant to remove himself from her presence. She complained to Jasper about her rooms at the hotel; he promised to see to it. "It's just that I'm used to the best," she said.

The waiter came to their table with a telephone and plugged it in.

"What is this?" Jasper asked, as if he had never seen one before.

The waiter said, "There's a call for Mr. Hendrix."

"And did you say I was here?" Samuel asked.

"You must never do that," Jasper said to the waiter. Miss Barton shook her head.

"I've had enough," Samuel said. "I cannot talk to him now. I cannot."

"I understand your feelings," Miss Barton said.

"Here," Jasper said, and picked up the phone. "Tom, baby," he said, "you want Sam? I thought you did and I tried to catch him but he just left. To the hotel, I think. We'll see you later, sweetheart."

The waiter took the phone away.

When Miss Barton finished her second double, they all left and walked across the street to Miss Barton's hotel, Jasper's car slowly following them like a dog at heel. Samuel walked with Jasper, leading the way; Miss Barton took Hugo's arm and tried to make conversation. She said, "There's one thing I'll say for California. The weather."

It had begun to drizzle. The mascara from her right eye slid slowly down her face. She said, "Mr. Goldin tells me you're going to rewrite. I just wanta say this . . ." she looked up at him, imploring . . . "don't vulgarize it. Please."

At Miss Barton's hotel, Chalmers's agent was lying in wait for Jasper, who spotted him as soon as they entered. "There's Rappé," he said, shaking his head; and he whispered to Hugo, "He doesn't handle himself very well."

They put Miss Barton in an elevator. Before the doors closed she said to Hugo, "Please. Remember."

Rappé waved his finger at Jasper. "Goldin," he said. "Goldin, where is my client? What have you done to him?" He looked at Hugo and recognized him. "Goldin. Goldin, you have no right to be talking to the author of the novel. You may deal with no writer excepting my client."

"You know where Chalmers is," Jasper said. "You know as well as I do where he is."

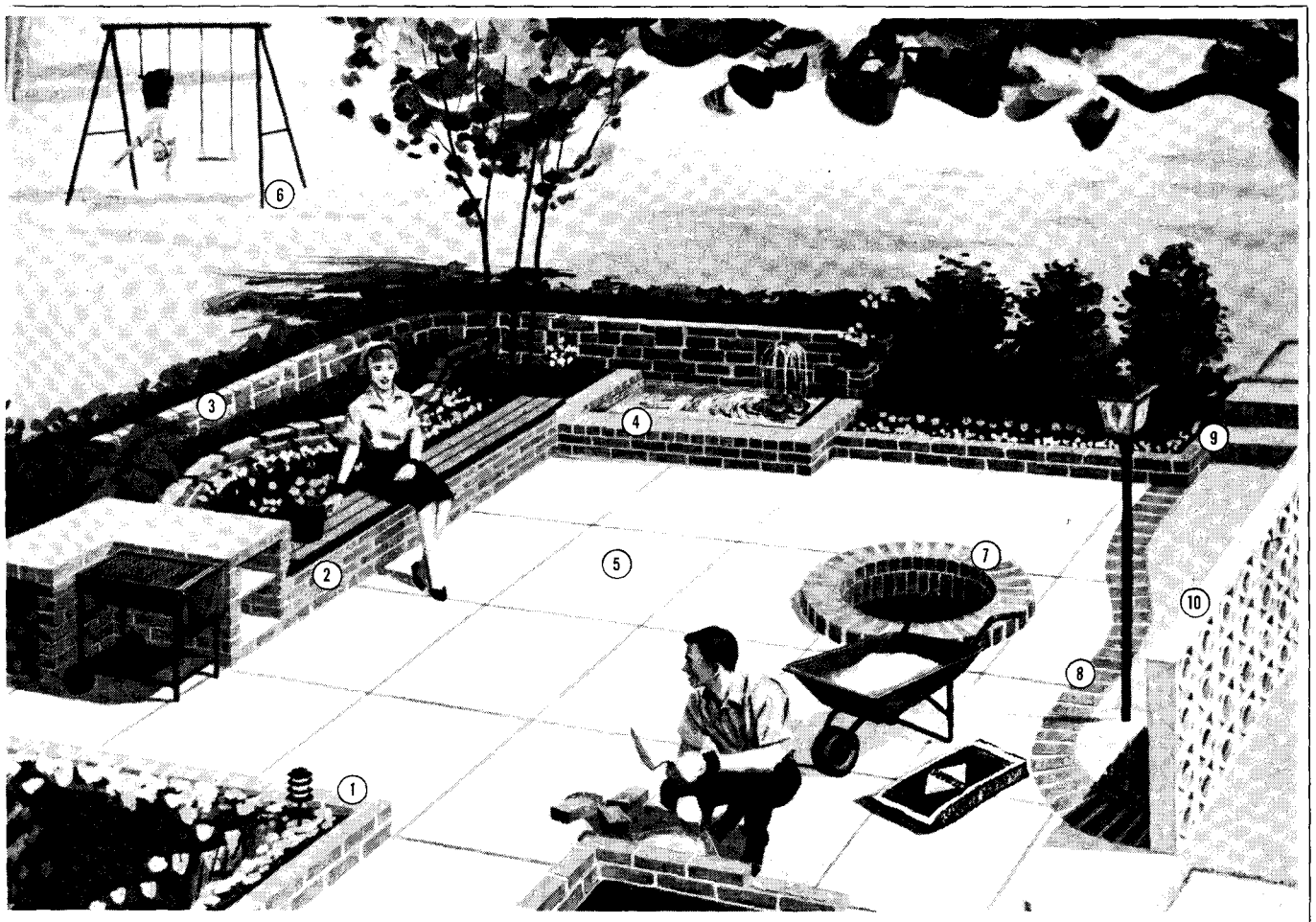
"You *drove* him," Rappé said.

"Come up to my room," Jasper said, taking Rappé's arm.

"I wouldn't come," Rappé said, allowing himself to be led into the elevator.

"Lord," Samuel said. He and Hugo went to the bar and sat near a window. Hugo looked out at Central Park, deserted now and bleak. The bare trees seemed to him to have been abandoned there by uncaring people.

After the second drink, Samuel said he had to go to his room and shave. "Come with me," he said. In the elevator



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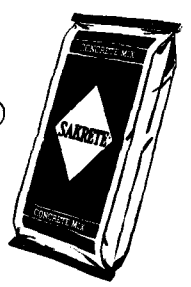

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he ran his hand over his face, as if to assure himself of the necessity of shaving. Hugo noticed a nerve that moved in Samuel's face like a worm under the skin; he saw Samuel watch the floor numbers fall down the shaft and close his eyes when the elevator stopped. As they walked down the corridor, Samuel said, "I haven't been getting much sleep."

There was a note under the door. It had been written on the inside of an envelope torn open. "Oh, Lord," Samuel said. "I won't read it. I won't. I refuse to read it." He left the note where it was; he stepped over it. "I will not."

He turned on the lamps and drew the curtains against the rain; he picked up the phone and ordered drinks. "And I'm in a hurry," he said.

The waiter picked up the note when he arrived and put it on the table. Samuel was in the bathroom. Hugo mixed himself a drink and as he did so read the note: *Sam, you are the only friend I've got. Please call me!!!*

Poor Chalmers, poor Tom, Hugo said to himself; and then he drank, suddenly very thirsty, and came out of it gasping like a swimmer who has tried to make the other side in one thrust. "What is it?" Samuel called from the bathroom.

"Nothing," Hugo said. He filled his glass with water and went to the bathroom door. Samuel had his shirt off and was lathering his face. He said, "Are you going to do it, Hugo?"

"Yes," Hugo said, surprised. "Of course."

"You're lucky. Where you're standing you can still afford to have integrity." He looked down at his feet, as if to assure himself once again that he could not. "From now on it'll be on the line every day of your life. Which is all right if you don't hold it dear." He looked at Hugo's face in the mirror. "I'm as sentimental as the next old actor, Hugo. I'll look after you as much as I can. In this world you're newborn and helpless as a baby. Let me help you?"

"Of course," Hugo said. He felt sorry for Samuel. To talk about integrity in this new world, Hugo thought, was to reveal a too tenuous grasp of reality. He wondered if Samuel had ever played Polonius.

There was a knock at the door.

Samuel did not permit it to interrupt the delivery of his final line. "Corruption is the swiftest of diseases," he said, "and terribly painless in its early stages. *Come in!*"

Jasper entered. He put his arm around Hugo. "Well, baby, what is your answer true?"

"He's going to do it," Samuel said. "And we're going to give him all the help we can."

Jasper took a key out of his pocket and dangled it in front of Hugo. "Penthouse," he said. "It's mine. I'm lending it to you for the duration. Lily is waiting for you there with a typewriter and coffee. Get to work, baby."

"And Chalmers?" Samuel said.

"Chalmers is taken care of. That part is all settled. I spoke to Rappé. He saw reason. Chalmers will get one fourth of one percent."

Samuel thought about it for a moment. "It's fair," he said.

"He owns that brownstone," Jasper said. "He'll never lack for a roof over his head."

Hugo put down the glass of water and pushed back the curtain. Night was rising from the trees in the park. Samuel dried his hands; he came out of the bathroom and put his arm around Hugo. "All right," he said, "you are one of us now. Get to work. Let's see what you can do."

"Oh, I can do it," Hugo said.

"I know you can," Jasper said, "I know you can."

"We'll see," Samuel said; but he seemed to have no doubts, either. He recognized Hugo and could call him brother, knew the savage desire that was in Hugo now as he stood by the door, a gladiator who knows the lion is toothless and mangy, that only a small skill is needed to undo the unlucky beast.

Jasper took Hugo to the penthouse, opened the carved double doors. "It's all yours," he said, smiling as he watched Hugo take it in, the vast ornate room furnished with beautiful relics of old plays, the wall of windows looking out on the park, Lily at the desk. Jasper said, "You'll do very well here."

Hugo did not hear him. He said to himself, Welcome.

At the windows, he looked at the city spread below him; the stage manager had left the lights on and in the soft rain they burned and flared like bonfires, as if an army was camped there.

Jasper said, "Here's the key, I'm locking you in."

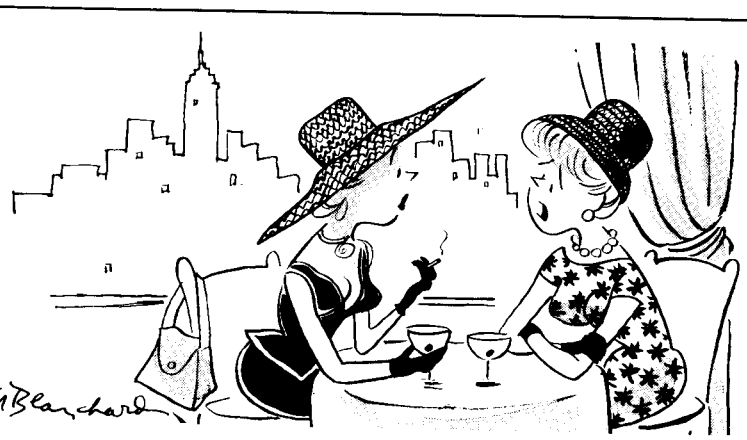
Hugo put it in his pocket.

"Ta, ta, babies," Jasper said. "I'll see you in the morning."

Hugo sat down in one of the famous chairs designed by the famous architect; it was constructed of tubular steel and leather strips, ambiguous in spite of its clean angularity. It reminded him of a Chinese puzzle, or a maze. For a moment he wondered if he would ever be able to get out of it. No matter, he said to himself, no matter; this is where I want to be; I've arrived at last.

"Can I get you a drink or anything?" Lily asked.

"Nothing now, thanks," Hugo said. He picked up Chalmers's play and opened it to page one. "All right," he said. "Let's begin." THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, he finally mentioned marriage last night. He's against it."

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For his writing, Herbert Gold has received Guggenheim, Hudson Review and Ford Foundation fellowships and an award from the National Institute of Arts and Letters. He has published six novels including The Man Who Was Not With It, Therefore Be Bold *and* Salt, *and a book of essays on contemporary matters,* The Age of Happy Problems: *and compiled two anthologies,* Essays for the Sixties *and* Fiction of the Fifties. *But he is perhaps best known for short stories—he has published about 50 of them in popular and literary magazines. Many of them have been anthologized, and some were collected in his* Love and Life.

DANCE OF THE DIVORCED

By Herbert Gold

Frank and Cynthia had been acquainted for years, but were not friends. They had been propelled out of their separate marriages at almost the same time, although for different reasons; therefore, how natural for them to keep each other company now that both were in New York. "Honey, I understand. I sure do. Now let me tell you about the money from the other end. . . ."

Their love affair, which was not *truly* a love affair, could not last very long. They talked, talked, talked; they clung to each other and touched each other's soul. After a few months they went their separate ways. As bitterness about the resented spouse subsided, they each wearied of that first comfort of shame and chagrin. They wished they had not exchanged so many confessions; it was still marital—these fears and complaints over dinner, this passionate recompense for old slights and miseries. Their tender longing for each other was first too delicate, timorous; then too fierce, despairing. Remaining friends, all their talents for contempt exhausted by their destroyed marriages, they embarked on separate adventures which they felt had no apparent relevance to the conjugal walls within which they had been so long enclosed.

They guarded for each other that secret indulgence which the lucky divorced sometimes keep for their former husbands or wives. Nice Frank, nice Cynthia. It had not been True Love, but it had been Nice. They climbed over the wall into the distant world. They parted in peace. If only marriage could go so peaceably.

Frank had a Madison Avenue specialty—he wrote for several magazines that series of mournful letters which is machined out to delinquent subscribers. "*You* need to keep on being informed of the fast-moving events in our changing world. . . . *We* feel a neighborly obligation to keep on sending you. . . ."

Since he could perform much of this neighborly labor on the typewriter in his high-ceilinged studio room, he had time without undue strain during the first year of his freedom to explore a folk singer, a Polish fur model, a Rorschach analyst, and an assistant to a Broadway producer. In his own mind he measured his true freedom from the weekend when, painfully, with regret and good hope, Cynthia and he had decided to find their fresh chances elsewhere.

"But you really don't remind me of my wife," he assured her. "You're a pal."

"But you're not like my husband at all, not a bit," she promised him.

"No, I have the brooding dark eyes and the long, sensitive fingers of the composer of heartfelt circulation letters."

"Oh, shush, Frank." And she touched him fondly. "These hands will play the violin once more."

They smiled. They agreed. "It's for the best," one of them may have said (or perhaps both of them merely thought). "I'll call you. We'll have lunches."

"Yes, call me. I'll always be glad to hear, Frank."

For several months he did not see her; then their orbits crossed briefly—he was with the folk singer, she with a music publisher; then they faded away from each other into the Manhattan winter. Driving home late up the East Side highway, he always thought of her—she had an apartment overlooking the river at 79th Street. And when the folk singer was forgotten, all but her names (she had two of them, real and stage, and, somehow, her daughter bore a third), Frank still remembered that evening when Cynthia and he had been reunited briefly, at the music publisher's penthouse. Since Cynthia's first husband had washed out of Alcoholics Anonymous before he got his wings, Frank found it mystifying that she could be attracted to a man who got so drunk at his own party. Too neat. She was much too intelligent not to find the parallel troubling. On the other hand, almost all unhappy men flee toward drink, and men without steadiness in love are always unhappy, so who could just automatically reject a man because he drank, when she might eventually make him happy and stop the waste?

He tried to see things this sentimental way, both sentimental and calculating, as some like it; but she looked tired, and he couldn't see things this way. He was relieved when he heard from her directly—he asked her to lunch the next week, inquired, pried—that the music publisher was already a thing of the past. She had another friend now. But she felt that there was no point in telling Frank about him now.

He agreed. No real point. Dance of the divorced.

The seasons rolled away. My God, he thought, meeting her on the street again, it's been two years now; and not two years from the time he left his wife, but two years since Cynthia and he had given it up. But she looked lovely, cool and slightly more plump in a light, old-fashioned dress of soft, clinging silk. She was not dressing like a Manhattan career girl these days. "Have lunch?"

"I suppose," she said.

"Today? Tomorrow?"

"No, not tomorrow. Soon. Don't name a day; call me."

She was putting him off! He now looked beneath the healthy plumpness to find that she was very tired; there was an eruption of permanent fatigue—eyes, mouth. Her smile seemed worn at the bright edge of lipstick. Can a mouth really change so fast? Her slightly heavy way of walking, toes turned out, was accentuated by the new weight—but still that delicate, high-bridged nose, that peacefully questing face, that patient, girlish hope in the eyes of a woman with one child already learning to read and another in kindergarten.

"It's been so long," he complained.

"Well, you know, old friends. . . . No hurry, Frank."

She would not let him name a time to meet her; again their orbits intersected at a party. Across most of a couch another drunk lay in tow. Tears abruptly filled Frank's eyes, and he turned away, sneezing. Pure selfishness, he thought. I have no right! It was because he remembered one of their long breakfast ceremonials after a tender, confiding night. He had been out of coffee in the morning. She had telephoned to make sure that her elder boy was getting off to nursery school all right, and then, while he shaved, she found everything, eggs and toast and orange marmalade and tea. Tea for breakfast. Spooned heaps of marmalade laced across the toast.

"Veddy Briddish," he had said. "You mean no more coffee?"

"Veddy. Not even instant, my friend."

After breakfast she had asked if he thought her five-year-old really understood about mommy's not sleeping at home. For sure the maid understood, which was not the same

Illustration by Mark English

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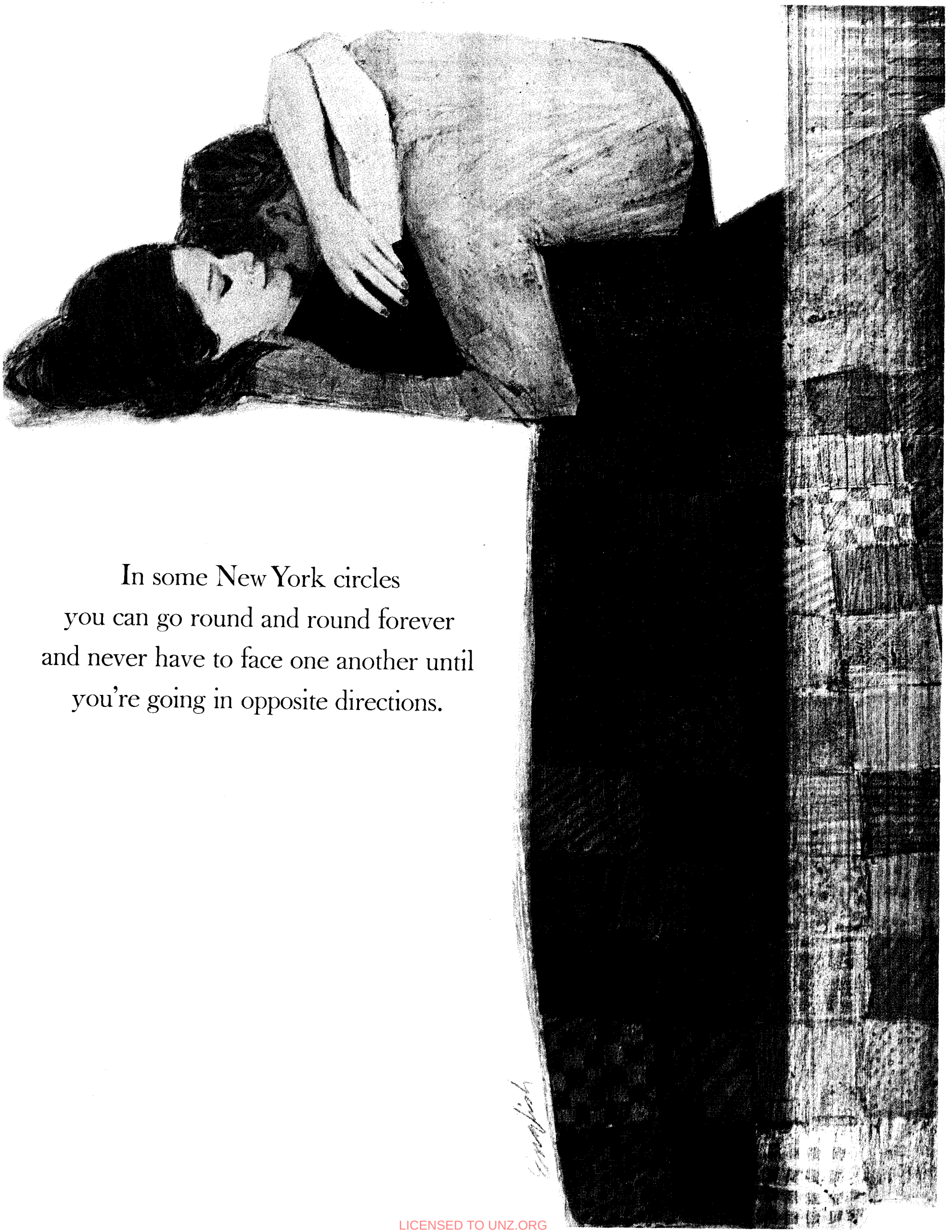

In some New York circles
you can go round and round forever
and never have to face one another until
you're going in opposite directions.

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thing. He reassured her that she was doing the best she could.

They had taken good comfort, kissed, and parted, smiling.

Now she took one drunk after another. She had no right to repeat her husband. Why not repeat Frank, if she had to repeat? *He* was not that kind of feeble unconscientious objector to life. But, on the other hand, neither folk singer nor the fur model nor anyone else had the steady gaze of Cynthia; none of them ever made tea for breakfast with such playful ceremony, or made tea for breakfast at all (of course, Frank seldom ran out of coffee). Memory of Cynthia did not protect him from argumentative bitches, foolish dolls, scented calculating machines—all those creatures with too much vanity and not enough pride. Cynthia was prideful, had dismissed vanity, yet had not taught him much.

Perhaps Frank had no right to feel such anger. But no argument against anger could spoil it, and Frank held his anger tight in his fist. He liked it; he liked his righteous nails in his righteous palm. Ah-*choo!* A sneeze, not tears.

Anyway, Cynthia's newest drunk was called Sam Rogers, and he had a sports-car agency in Queens. He used to be in advertising, and had started his new life by driving a rebuilt Rolls to district meetings. His most recent achievement was to put a Corvette motor in a classic MG chassis. Speedy Gonzales, Frank thought, over-working transmissions is his chief delight. Someplace he had a wife with garden chairs and a complete wash-and-wear closet and a subscription to *Better Homes and Gardens*, and he wanted to leave her for Cynthia, provided she bought garden furniture and wash-and-wear and a more advanced view of house decoration and architecture. What the devil was on Cynthia's mind? A career of rapid cornering, surliness over brake linings, ecstatic moments of getting into high gear in six seconds?

This time she consented to have lunch with him; he insisted.

He covered her hand with his. "Will these hands ever play the violin again?"

"What? Who?"

Old jokes between them. She did not remember. He went straight on.

"What is it with you, Cynthia? A character like that—Buck Rogers!—you *know* what I mean. Excuse my incoherence. Pent up and all that."

"Periods," she said vaguely. "You're excused."

"*What?*"

"You asked to be excused, Frank. I'm excusing you."

"OK, OK."

"But all right. Periods in a woman's life. He's nice to me. Sam."

"*He needs me*," Frank mimicked sadly.

"I never said that."

"But it's what you think. That's the power of the weak. They need you. The souses of New York need you!"

She colored as if slapped, flaming at the cheeks, a bluish white around the eyes and mouth, but she did not reply. She knew the value of her steady gaze and used it. Was there some underground explosion between Cynthia and her drunk that Frank had not been able to match in their careworn, conjugal, subsiding consolation together? Was all this angry protest merely envy for something he could never give her because he drank too little, needed her not enough? He did not demand her aid head-on, only sideways, incidentally, unlike those spoiled, overfilial boys. Was that their secret? At any rate, he took satisfaction from her flush and was undefeated by her eyes.

"A woman gets drunk in public," he said, "everyone is ashamed for her, men think she's a clod, a baggage. But a slob of a man gets drunk and there's a crowd of women who want to protect him, take care of him, the poor, sensitive, smelly kid. Help him sleep it off. Certain kinds of girls."

"You think more of looks—men do. We don't care so much about enlarged pores, spaces between the teeth, even empty spaces in the character. We like to fill them. Sure, I need to be needed by somebody, Frank, and whatever he may do that seems wrong in your eyes, Sam knows how to need me. . . ."

There was no good in this discussion. They were mouthing angry clichés from ten thousand analyses, an unclimbed mountain of graduate term papers. Still, no matter what they said above the food, when he ate with Cynthia there always seemed to be a fine crisp crust on bread and real butter. Crunch-crunch into breadsticks over lunch with unhappy, tired, pretty Cynthia. Having escaped from a nightmare of marriage, Frank still dreamed that eternal male dream of domesticity—good bed warmth, bacon frying in a well-watched pan on Sunday morning, the happy clutch of little children saying, "Dada." The dream was more real than this anxious babble, which made his jaw itch where his skin opened under the after-shave lotion; the dream

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was close in a pleasant lunch in one of those East Side Italian restaurants. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and quiet, and a fine crisp crust on the bread, and real butter—again crunch-crunch. Submissive, she, too, took a breadstick, smiling.

"You make them look so good."

"I like."

"You have an infectious appetite. You make me want to share. I shouldn't—my figure."

"Eating doesn't make anybody fat. Listen to my theory. Eating feeds the metabolism, gives it strength to burn up calories, the more you eat the thinner you get. If you eat enough, you'll die of starvation. That's my Theory of Svelte Snackery. Just try to pronounce it and you'll lose five pounds."

She smiled and lifted a crisp, buttered breadstick in tribute.

Silence; then down they slipped once more. He insisted; he nagged.

"Don't tie yourself to Sam Rogers! You marry that creep, it'll be just like last time, only the second one has to be worse."

She was not really surprised by his rapid change of mood; the smile remained, though it seemed to show more teeth.

"Worse? I don't have the benefit of so many theories. But now at least I know what to expect in a broken marriage."

"Cynthia! I don't even like you to make jokes like that." And wanted to add, but didn't: You are good at so many things, but not at joking. Instead, he said, "You know, when you want to say something funny, you always signal it by blushing."

"Yes."

"You blush often."

"I suppose."

"Oh," he cried in deep distress, "just don't! Don't marry him! You can do so much better!"

"You really think I can live by calculations like that?" She did not blush now, it was no joke. Her face stiffened with a cold, explaining anger.

"Yes, I can float and meet more interesting men, maybe nicer men. Bouncing like a cork, parties and plays and trying to get a cab in the rain at one in the morning when everyone else in the world is trying to get the same damn cab. But it's just bouncing and floating. I'm thirty. I can do better and better each year for a couple of years. And then? *And then, Frank?*"

He had no answer.

"So I'll marry Sam and he won't drink so much. If he does, I'll hide the bottles. Sure, I like taking care of a man. I admit it. The best way I can. I know it about myself. Knowledge is power, yes? That's health?"

Frank gave up. The good was gone from the breadsticks and the sweet butter and the coffee which followed; his metabolism was no fun.

"Well, just promise not to do anything rash for a while," he said.

"All right. Nothing rash until November, when Sam will have his divorce. OK? Also I'll try not to resent you for talking to me like this."

"I was just going to ask you that, for later, you know, when you need someone to resent."

She tapped her forehead. "The old intuition. I knew. Worth millions on the open market, maybe more."

They separated at the sidewalk and shook hands very formally. They were separated before they shook hands, but he watched her hurrying off in the crowd

Exclusive from **phonola**:
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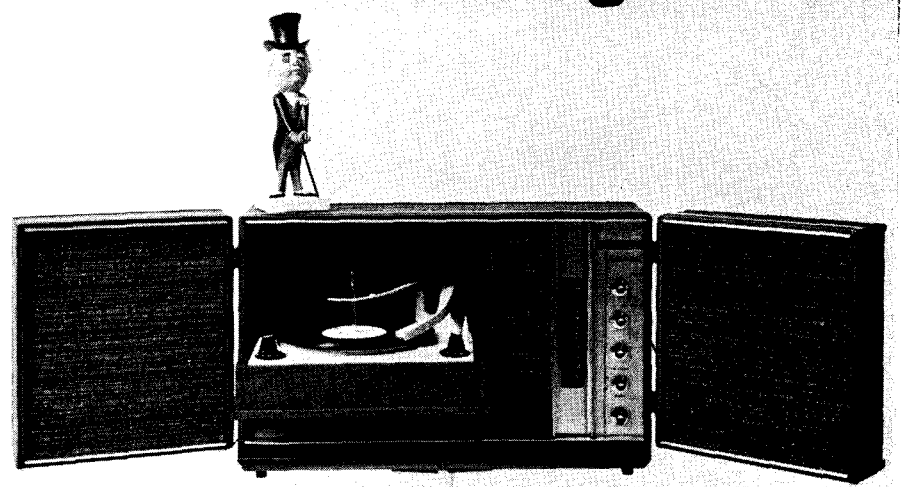

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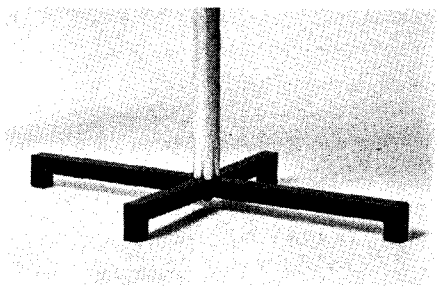

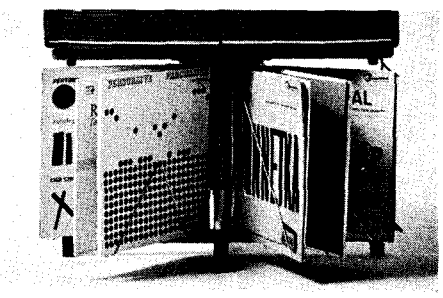

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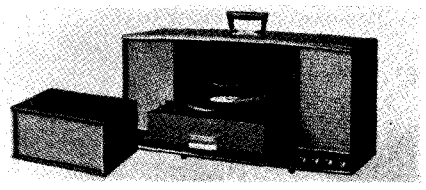

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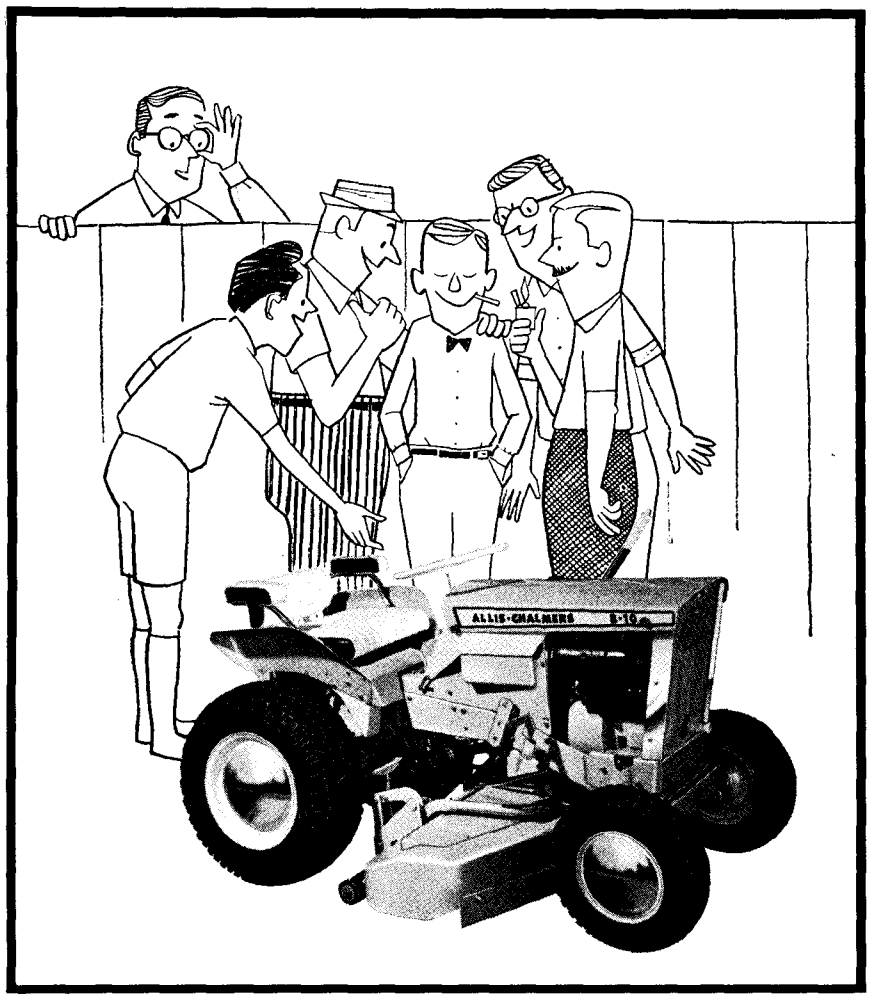

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FROM THE TRACTOR PEOPLE WHO MAKE THE BIG ONES

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$1,000,000 SWEEPSTAKES

Dance of the Divorced

from Third to Lexington Avenue, walking rather stiffly—the lady-knows-gentleman-watches-from-behind walk. Lady thinks about gentleman.

What her intuition had not told her was something which Frank knew by mere chatter—they would meet that evening at a large cocktail party given by a cigarette company's top copywriter to celebrate his discovery of extra bubbles and other qualities in its newer, finer filter. A friend of Frank's happened to tell him that Cynthia would be there. He walked across Central Park to the East Side later that October day; he watched the fading rose of a departed sun staining the sky and the musical spires and towers of Manhattan. He felt as tense and expectant as if . . . as if. . . . Well, he knew that the proper thing would be to avoid Cynthia for a time after their conversation at lunch. She would probably consider it a breach of tact. Scuffing leaves, he breathed the damp chill of the park and calmed his quaking, cowardly, inquisitive heart. He would see what came of him. In Manhattan a man can bury his disgraces from everyone but himself, who hardly counts.

At the party Sam Rogers was worse than ever. Probably he felt dragged out of place by Cynthia and was taking his revenge. A tall, florid, blotched complainer he was; a whining, handsome, purposeful drunk. He rang the note of cool disdain, complicated by a slow sway on his heels, to drive home the inside dope that he was a solid citizen with an automobile agency in Queens. He had given up the knife-grinders of Madison Avenue; he only came around now and then to congratulate himself by examining these museum dummies.

"It's not exactly un-American—hell, I used to be like that myself—it's just without *roots*," said Sam Rogers. "Me, I got an agency—cars, not words—out on the Island." He hardly spoke to Cynthia, but Frank understood that his performance was largely for her sake, and she was thinking: Poor Sam. He needs so much help. Poor Sam. You have to be terribly lonely for years to be so eager to step on people before they step on you.

And Frank was thinking, as he watched her anxious glance keeping track ofSam: Those who handed us psychology like an ice-cream cone have a lot to answer for. He must remember to warn his children: Never take Freud from a stranger.

Sam was working hard. He was imagining a glorious fight which would expose the corruption of Manhattan as contrasted with the rural innocence and purity of Queens. To a narrow-breasted designer of shoes he said, "*You* can wear Ivy League suits, they're made by people like you for people like you—no shoulders." The young man drew himself up, his mouth flickered in a cold smile, he moved off. Unpersistent Sam was not following him. He had something new to try on someone else.

When Frank looked at Cynthia on the other side of the room, sitting with a book of photographs, trying to look busy, busily white and miserable, he felt Sam's drunken rudeness flying straight at her. They had a reason between them, some pain and destruction, and this elegant girl with the high, straight nose and wide, white forehead was taking it without protest.

Frank strode across the room and said to her, "Hello, Cynthia. I'm leaving now. May I take you home? Let's get out of here."

"Oh."

"Let's go, Cynthia. Let's have some coffee."

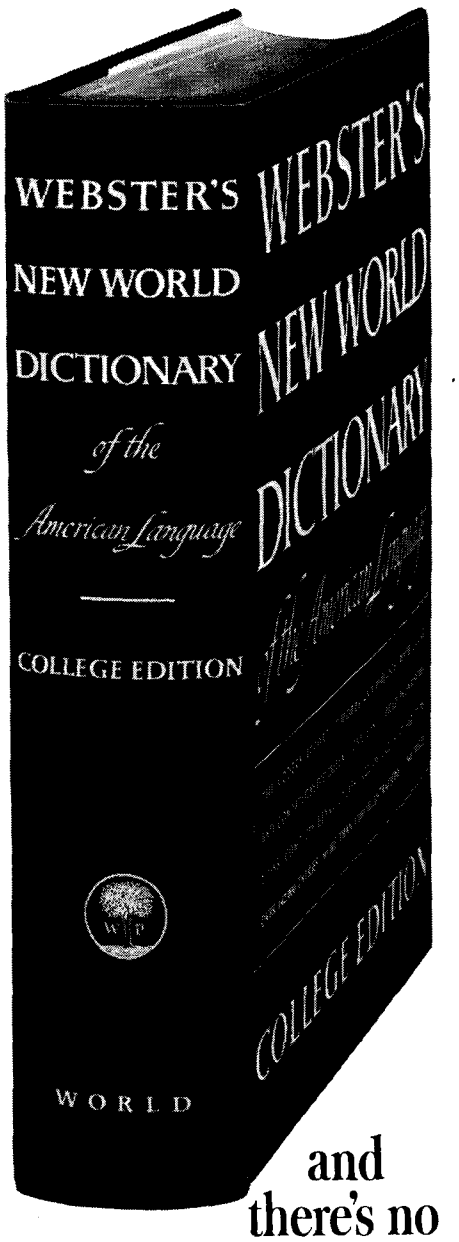
"Oh. Oh. You know I can't."

"Cynthia."

"Please. I can't."

He shrugged helplessly. He met two friends leaving, and on the way down the stairway his friends burst into laughter at something foolish he said. He asked if he resembled somebody named G. Willikers, because a lot of people were looking at him these days and saying, "Gee Wil-

it's a graduate's World...



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likers!" Nervous, liquored, popping laughter. Frank looked up at the second floor where the party was going on, and at Cynthia standing at the open French window, watching him, wringing her hands in that most primitive gesture of sorrow, as if she thought they were laughing at something he had said about her. Frank turned without a word and went running back up the stairs to her.

"I was just making jokes because I was sad."

"All right. I know."

"Why won't you go home with me, Cynthia?"

"I can't. I have to stay. What else can I do?" Sam Rogers was glaring at the two of them from the other side of the room, but for a moment his pride prevented his crossing. His inflamed eyes blinked angry warnings at them. He sprawled along a couch to look around someone who got in his way.

"Oh, Cynthia," Frank said, "take anything else. *Anything*. Even take me."

"Are you serious? You don't mean it."

The words had slipped out, and now he thought about what he had said and watched the colors changing in her very serious, frightened face. Red; more red; white.

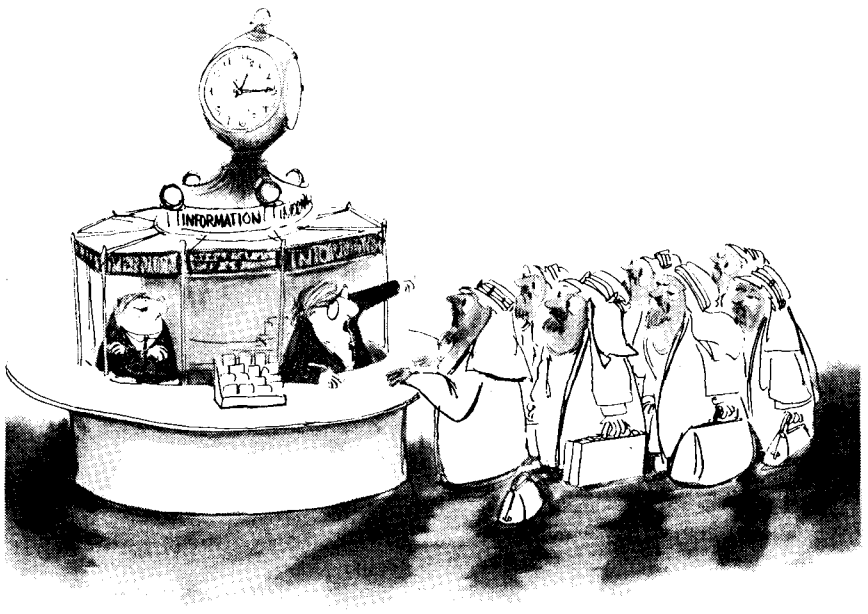
"We know too much, Frank. We wouldn't even fight enough."

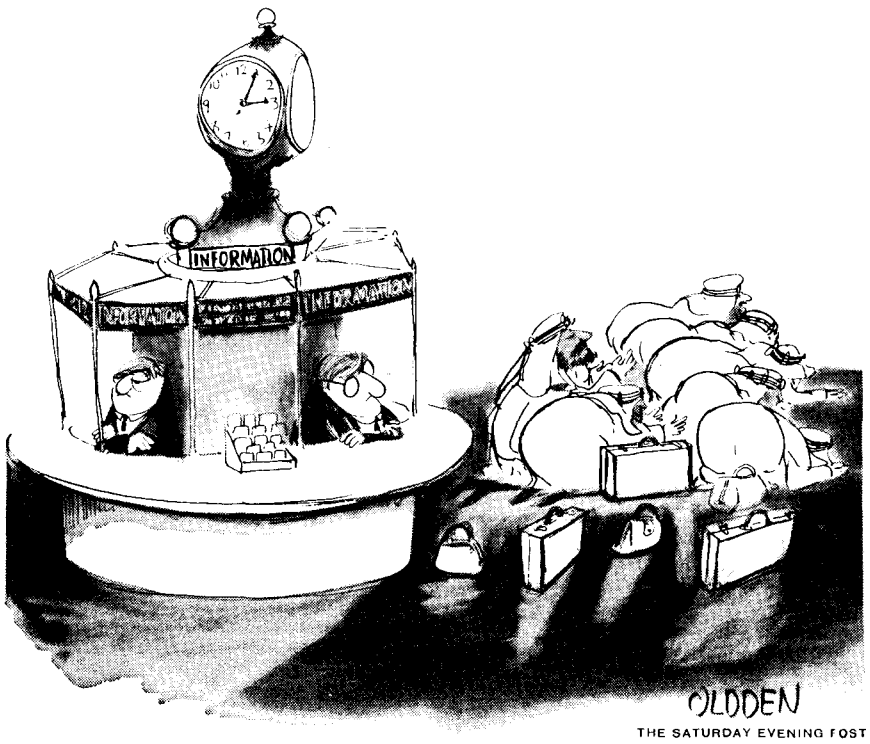
"Enough, but not too much."

"Maybe," she said.

"Yes, Cynthia? Yes? I *mean* it now."

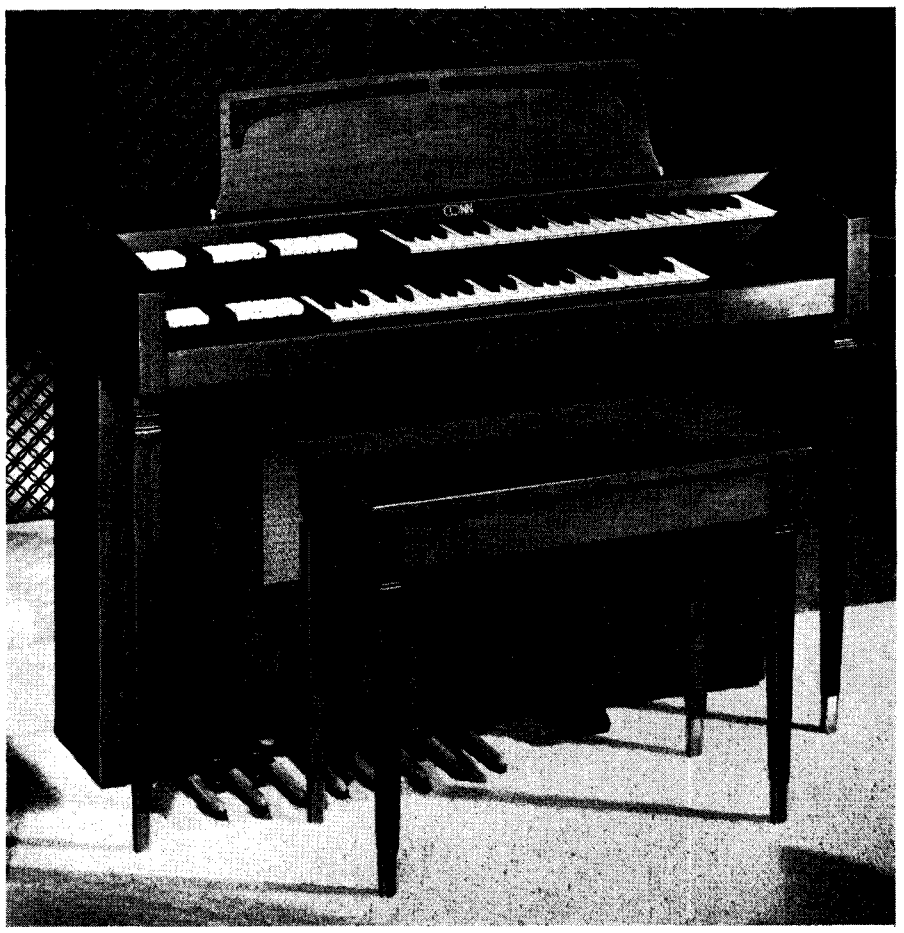
"Yes, maybe you mean it. We're idiots. Idiots. Can we just go, and pick up my coat tomorrow?" THE END





THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

You may have already won this wondrous Conn Organ



See your Conn Organ dealer today. Learn if your family is one of 25 winners in the $1,000,000 World's Fair Lucky Number Sweepstakes! And learn how you can play favorite tunes in minutes!

Twenty-five lucky people in the $1,000,000 World's Fair Lucky Number Sweepstakes will win a beautiful Conn Caprice (shown above) worth more than $1,000 each. In fact, you may have already won it! Look up *your* Sweepstakes number now in this magazine. Then check your Conn dealer right away for the list of winners. (He also has the list of 1,000 numbers winning a free family trip to the New York World's Fair.)

While you are at your Conn dealer's, take a moment to admire the Conn Caprice on display there. Better yet, pull out the bench, sit yourself down, and learn how quickly you can make music—even if you can't read a note. Yes, if you know your alphabet from "A" to "G," you can actually play any one of 39 familiar songs on the Conn in a matter of minutes!

Not only that, but you'll play with both keyboards, with various instrumental effects, and with the foot pedals, too. You'll play, indeed, just the way a professional organist does—*naturally,* with true human expression.

That's because the Conn Organ is created by music men, not gadgeteers. It has no gimmicks, no push buttons, no one-finger chord makers. It is, instead, a professional quality home instrument of great tonal versatility and musical potential... created by C. G. Conn, Ltd., world's largest manufacturer of band instruments.

Whoever wins the Conn Caprice certainly wins a lifetime of family enjoyment. We hope you are one of the lucky ones. Your Conn Organ dealer is the man who can tell you. This very day.

CONN ORGAN

PARTICIPATING ADVERTISER | WORLD'S FAIR LUCKY NUMBER $1,000,000 SWEEPSTAKES | SEE PAGES 44-45

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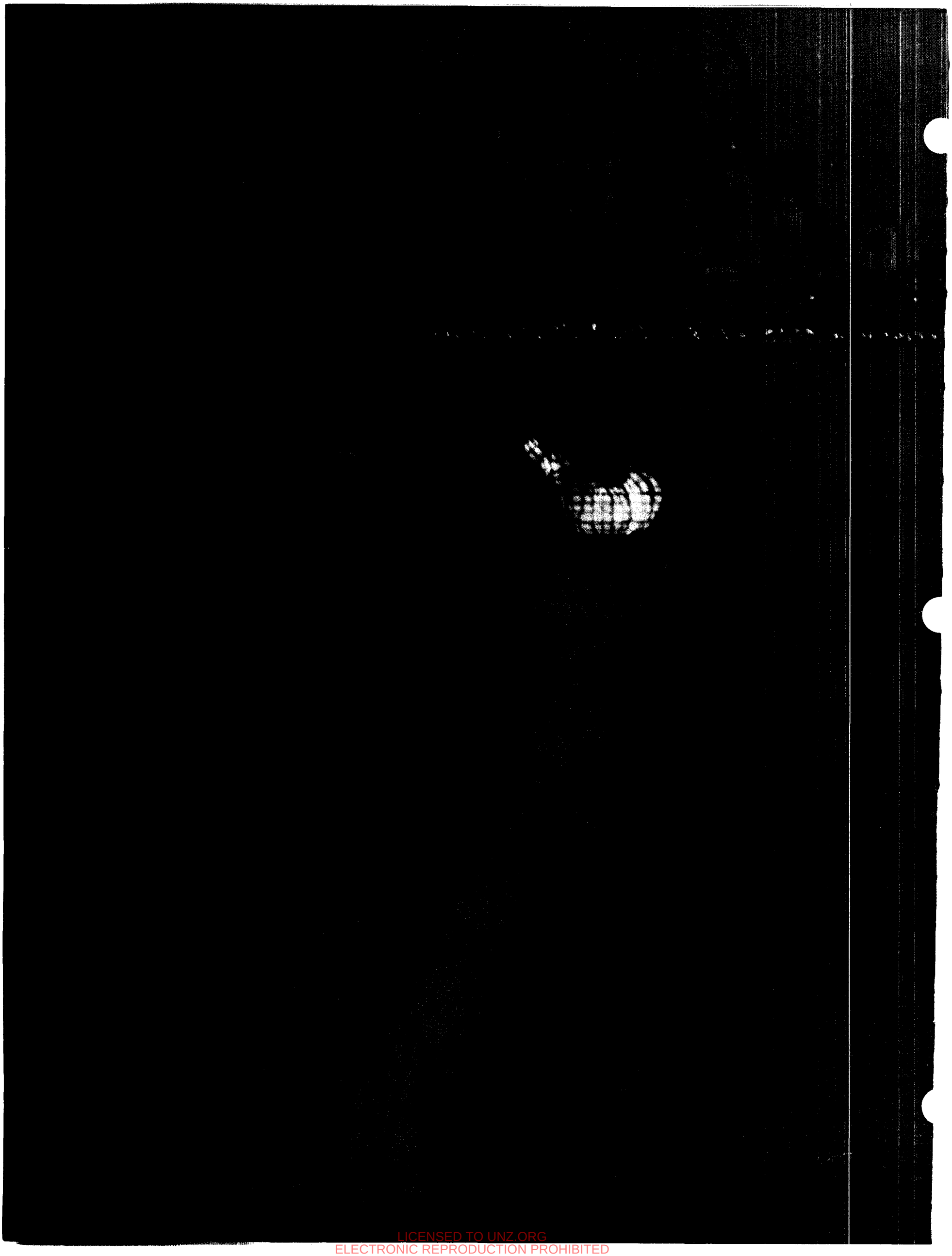

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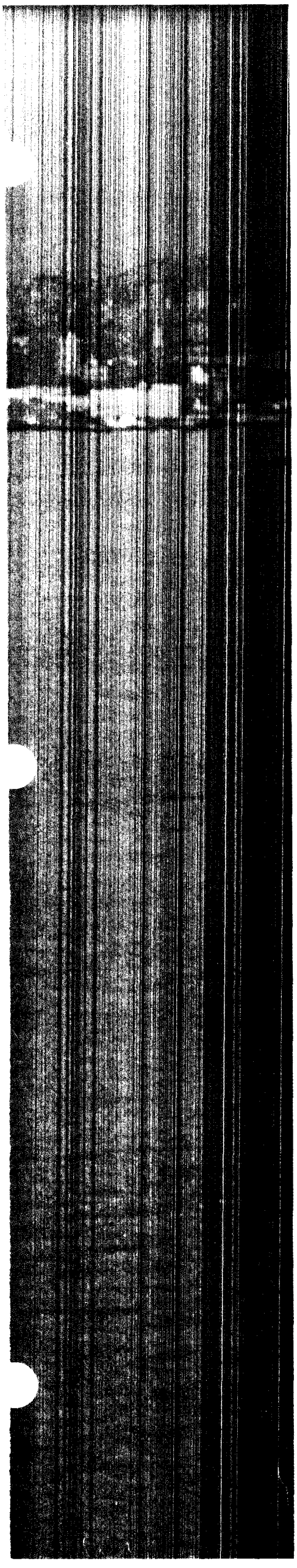


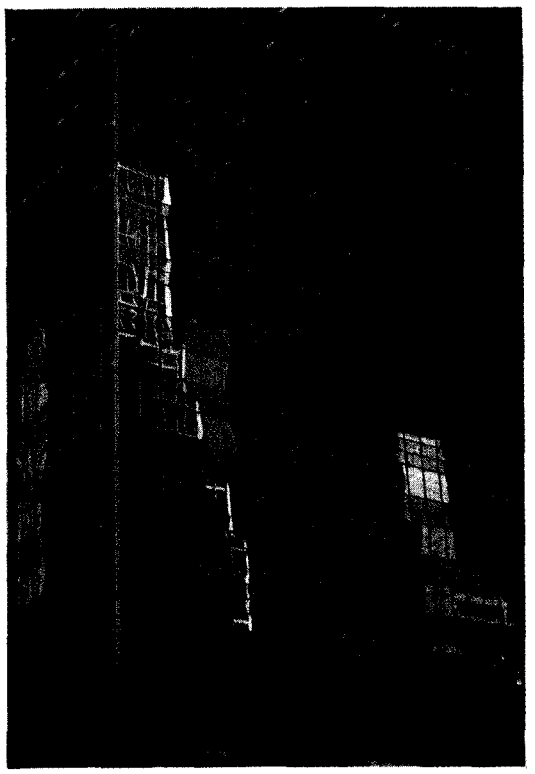
New York, N.Y.

THE GOLDEN DOOR

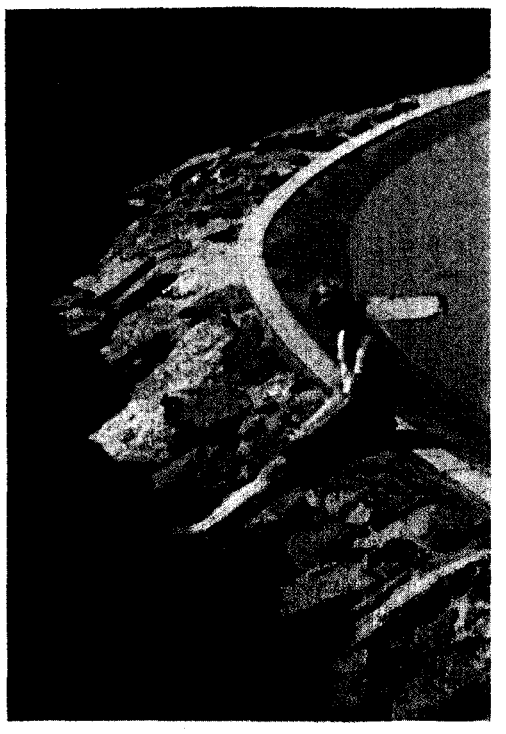
Here is the true north of the world, the focal point, the pulse by which the heartbeat of the earth is measured.

By GILBERT MILLSTEIN

Photographed by
BURT GLINN



Manhattan's glass towers reflect a city's ceaseless growth. These are along prosperous Park Avenue.



Eternally lifting her lamp "beside the golden door," the Statue of Liberty surveys her famous skyline.

Tranquillity in the midst of turbulence: A girl dips her toes and suns her legs at a Central Park pond.

Beyond all others in history, New York is the most desirable and the most difficult of cities in which to live, a city both riven and joined by this and an infinity of paradoxes. It is one which, having touched a man, mauled or rewarded him, will thereafter, without his quite knowing why, exert on him an unearthly fascination.

New York is the endless celebration of everything. Nowhere else in the world will money, when tapped, be transmuted into as much poetry and as much dross; as much music, painting, writing and drama; as much history and as much rumor; as much kindness, cruelty, triviality, excitement, boredom, uprightness, skulduggery, prophecy, cant, lies and truth. Its facts, really, are untranslatable, although the babble of interpretation, of commendation, of condemnation never stops and is taken up, with insane confidence, by everybody from taxicab drivers to teams of scholars minutely measuring the extent of mental disturbance in a midtown Manhattan neighborhood. The facts of New York are as mysterious as Stonehenge; they are concepts like the light-year—convenient for figuration, for the purpose of making a comparison, awesome, verifiable, even, but not quite real. They are, like the reality of New York, x number of realities carried to the nth power.

The city is as contradictory as a skyscraper with a mansard roof and dormer windows, and no other city has as many such skyscrapers, or harbors as many contradictions. It is a city in which, with pain and care, the remains of five medieval European cloisters can be set down, stone by stone, in a hilly park in northern Manhattan to serve art and permit meditation in the midst of chaos; one also in which no new legitimate Broadway theater has been

From the book, *New York: True North*. © 1964 by Gilbert Millstein & Sam Falk. Published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

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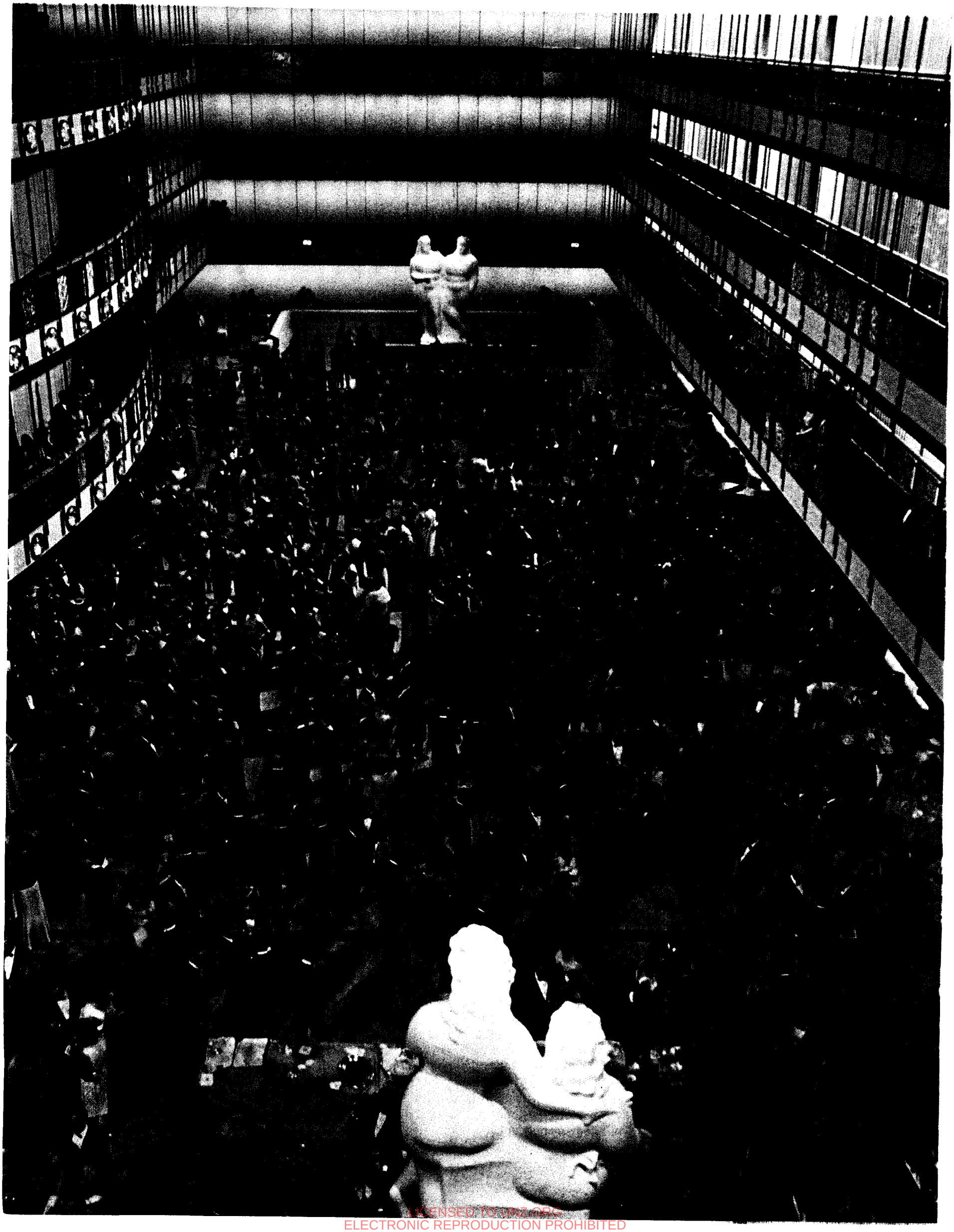

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In the jumbled labyrinth of trades and tongues that is Manhattan's Lower East Side, one of the area's countless old men window-shops on Orchard Street.

A city of contrasts—a kaleidoscope of classes and cultures.

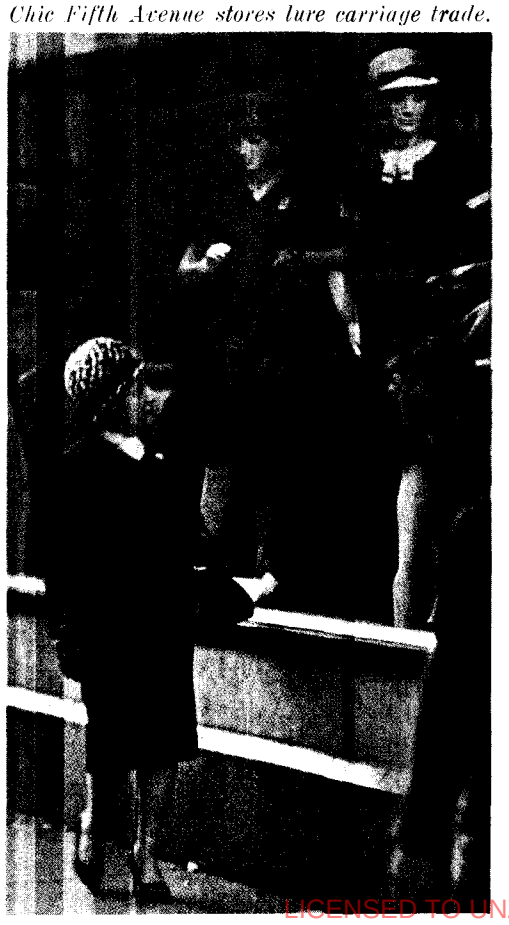
The Golden Door

built since the Ethel Barrymore opened on December 20, 1928; as well as one in which the slam of the wrecker's steel ball and the nattering of the pneumatic drill will never stop, so that meditation takes on the proportions of heroism. And yet New Yorkers achieve it with an act of will that would shame a yogi. It is not uncommon for a man reading a paperback edition of Plato to walk absently into a pimpled youth slowly turning the pages of a girlie magazine in front of a Broadway record shop with a doorway amplifier, from which is emanating the protracted, repetitive and monotonous clamor of a new hit, and for the two to look up, turn aside and continue on without either apology or abuse. (There is an antinoise ordinance, but it is enforced with a terrifying whimsicality.)

The citizens so little focus their attention that the passage of a law and the daily handing out of summonses will not

◀ *Twelve-ton statues loom over 200-foot promenade of new Lincoln Center theater.*

Chic Fifth Avenue stores lure carriage trade.



Sidewalk-style dress shop in Jewish neighborhood is open on Sunday mornings.

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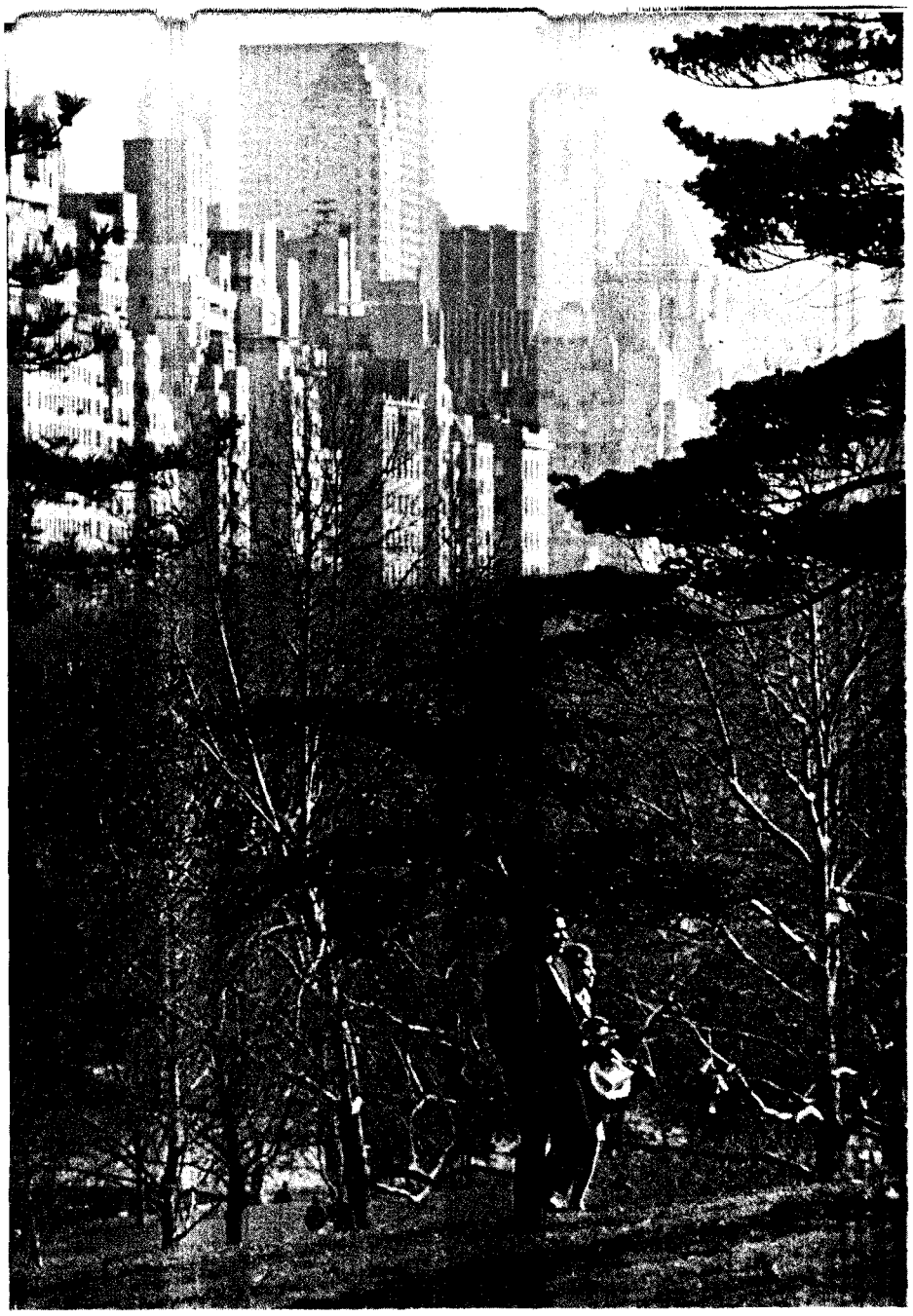

Strollers in Central Park's 840 acres find nature's beauty in the city's heartland.

Once man has heard
the city's voice, he will be haunted by it
for the rest of his life.

The Golden Door

deter them from walking anyhow across an intersection (in meditation) when a sign flashes DON'T WALK. (This law, too, is enforced erratically. The city has hired three and fired two traffic commissioners in a little more than a decade; all of them have found themselves caught, beyond hope, in divided authority and politics. The attitude of the police is, "Traffic wants to make the rules? Let Traffic enforce 'em.") But it is, nevertheless, a city straining so hard to hear that the scratch of a pen on Oscar Niemeyer's drafting board in Rio de Janeiro will make architect Wallace Harrison look up in Rockefeller Center, and the rustle of heavy silk in the corridors of the House of Dior will halt traffic altogether in Seventh Avenue. Conversely, a tremor in Wall Street sets off a seismograph in Moscow. A joke made in Lindy's at midnight will be heard in the Beverly Hills Brown Derby the following lunch hour. It will be retold over the telephone from Hollywood to a television producer on Madison Avenue at four o'clock in the afternoon. He will hear it out politely, but without much enthusiasm, because he was in Lindy's when a press agent created it; furthermore, he will be in a hurry—before catching the train to Westport (three Scotches on the rocks out of Grand Central Terminal), he wants to get in a golf lesson, which he will take in a wildly improbable location: in a school on the fourth floor of an office building at the northeast corner of Broadway and 42nd Street.

New York City is the *true north* of the world, the focal point of industry and finance, art and entertainment and communications, an accumulation of things, people and meanings so vast and compelling that any degree of sophistication, innocence or love or hatred, any frame of reference, is too inadequate and too narrow to scale it to size. New York has to be grasped humbly, exultantly, even with dislike, simply as a series of the most personal particularities, contingent on time, place, emotional and physical climate, and all of the tastes, sounds, sights, textures, pressures and easements known to man. It is the pulse by which the heartbeat of the world is measured. The pulse is so insistent that it commands the attention of the most distracted and compels the belief, however unwilling, of the least committed. A lapidary adjusting his loupe in a loft on West 47th Street, the center of the diamond market, will hasten the steps of a miner in South Africa's Rand diggings, bring a brief, small smile of satisfaction to the otherwise impassive face of the gentleman from De Beers in London, and, in Antwerp, gladden the heart and steady the hand of a dealer in cut stones.

The diamond scrutinized on West 47th Street may be presented triumphantly to a lady in Dallas, but it will have been bought on Fifth Avenue. It may refract light from a crystal chandelier in a home on Coldwater Canyon in Beverly Hills, but the chances are the chandelier was purchased from an antiques dealer on Madison Avenue on the advice of an interior decorator in the East 50's. The chances are no less that the popular music making the lady wearing the diamond breathe more quickly (creating more refractions) was composed in the Brill Building (on Broadway) or some other ambiguous warren nearby, heard first in a musical comedy (on Broadway), and recorded in a former church on the East Side, the acoustics of which have been found to be ideal (with some secular renovations) for recording. To the musicians playing this music, New York is The Apple, the world, and all other jobs elsewhere are just "gigs." The jazz-musician's Apple is the lyricist's "New York, New York, it's a hell of a town." In the faint, faint undertone of amused exasperation in the lyric, there may be read as profound an expression as may be imagined of love and respect and awe. However expressed—on a stock ticker, a bill of lading or an airlines baggage tag (JFK); in a letter of introduction, a clothing label or a cheap iron miniature of the Statue of Liberty (possibly manufactured in Japan)—the yearning for the city is fierce and uncompromising. People will go to extravagant lengths to—there is no other way of describing the act—*achieve* New York.

"I want the best of everything. The best fruits, the best clothes, the best underwear, even if I'm the only one who knows I'm wearing it," an actress named Julie Newmar told an interviewer once. She is an exceptionally tall girl from California, blond and theatrical, a celebrity in a small way. "That's why I came to New York," she added. "Because, if you make it here, you make it anywhere." The throb of conviction in her tone was unabashedly rich, as nakedly sentimental as the *vox humana* of the organ in the Radio City Music Hall. She is a New Yorker, transfixed by the city. (By the same token, a young drug addict reached the tormented conclusion that he, too, could not leave New York. He had tried California; he had tried Maine, the Adirondacks, the Catskills, but New York, as he put it, was the only scene he could make. He had been hooked in New York, he had kicked it in New York and been hooked there again, and in New York, he knew, was the only dependable source of the heroin that kept him at once alive and dead—no matter how many kilos of uncut junk the Federals turned up in Brooklyn or The Bronx and no matter how often.)

The best of everything that Miss Newmar wants is the business of New York, but it would, without doubt, bore her to learn how it is run. As the sociologist Daniel Bell has described it, "In economic terms, New York is an iceberg. The visible portions are the theaters, art galleries, museums, universities, publishing houses, restaurants, nightclubs, *espresso* cafés, smart stores—all the activities that give the city its peculiarly glittering place as the metropolis of America." She might be mildly surprised to learn that, in all probability, most of the clothing she wears and the lingerie only she knows she has on is no longer manufactured in the city, although it is still, in terms of what is called "national-market activities," the largest manufactory in the world.

The city began life as a seaport. It has always had—through immigration—whether it was the torrential inpouring from Europe in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, or the later migration of Negroes from the South and Puerto Ricans from their island commonwealth—a huge labor force. (Ironically, it has been shown that the wages of this force are, by and large, lower than those to be found in cities not a 10th the magnitude of New York.) Half a century or more has passed since heavy industry could feasibly remain inside the city's limits—it could not afford to, and, besides, the increase in the volume and speed of transportation was so great as to make it unnecessary. New York became, as Bell calls it, "a bazaar," the hallmarks of whose services were "speed, variety and specialization."

Since the end of the Second World War the city has entered a new phase. It is becoming a headquarters city, one in which a company *shows itself off* rather than makes something, and there is an ominous quality in the phenomenon.

Just as the rationalization of industry everywhere has made it impossible for people to lay their hands on the exact choice of their hearts—what the literary critic John Aldridge has termed "the right shade of blue"—so has it brought about a series of headquarters in which the buildings, the inhabitants and the functions performed in them have come to resemble the awful visions of Fritz Lang's early motion picture, *Metropolis*, or Karel Capek's play, *R.U.R.* (Both paled before the horror of their imaginings: Both fell back and provided bad, unbelievable happy endings for their accounts of the mechanization of mankind.)

The buildings are a series of glass façades, glaring yet sightless, menacing and virtually undifferentiated. There are no elevator operators; elevators click, cough, vomit music of a kind as unspecific as the sound of air conditioning, and induce hysteria in highly impressionable people. There is no permanence in an office; an office is simply a collection of partitions that can be pulled down, stacked and moved away with breathtaking speed. So are the rational appointments of one of these. The man who puts a photograph of his wife and children on his desk is indulging a forlorn hope. The workers in these buildings are all engaged in some anomalous function of "service" so far removed from raw material or product that they, too, are no more differentiated than the buildings they perform their services in. They have no readily discernible crotchet, stance or habit to set them apart from each other. (Only the psychiatrist can set one apart from a second and not always.) Once in a while the suppressed human being goes berserk—he throws all of his papers out of the window and sometimes follows them out; he holes up, in relief pathetic to imagine, in a rundown rooming house, but one that, he can tell, does not look exactly like all the

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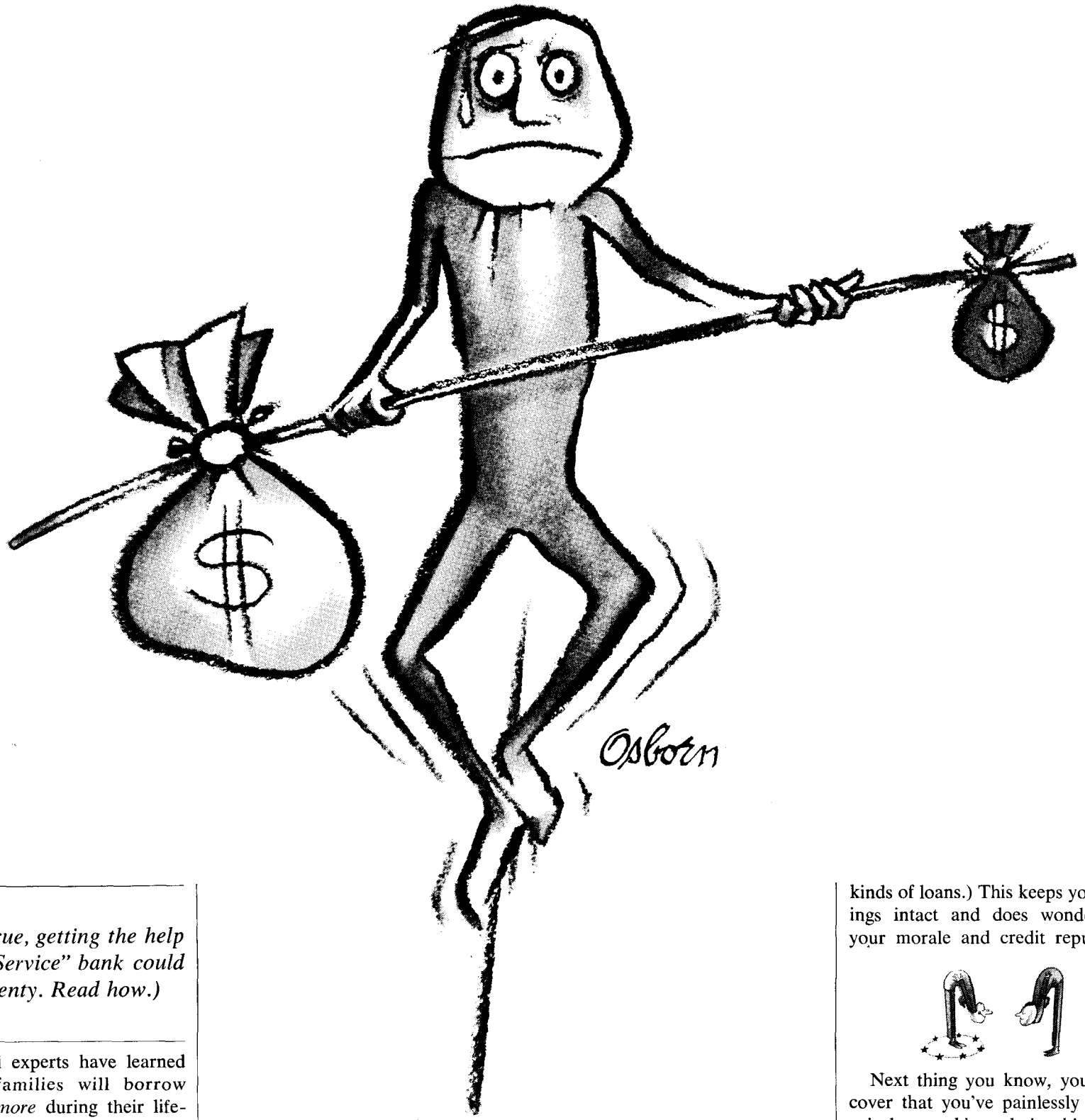
"Most people <u>borrow</u> more money in a lifetime than they save!"



(If this is true, getting the help of a "Full Service" bank could save you plenty. Read how.)

Our financial experts have learned that most families will borrow $50,000 *or more* during their lifetime. This includes borrowing to buy homes, cars, TV sets and appliances, a college education for the kids, maybe even a small business or a

farm. It's a rare (and rich) family that will ever get that much into its savings account!

It's obvious, then, that *where* you borrow your money and *how much* you pay for it is most important. Your financial future depends more on how little you pay for your loans, rather than how much you might earn on your savings.

Do you know the best place to borrow money? Do *they* know *you?*

The best place to borrow is a "Full Service" bank

Even outside financial experts will tell you that the best place to borrow is a "Full Service" bank. Why? Because the rates are generally lower. (On a $2000 loan to buy a car, for example, they might save you as much as $100 in interest charges.)

How do you get on friendly terms with the bank so they'll be able to offer you these low-cost loans? That's an easy question—don't let the long answer fool you.

Get to know your banker before you need him

Pick a "Full Service" bank that's convenient and go in often enough so that at least one of the bankers knows who you are. Give the bank all your checking and savings account business.

Take out a few small loans from time to time and pay them back as promised. ("Full Service" banks are also the only ones that make *all* kinds of loans.) This keeps your savings intact and does wonders for your morale and credit reputation.

Next thing you know, you'll discover that you've painlessly built a priceless working relationship with a bank. What's more, your growing savings account and paid-in-full loans give you the necessary leverage to make larger loans should the need arise. If you have any doubts that this plan will work, just try it. You have everything to gain.

FULL SERVICE BANK

Your Full Service Commercial Bank

A "Full Service" bank is the only one that offers checking accounts, savings accounts, and loans for almost every purpose you can name. Look for this 7-star "Full Service" emblem or ask if you're not sure.

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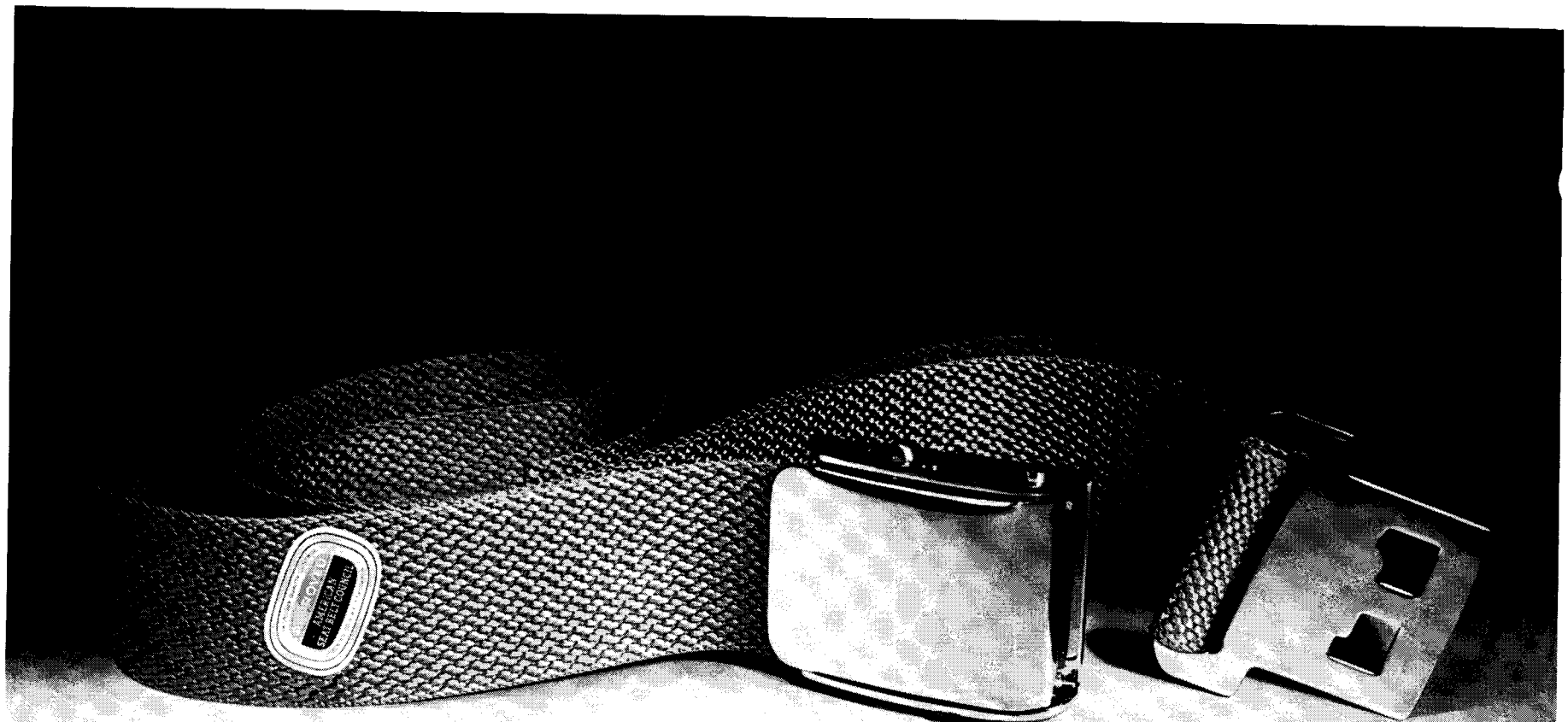

80% of all auto accidents
happen under 40 m.p.h.
within 25 miles of home.
Even safe drivers need
seat belts of
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In colors coordinated
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New York is not the United States—and the United States is certainly not New York.

The Golden Door

others; he screams in the subway or exposes himself; or he punches his wife.

For some, New York is to be sniffed in the reek of continuity, although it is not a very old city. They find continuity in something as pure as the City Hall and the Greek Revival of Washington Square North, in such oddments as a 19th-century—early-19th-century—brick building on the south side of Spring Street, between West Broadway and Wooster Street, that has been cut exactly in half, cut in half right up to half the pediment (making half an attic) three floors up. For others, it is something as beguilingly bogus as brownstone buildings (the Connecticut Valley to this day has large deposits of the Triassic rock which is the source of this dark sandstone) resembling pieces of the Farnese Palace and storage warehouses like Inigo Jones's Banqueting House. For still others, it is the odd, polite opposition of Stanford White's Racquet and Tennis Club on Park Avenue, in its self-satisfied classicism, to the somber bronze modernity of Mies van der Rohe's Seagram Building directly across the avenue, or Gordon Bunshaft's light, gay Lever House, a block north of the Racquet and Tennis.

The ruthlessness with which any money society ultimately casts out all considerations other than money when its loose, shifting confederation of leaders wants something (the poultices of social reform notwithstanding) is most sharply recognizable in the United States, and, in this country, New York City, because of its size and power. No New Yorker needs to be told, for example, that the tremendous proliferation of building, both domestic and commercial, since the end of the Second World War was not undertaken for his welfare; in his cynical way he understands that very well. Far worse, though, is that, with the exception of tiny, exhausting revolts, the toll of which always exceeds the ground won, he passively permits himself and his city to be desecrated. A group of mothers on Central Park West forced Robert Moses to give up the notion of wrecking a few wretched square feet of asphalt playground to enlarge a parking lot for a nightclub in the park. For years the residents of Greenwich Village fought him and the city when he decided to widen a road through Washington Square to link up Fifth Avenue and West Broadway, principally for the benefit of the occupants of a luxury housing development he also helped engineer into being. Other examples could be adduced but not very many and not very successful. By and large, the New Yorker either keeps his mouth shut, fulminates in living rooms, or subsides with a squeaky letter to the editor of his newspaper.

In many ways Charles Follen McKim's Pennsylvania Station was ridiculous—a replica of the Baths of Caracalla supported on a steel skyscraper frame—but it *was* a great monument and good to look at, inside and out. Its owners, having succeeded in despoiling it inside, then sold it to developers. They planned to slap down in its place a new Madison Square Garden with a sagging roof, the epitome of architectural *kitsch* and probably best described as "modernistic," which is a fine, invidious word. They included, too, a slab of a hotel (28 stories) and a slab of an office building (34). The entrances to the Manhattan Bridge, particularly that on the Manhattan side, were close to absurd—the Bernini colonnade of St. Peter's Square tacked onto the Porte St. Denis, plus statuary, and the whole surmounted by a granite frieze (no one could see it in transit and certainly could not get near it in any other way) depicting Indians chasing buffalo—but they were familiar, endearing, and, for New York objects, reasonably old. The entrances were ripped down to make way for another of Moses' stultifying projects—an elevated cross-Manhattan expressway, which, if ever undertaken, would have made of a wide area of lower Manhattan, from the Holland Tunnel on the west to the Williamsburg and Manhattan bridges on the east, the same kind of gutted corpse that freeways made of downtown Los Angeles. Somehow, in one of those miraculous reversals of form, it was killed. As Iagniappe to the letter writers, the city proposed to dump Penn Station's 84 Doric columns into some kind of quaint classical arrangement in Flushing Meadow—a sort of Parc Monceau afflicted with a frightening elephantiasis—and to deposit some of the bridge's statuary and its frieze in the Brooklyn Museum. There are those who believe the future to be hopeless and some who profess to like what has happened and an overwhelming majority simply preoccupied with operating the mechanisms of living in the most complex city in the world. For the time being enough is left of the city so that one *knows* it is New York City, and not just any confection of glass and concrete in the Temperate Zone.

The very air trembles with prescience: the expiring shriek of a subway train rounding the last curve into Times Square, the sound floating upward through the sidewalk grates on hot, dusty, brazen puffs of air; the slosh of high-pressure hoses washing down Fulton Fish Market; the contesting voices of produce salesmen in Washington Market; the solemn mumbling of the day's first passenger planes floating down to Kennedy and LaGuardia; a Bach oratorio heard faintly through the closed doors of a church on lower Fifth Avenue; the nasty scream of a police-car siren somewhere on the West Side; the click of the clockwork in a signal-control box at an intersection. Also, the high-pitched cries and hoarse grunts of baseball players in Central Park and the squeak of a window-cleaner's squeegee (over the clank of his safety belt) 80 floors up; the hum, thump and clack of an escalator in a department store; the bright noise of jazz spilling into Duffy Square; the disputes of starlings and the colloquies of pigeons; the roar from the Yankee Stadium and the rumble of a long freight over the Hell Gate Bridge; the ceaseless belling of telephones; the buzz of neon signs; the stomach-shaking voice of a huge ship departing and the fussy, hortatory piping of the tugs pushing her out of her berth; the creak of sets being moved out of the back of the Metropolitan Opera House after midnight; the waves of applause heard as the doors of a theater are opened on 45th

Chinatown is a ten-block enclave in which 7,000 Chinese live in law and order.

Street after the final curtain; the bang and hiss of trucks, taxicabs and automobiles. Great events are foretold in all the mutterings and shoutings. No city has such a voice; it is a voice with perfect pitch.

Of the day in 1524, when his ship became the first known to enter the Port of New York, the Florentine sailor, Da Verrazano, said, "We found a pleasant place below steep little hills, and from these hills, a mighty deep-mouthed river ran into the sea." To another sailor, Henry Hudson, 85 years later, the mighty river was no more than his possible passage to Cathay, and its significance was lost to him: He *had* reached Cathay. The Port of New York is unique. There is no cargo it cannot and has not handled. It is 423 square miles of water area, and the biggest ship need not stand off it. Six hundred and fifty miles of water frontage will berth better than 400 deepwater vessels. Twenty-five thousand ships of more than 160 lines call at the port; 10 major railroads (nearly all of them in financial trouble), 500 trucking companies, and 39 United States and international airlines distribute their cargoes, which come to 36 million tons a year. It is not necessary to come to New York to get to the rest of the country or the world, but the journey loses savor if one does not. For those who stay, the taste of the city is exotic in the extreme; it makes the tongue smart and years of rolling it on the tongue do not diminish the delicious pungency.

No matter where he comes from, what language he speaks, or what happens to a human being in New York, once he has heard the city's voice he will be haunted by it for the rest of his life, whether he settles here or 5,000 miles away; whether it woos or rejects him, lulls him, makes him fearful, or distracts him to the point of ecstasy or despair. So will its face affect him. The illuminated catenary curve of the George Washington Bridge at night strikes at the heart like the 23rd Psalm.

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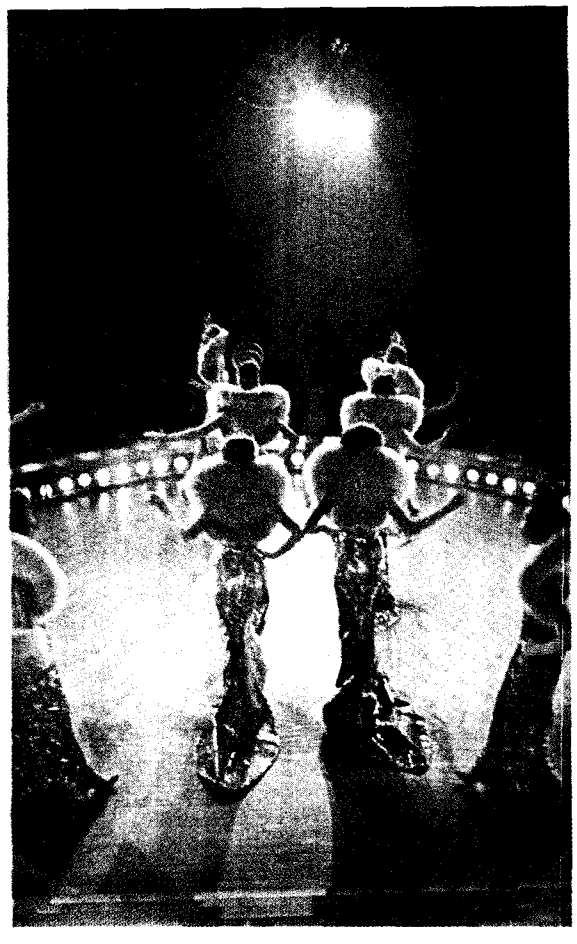
Wall-to-wall movie houses on Forty-second Street, in midtown, are gaudy showcases of Times Square area.



Tall, elegantly costumed show girls are standard scenery at the Latin Quarter, a touristy Manhattan nightclub.

A couple toasts the town at dusk. View from Tower Suite restaurant includes the Empire State Building.

At day's end, the city comes slowly alive with light and its life flows on.

New York is where the action is, but they also serve who take no part. Two chauffeurs and one Rolls-Royce wait at the Plaza Hotel.

The Golden Door

The skyline from the promenade on Brooklyn Heights is an army with banners. Not to be moved to pity *and* anger by the prodigious slums still remaining on the Lower East Side, in Spanish Harlem and Negro Harlem, is impossible; even the city's slums are matchless. Optimism is not faked in New York and boosterism is not the city's way, outside of official press-agentry. New York, it is said over and over, is not the United States. The cliché is a monstrous one; it is, of course, true. No New Yorker ever bothers to argue the point, or to point out that the United States is not New York. He is too busy shoving his way into a subway train, retailing his private agonies to a psychoanalyst, subduing the prickings of impulse in a supermarket, listening to his neighbors (man and wife) conduct a murderous quarrel in the next apartment, sprawling on the grass in Central Park or Van Cortlandt or Prospect, rubbing the ears of a dog while taking him out for a late walk, watching the sun go down behind the Palisades, and, always, staving off the exhaustion of body and mind that is the price he pays for living in New York. He is the most provincial of human beings—with reason, since he feels that nowhere else on earth could he be so completely fulfilled or so irrevocably deprived as in the city. There is no sensation, from birth to death, his being tells him, that is not heightened for having been experienced in New York. He becomes neither elated nor elegiac at the realization. His capacity for the acceptance of the universe (as defined for him by New York) is probably greater than that of any human. THE END

Park Avenue—a symbol of opulence and a traffic jugular—glitters in the rain. ▶

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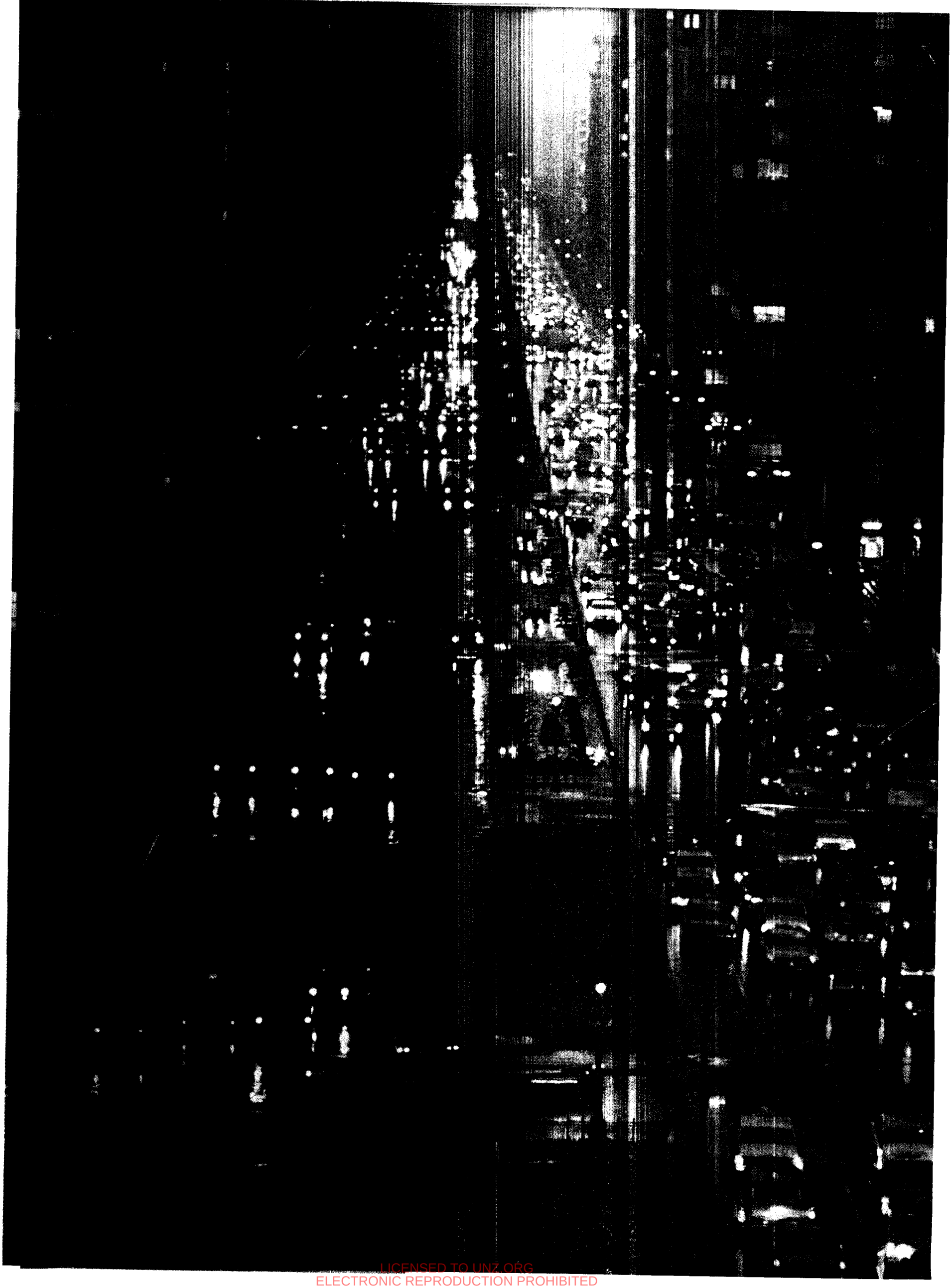

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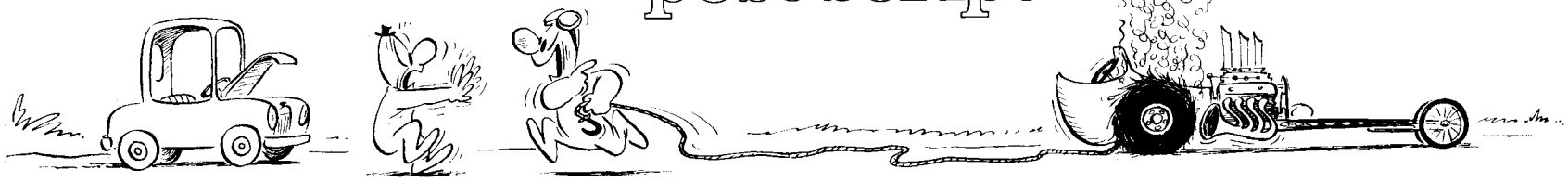
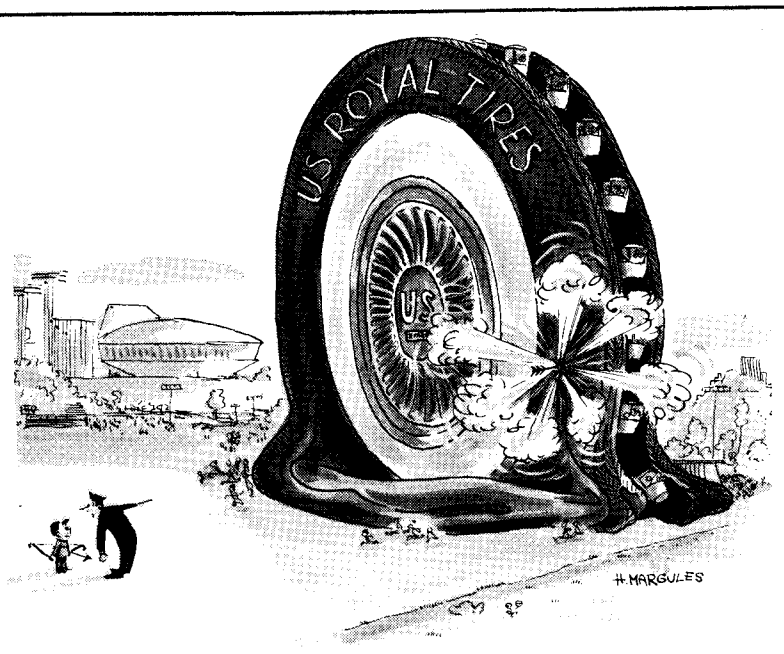
post scripts



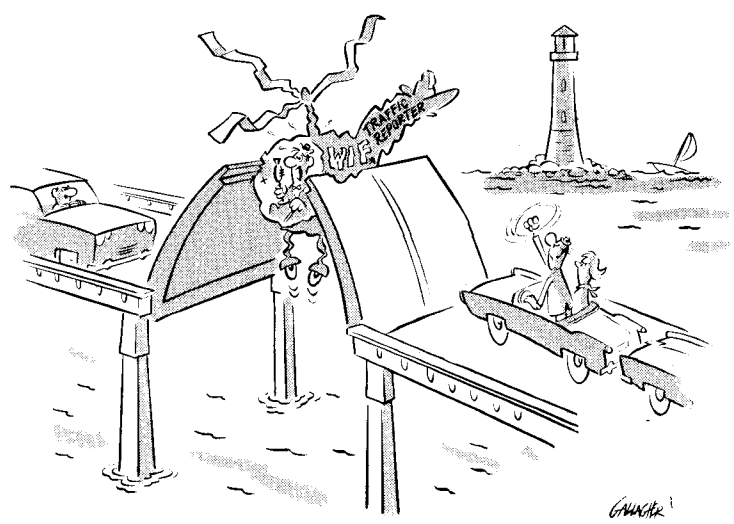


"Guess!"

"I figure if it doesn't get off at Wall Street, we're in trouble."

"And now may I present the key to our fair city."

"Does he picket yet?"



"Traffic is encountering a somewhat unusual delay on the Northern Boulevard Bridge."

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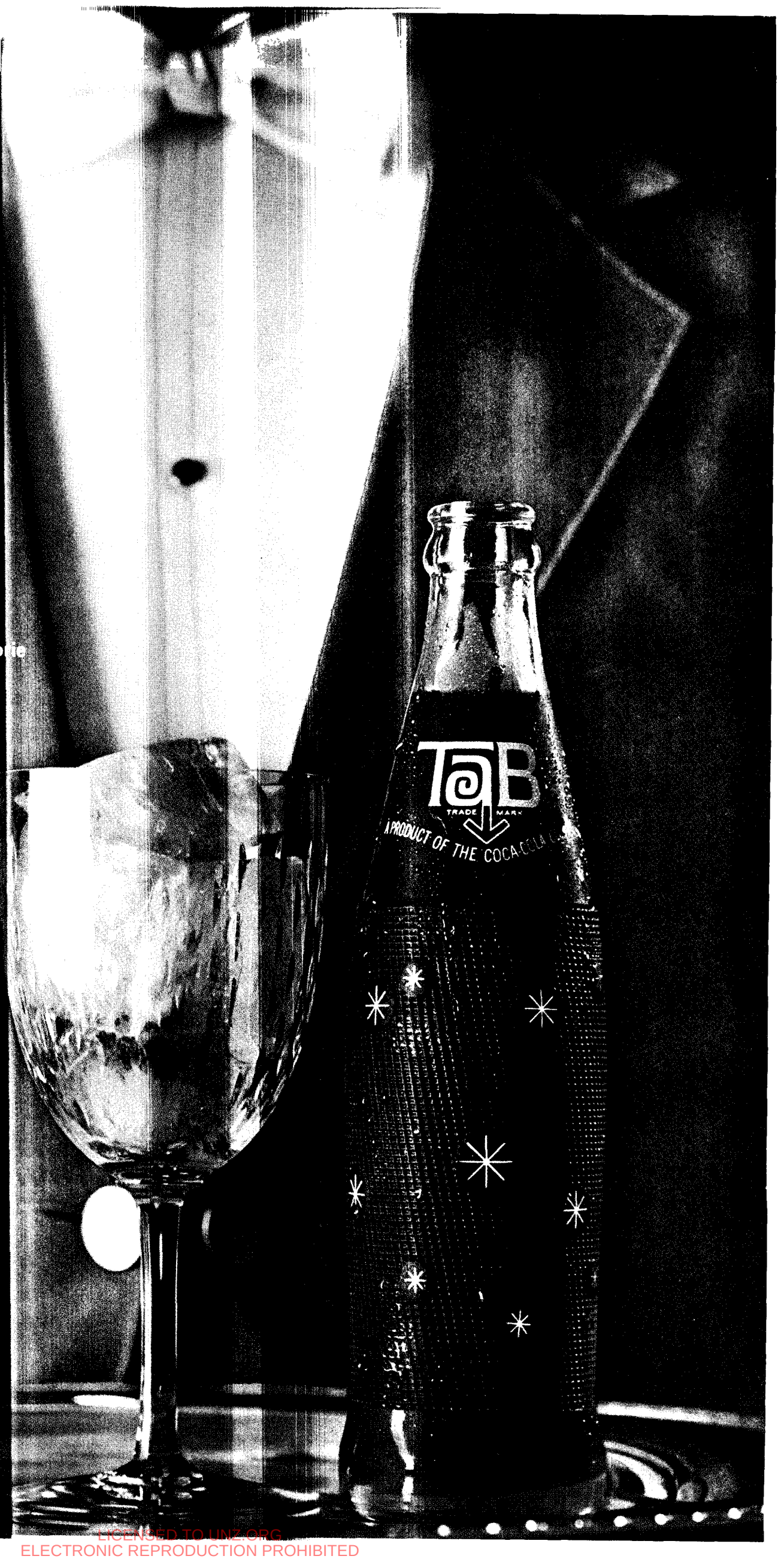
How can just 1 calorie taste so good?

The Coca-Cola Company kept the flavor in TaB

A toast to a special celebration. And a toast to Tab. The difference in Tab is flavor. You see, anyone can take the calories out of a soft drink. But it took The Coca-Cola Company to keep the flavor in. Tab . . . only one calorie in every six ounces. Keep tab with Tab.



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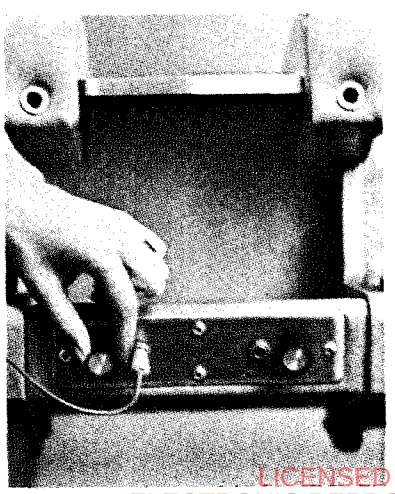
Enjoy fine films such as "Good Neighbor Sam," starring Jack Lemmon and Romy Schneider. A David Swift production. A Columbia release

Across the U.S., across the Atlantic: ***Movies in flight are here***



EARPHONES are so lightweight and comfortable you'll forget they're on. And while you're listening, no one else will be disturbed

VOLUME is adjusted by a single, simple control at your fingertips. Then just relax and be entertained by the best from Hollywood and Europe.

DINING is an experience on TWA. First meals are elegant feasts. In Jet Coach or Economy, they're not quite as elaborate but certainly as delicious.

*Optional at $1 in Coach and Economy. Complimentary in First Class.

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icture yourself skimming along on a big TWA jet—
00 mph or better, but so smooth and quiet you'd
ever know it. You put on featherweight earphones,
djust a fingertip volume control, settle back... and
'h a movie! Not the one you saw last year, but
ne that just hit Broadway. Movies in flight—
day's most talked-about airline service, and only
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The films are shown on non-stop TWA transcontinental flights in First Class, *and now in the Coach* section too!* On transatlantic flights, in both First Class and Economy.* If you're planning a vacation trip to the World's Fair this year, or maybe a holiday in Europe—see how much more the right airline ticket buys. Call your nearest Trans World Airlines office, or see your travel agent and specify TWA.

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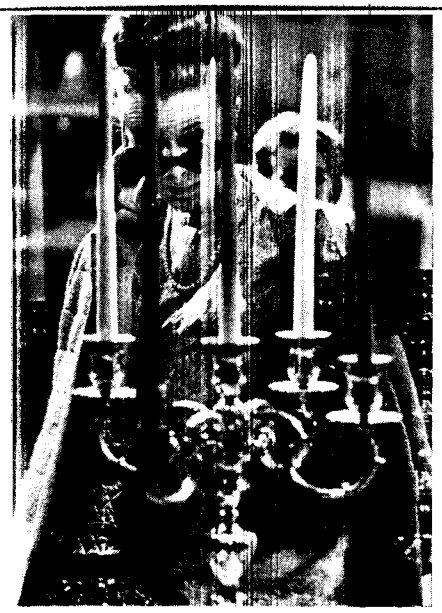
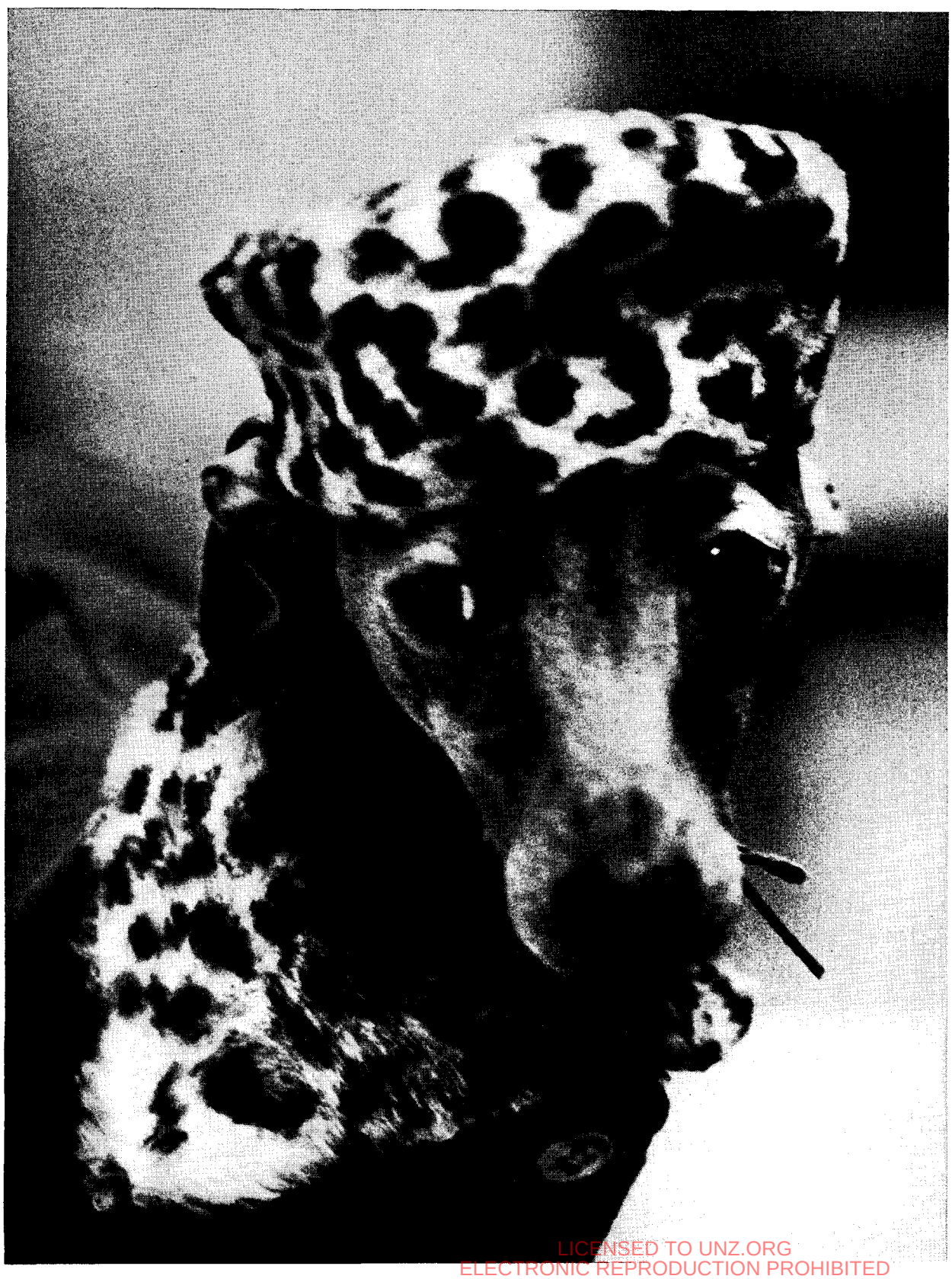
HOW TO SPEND YOUR EXCESS MONEY IN NEW YORK



Vermeil candle holder adorns the window of Tiffany. A pair of these costs $4,825.

There is no more exciting and efficient way of unburdening your pockets of spare cash than by taking a stroll along Fifth Avenue, a glossy repository of pearl necklaces, mink yachting jackets and genuine hand-painted eggs.

By Anne Chamberlin



As World's Fair czar Robert Moses has pointed out, the fair is inexpensive. So much so, that you might wake up on your last day in town and discover that you haven't run out of money. This could prove awkward. It not only will bulge out the pockets of your suit, but also will reflect on the efficiency of hospitable New Yorkers who do everything possible to keep outsiders from getting into this kind of predicament. You will notice many a warmly outstretched palm lining your path all the way to the sidewalk during the final day at your hotel. The man who yesterday shut the elevator door on your foot today makes solicitous inquiries about your health. All of these are tactful efforts to help you reach home with clean pockets and a light heart.

But for those travelers who prefer to find a solution on their own, there is another answer: abandoning the well-trodden tourist paths for the little-known byways of the city. Of these, perhaps none offers a more adventurous and at the same time efficient way of unloading money than that 10-block stretch of Fifth Avenue that lies between Saks' department store and the Plaza Hotel. Only a seasoned traveler has the stamina to find this part of New York, lying half-hidden between the great gray-flannel jungle of Madison Avenue and the girders, duckwalks and cinders of Sixth Avenue, which is currently engaged in a building spree. This glossy midtown region of Fifth Avenue, dotted by such landmarks as St. Patrick's Cathedral and the monstrous statue of Atlas at Rockefeller Center, can be approached by taxi, limousine and bus, but most efficiently on foot. (Remember, however, that it is possible to spend days blocked in traffic on the side streets near Fifth before you can be reached by rescue teams.)

Some travelers enjoy the challenge of the unknown and, indeed, to break free around the last stalled delivery truck and emerge onto the massive plateau of this part of Fifth Avenue is as bracing to the spirit as coming upon the sunken pink cathedrals of Lalibela after four days' struggling through the wilds of Ethiopia on a mule. Something in the tilt of the flowered awnings and the fat waddle of

For uncertain weather during the dog days of summer, Saks offers waterproof furs.

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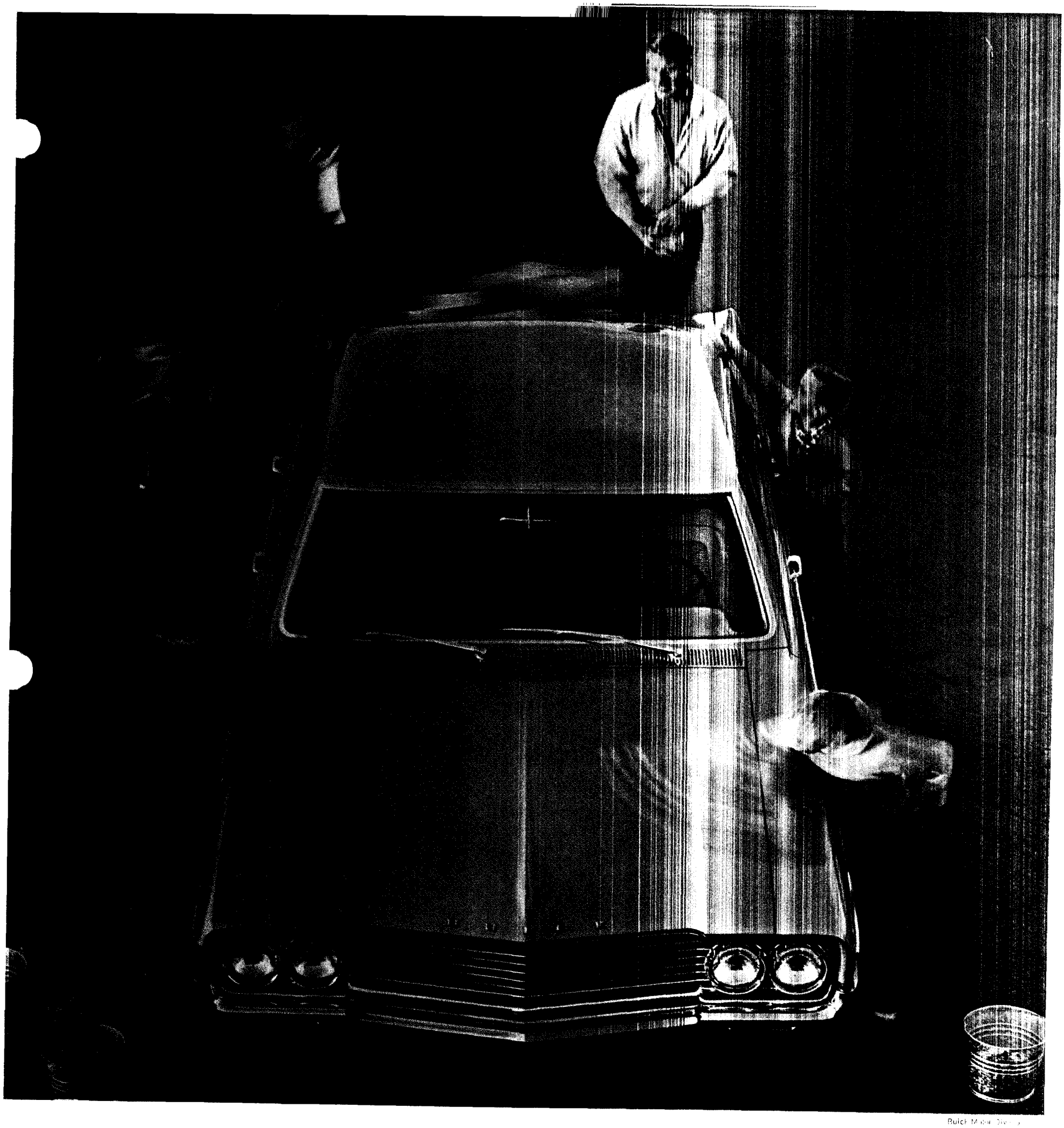

Buick Motor Division

Wouldn't you really rather wash a Buick?

When you finish washing a Special, you have a clean Buick. When you finish washing some other car, you have—well, you see the difference. If you don't now, you will when you drive a Buick. A Special for instance. Specials ride gently on a full-coil suspension, with a frisky V-6 under the hood. (You can get a 300 cubic inch V-8, for a little extra money.) You can tell it's a Buick by the way it's built: beautifully. You have 18 Specials to choose from, so you can choose your Special to fit your family. And your budget.

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Excess Money

the pigeons tells you, before you walk into your first store, that the solution to your excess-money predicament is at hand.

A suitable start might be made at Cartier, which carries a 21½-carat solitaire emerald ring for $200,000. If you don't have quite this much cash left, you could choose a nephrite-jade, sodalite-blue and water-agate kite bird with solid gold feet for $3,900. Or, if your taste runs in that direction, try a gold cigarette lighter the exact size and shape of a peanut, a gold pillbox that looks like a walnut or some samples of what the Cartier management describes as "nice little things under $1,000." The Cartier board room makes a little-known and quiet place to leaf through *Burke's Peerage* or the New York Social Register, and across the hall is a fine window from which to watch one of the local parades while waiting for change after you've bought the $90,000 Australian pearl necklace, which recently returned to New York after spending the winter at the Cartier branch store in Palm Beach.

Those with warm memories of how much their last safari cost will feel at home in Bergdorf Goodman, where a full-length sable coat is available for $38,000, along with some black broadtail pajamas, which make a dandy substitute for flannel on a cold night. Bergdorf could also help you get rid of $3,000 with a white mink yachting jacket, or $5,500 for a silver broadtail coat with white piqué lining, and you could drop some loose change on a pink full-length terry-cloth bathrobe with a snap-out white mink lining. There are several other oddments in Bergdorf, not the least of which is a green hand-painted egg for $12 and an antique tabernacle from an Italian church which has been amended with a hinged top and a copper lining. In a pinch, it could be used for storing ice cubes or churning butter, although even the Bergdorf antiques buyer can't remember exactly what employment he had in mind for it. You can take this back to your hotel room to puzzle over for $195.

Many travelers find they can avoid an awkward money surplus by bringing children or dogs to New York. The vice president in charge of buying toys for F.A.O. Schwarz, at the corner of 58th Street, is back from Europe with a collection of 20,000 French, Prussian and Austrian toy soldiers in summer and winter dress—in postures of marching, advancing, charging and firing—along with a good supply of genuinely accoutered general staff officers. The Miniature Figure Collectors of America, a group of grown men in Philadelphia, is happily engaged in arranging all this tin manpower into three major Napoleonic battles in keeping with what F.A.O. Schwarz calls the "great revival of interest in Napoleon." The whole panoply—"a sort of salute to the World's Fair"—will be set up in one of the front display windows and it can be bought for $10,000—less than a Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud.

For girl children, there are dolls, and as a saleslady at Schwarz points out, in this country "some dolls are better dressed than people." To keep up with the trend, it is important these days to own Tressy, the doll whose hair grows and who likes to drive around in fast sports cars. The absolute minimum doll accessory kit would include a diamond ring, pearl earrings, matching pearl necklace, a gold evening purse and a hairnet. Schwarz packages a basic kit in a plastic see-through envelope, and a gross of them costs only $410.40. But perhaps the most useful item in Schwarz is the five-foot-long striped fur-bearing snake made out of French rabbit skins with a music box concealed in its head.

If there is time to go upstairs to the second floor at Schwarz, there is a large Log Cabin, suitable for an American President to be born in (if the parents are not over four feet two inches) for $450, with a front porch and a watchtower making convenient extras. There is also a White House of sorts (actually a white cottage) for $385. And for those who would like to fill the Log Cabin-White House gap with a smoke-filled room, there is Dunhill's, a luxury tobacco shop a few blocks south which offers a set of seven pipes for use on different days of the week. Its crocodile case has the days engraved in gold, and the entire kit retails for $2,750. The kiddies can use it for soap bubbles.

Hand-knit dog sweaters

Having thus equipped the children, a short stroll to the Dog Toggery at Saks will remind you that the American dog is an integral part of New York *haute couture*. Here a dog tuxedo, a pink satin ballet suit trimmed with tulle, or a gold lamé theater coat trimmed with lamb's fur costs $25. There are hand-knit dog sweaters running from size 8 for Yorkshire terriers to size 28 for boxers, along with turtlenecked ski parkas, ski boots and the kind of belted trench coat James Bond would wear if *he* were a dog, with shoulder tabs fastened by alligator buttons. (Or, for superb understatement, try the $52 black alligator collar.) While it can't compare with Guerlain for getting rid of traveler's checks, Sniffe, "*le parfum des chiens chic*," as it says on the bottle, would take care of four dollars and is enriched by an oil base ("Because alcohol dries a dog's skin").

Many travelers have wondered if it is possible (or even safe) to invest some excess funds in food in this part of town. There is a native restaurant named Stouffer's near the corner of 52nd, but it would probably have more effect on your bankroll to stroll up to 59th Street and eat at the Plaza. For only $32, you and a companion can lunch on vichyssoise, lobster and champagne.

What is not generally known is the amount of food that sprawls around loose on the second floor of Tiffany and Company on the corner of Fifth and 57th. The day I was there, there was a huge centerpiece of fine fresh asparagus on one display table, a mound of white grapes on another table, and on the floor a silver dog dish with a Milk Bone puppy biscuit in it. Although Tiffany sells a great deal of table silver, and Tiffany silver has what is called the "butler" finish (a "beautiful soft luster characteristic of silverware which has been cleaned and polished at home by years of hand-rubbing, as was done in the past by experienced butlers"), Mr. Walter Hoving, board chairman of

LOOK FOR THEM ON NEW SHOES, TOO!

Positive non-slip protection... just like Mother Nature's

Cat's Paw is a "copy-cat." Just as every cat comes into this world with non-slip pads on each paw, so every Cat's Paw heel is similarly made with non-slip grippers placed where the wear is greatest. No other heel assures sure-footedness like nature's double – famous non-slip, twin-grip Cat's Paw rubber heels. Remember, safety underfoot starts at fine shoe repairers displaying the Cat's Paw sign.

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by the makers of Microlite Heel and Soles and Cat's Paw "Tipps" for spike heels

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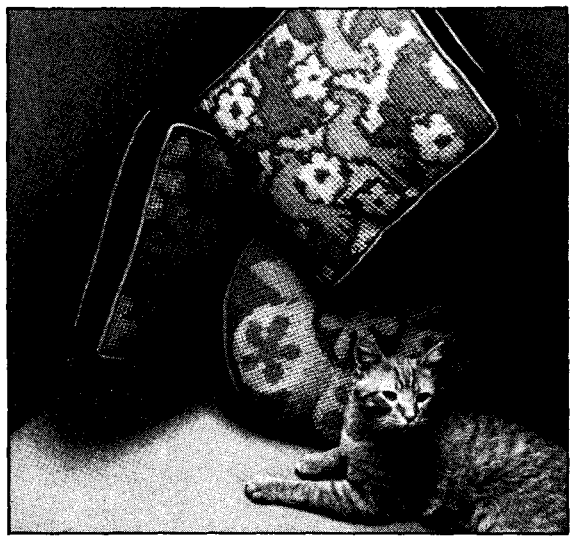
Kitchen Sampler (Vegetable): Stamped on 100% Belgian linen to be embroidered in nature's own colors, mostly cross-stitch with a bit of outline, satin stitch and French knots to round out form. PSK-10, price $1.00.
Fruit Sampler: Companion piece to above. PSK-46, $1.00. Handmade hardwood frame with metallic gold lip, size 12½ x 14½", PSK-10/46F/O, $6.98, fits these samplers.

Easy to make Home Projects

Home Project Kits are the answer to many reader requests for designs for home and fashion, with materials to save you money – to save you time and eliminate all waste. Kits include all necessary materials to make finished items. Simple easy-to-follow tested instructions assure satisfaction. Quality makes home projects, heirlooms of tomorrow – fashions guarantee long wear and lasting pleasure.

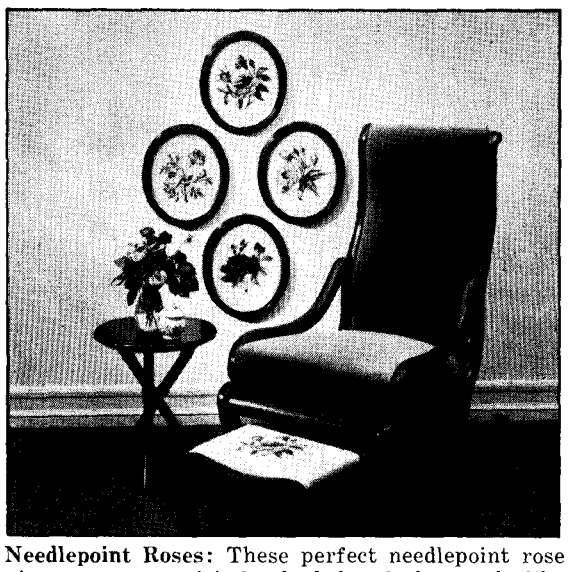


Needlepoint Pillow Tops: These exciting modern needlepoint tops are worked on Belgian canvas, printed in color. Each kit includes wool yarn, canvas, needle, instructions. JNS/4A, bird design for 12" square pillow in rose, pink and green. JNS/4B, flower design (same size) in medium and dark blue, turquoise and green. JNS/4C round floral design in rosy red, pink and orange fits 14" round pillow form. $5.98 each kit.

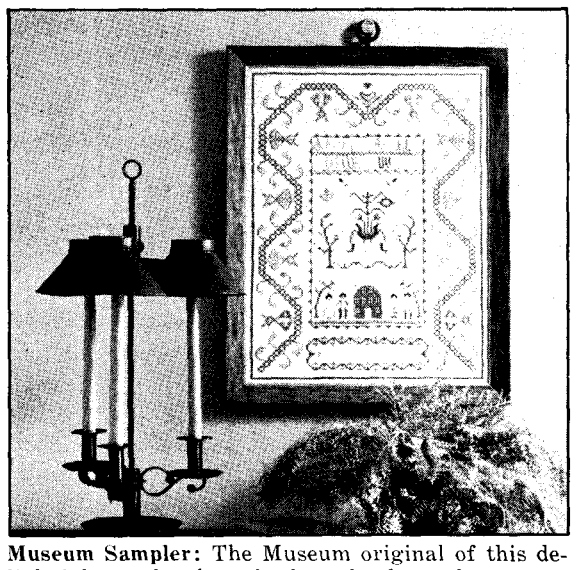
Crewel Skirt and Tote Bag: Old crewel design embroidered with bright colors on black and white quilted ticking. Six gore skirt and tote bag are stamped for embroidery. Skirt is assembled ready for hemming and sewing on skirt band. Combination kit includes stamped ticking, wool yarn, zippers and instructions for both and lining and stiffener for bag. Send skirt size when ordering; 10-12; 14; 16-18. Kit JNJ/CO-3, $12.98.

Rose Place Mats: Show off your best china at luncheon or dinner on these lovely rose place mats. The dewy fresh-from-the-garden red roses are stamped on 100% Belgian linen to be embroidered in cross-stitch. Each kit has everything you need for a single place setting, one mat, napkin and coaster with embroidery floss, Kit PEK-5, price $1.00. Or save money and order settings for four, PEK-5/4, price $3.69.

Hand Blocked India Print Kit: Wonderful original idea, a 72 x 108" hand blocked cotton print with pattern to make three smart costumes from one print; 2 zippers; package of colored sequins for trimming, directions for laying pattern on print to take advantage of borders. All prints are multi-colored, each one of a kind with two sequined corners. State pattern size, 10-12-14-16. Kit JMO-6, price $9.98.



Needlepoint Roses: These perfect needlepoint rose pictures are exquisitely shaded to look exactly like the old Redouté Rose paintings. Roses are completely finished by needlework experts, you fill in the soft beige background. Kits 31-A-B-C-D, priced $2.00 each. Top, D, red and pink rose; left, C, pink roses; right, B, pink; bottom, A, red. Handmade walnut finished frames with gold lip, size 9 x 11½", PEK-31F/O, $5.98 each.



Museum Sampler: The Museum original of this delightful sampler dates back to the days when young girls recorded their skill as needlewomen in just this way. Design is stamped on ecru linen to be cross-stitched in these colors; soft rust, greens, blue, yellows, pinks, browns and lavender. Kit includes embroidery floss. Kit PSK-26, price $2.00. Handmade frame, size 1½ x 20 x 25¾" of soft brown wood, PSK-26F/O, $6.98.

ORDER FORM

Fill out coupon. Copy code number, description and price correctly. Specify size, color, and design preference. Prices quoted for frames do not include needlework or glass. Enclose personal check or money order. New York City residents add 4% sales tax. Sorry, we are unable to handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders.

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Malibu Super Sport Coupe

CHEVELLE TREATS MOUNTAINS LIKE SO MUCH DIRT!

The all-new Chevelle has engines for all-sized mountains. And even the smallest one is big enough to take on most hills without so much as a change in gears.

But if you're the shifty type, you can have a lot of fun climbing with the extra-cost floor-mounted 4-Speed Synchro-Mesh.

Combine its power, its spirit, and the fact that it's a foot shorter than big cars—and you have a performer that will unwind any twisting mountain road you put in its way. And because of its Full Coil suspension and front ride stabilizer, you'll feel completely relaxed when you reach the top.

The Malibu Super Sport Coupe, pictured above, comes with an all-vinyl interior. With deep-twist carpeting. With bucket seats. And in shades of the following exterior colors: black, green, blue, aqua, fawn, red, tan, white, beige, yellow and silver.

And all 11 Chevelle models are surprisingly spacious inside. The sedans, for instance, comfortably seat six. The trunk holds a vacation-sized load of luggage.

So put a mountain in its way. Or a crowded city street. Or a turnpike. Drive it across deserts. Up mountains. Through rush-hour traffic. Stop it. Start it. Corner it. Park it. Trust it. It's Chevelle. It's made by Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Mich.

Chevrolet • Chevelle • Chevy II • Corvair • Corvette

CHEVROLET

THE GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMERS

CHEVELLE! BY CHEVROLET

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If you like salted white grapes, just drop into Tiffany.

Excess Money

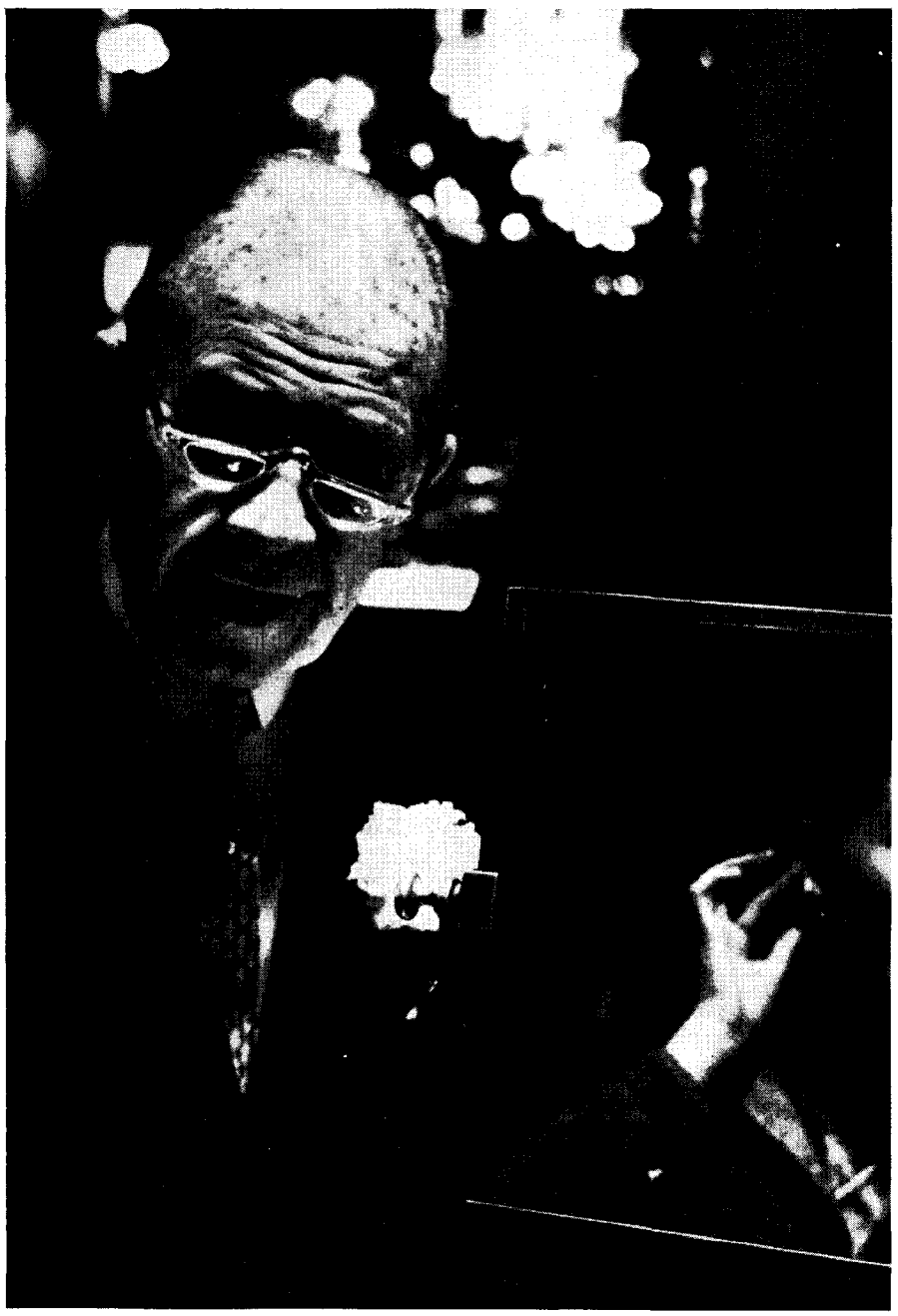
Tiffany, has written a book on table manners reminding Americans that they are *supposed* to eat asparagus with their fingers. (A bonus here is that if you drop asparagus on your tie, you can run up a bigger bill with your hotel cleaners.)

Anyway, Mr. Hoving, who once declared that "we decided that under no circumstances would we pander to so-called popular tastes," says that so many people help themselves to the grapes that usually the management sprinkles them heavily with salt. If you like salted white grapes, Tiffany is one place where you won't have to salt your own. And meanwhile you are surrounded by many ways to thin down your wallet.

Tiffany's resident jewelry designer, Jean Schlumberger, has put the 128.51-carat Tiffany Diamond into a clip of swirling diamond ribbons, set in platinum with warm touches of gold, which can be attached to a flexible necklace of woven diamond ribbons. Schlumberger says he likes to set precious stones even in the hidden curves of the arms of a starfish. "Hidden beauty is the greatest of all luxuries," he once said. "Monsieur Dior does the same thing when he lines a raincoat with mink." Schlumberger is the kind of man you'll want to have on your team.

It's possible to do some very effective spending among the examples of Tiffany's "vermeil," the silver-gilt gold finish on sterling silver, which was fashionable in the royal French courts of the 18th century and which Tiffany introduced to America in 1956. You can find almost anything in vermeil at Tiffany, from a Mexican flexible woven basket to seashells ("There's one designer we don't have to pay," says Mr. Hoving, pointing to the heavens) to a small golden mouse. "You shouldn't buy anything," Mr. Hoving advises, "unless it sends shivers down your back."

Finally, it must be remembered that the ultimate purpose of your journey into the wilds of Fifth Avenue was to get out of town as unencumbered with money as possible. So if you pass one of the many colorful airline ticket vendors—and you will notice a number of them installed behind plate glass in quaint marble-trimmed booths—you might stroll in and buy a Boeing 707 (the plainer kind without the movies is in better taste). Model 320-B sells for $6.7 million plus $268,000 sales tax. Tell them not to wrap it. You'll be using it right away. THE END



Watched by Cartier board chairman Jules Glaenzer, shopper eyes $85,000 earrings.

To those people who have decided to continue smoking: This is the cigarette with an exclusive extraction process which reduces certain elements in the tobacco leaf itself.* King Sano also has a new high-efficiency filter specially treated to mellow the smoke to add to your flavor-enjoyment. King Sano & King Sano Menthol. Try them.

*Results regularly verified by independent analytical laboratories.

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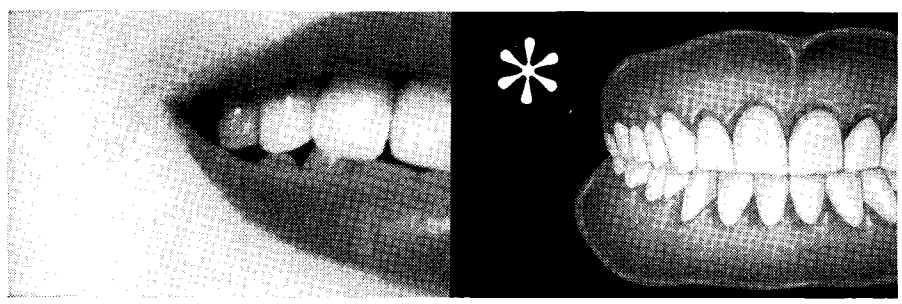

***New way restores natural "whiteness" to teeth—pinkness to gums**

KLEENITE with live oxygen outperforms other cleaners in two ways. It cleans denture surfaces *faster*. Enthusiastic users say that it removes *deeply embedded stains more completely*.

Faster cleaning power means removing in minutes food particles, dingy film and odor-causing bacteria—no all-night soaking—often no brushing at all.

Removing embedded stain means brighter pink in artificial gums—cleaner teeth look more like new—extra protection from denture breath. Dentists say KLEENITE with live oxygen is twice as effective as ordinary toothpaste—a striking advance over other leading denture cleaners. Get KLEENITE at all drug counters.

EASY* TO USE LIQUID DISSOLVES CORNS *FAST! —It's amazing how GETS-IT dissolves even the toughest corns, safely, quickly, painlessly. Try GETS-IT Liquid Corn Remover today! Only 39c.

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In Ready-to-Use Aerosol

IF YOU PRIZE IT...KRYLON-IZE IT!

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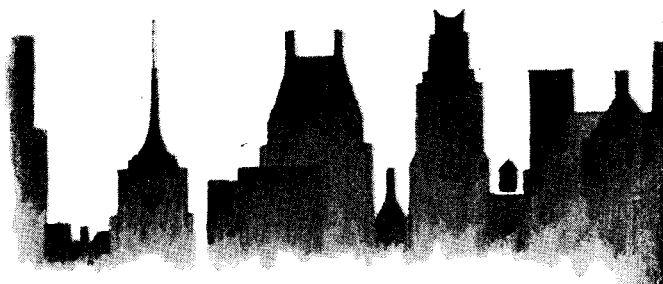
An ex-New Yorker recalls the nostalgic years when he was fleeced, trammeled, and perfumed by monoxide.



GOOD-BYE, BROADWAY

When I was one-and-twenty, to paraphrase A.E. Housman a trifle, I heard a wise man say, "Hey, how's about we nip down to New York for a week and live it up? I've got a scheme whereby it won't cost us a red cent!" The wise man, like myself a senior at Brown and an accomplished freeloader, was one Conrad Portnoy, business manager on the university's comic magazine of which I was editor, and the words were scarcely out of his mouth before the two of us were racing toward the Providence depot, our cheeks aflame with anticipation. New York! The Gay White Way! Visions of Dionysiac revels danced in our heads, bachelor suppers whereat naked actresses erupted from pies as we reeled around quaffing jeroboams of champagne. Reared in New England, Portnoy and I had only the foggiest conception of Gotham, as we persisted in calling it, but on two points we were unshakable; the plethora of chorus girls there and their inability to resist a couple of boulevardiers from Little Rhody. The gimmick the trip was predicated on was simplicity itself, and not at all larcenous. Several New York hotels had tendered our periodical due bills—vouchers, that is to say, in exchange for ads—entitling us to free lodging. Meals, regrettably, were excepted, but with a deluge of champagne impending, considerations of food seemed crass in the extreme. The prospect was dizzying, and it was with difficulty that I restrained Portnoy at New London from telegraphing Flo Ziegfeld that a pair of big butter-and-egg men were hell-bent for the Main Stem.

Within two days of our arrival, the rosy dreams had evaporated, leaving two haggard, anxiety-ridden tinhorns with shrunken wallets. Not a single dimpled darling had tossed us her garter; despite all our nudging and leering, no bellboy could direct us to a midnight orgy, however paltry. Between tips, subway fares and Spartan meals at a cafeteria run by a Spartan who watched us vigilantly, the pitiful store of cash we shared was fast dwindling, and the smallest indulgence—a milkshake or an extra pack of Fatimas—would have pauperized us. The one thing we could afford to be prodigal with was hotel linen. In a frantic effort to use up our due bills, we switched daily from the Astor to the Vanderbilt to the Martinique, lolling in bridal chambers and suites of Roman magnificence, and such was the superfluity of towels that we had to stay up half the night taking showers, wiping our shoes, and wantonly crumpling the remainder. Ultimately an unrelieved five-day diet of crullers and coffee exacted its toll: both of us broke down with scurvy. Ingloriously we slunk back to Rhode Island, hitching rides in whatever vehicles we could. The last lap, in a truck laden with poultry, was especially humiliating, since the driver, another Spartan named Steve Magnanimos, insisted on delivering us, plastered with chicken feathers, directly to the campus.

It was small wonder, hence, that Portnoy and I reacted with bitterness the rest of the academic year whenever anybody extolled metropolitan life, but as graduation neared, our memories took on a roseate glow and we became increasingly sentimental about it. New York was the center of the universe, we declared flatly; we grew lyrical enumerating its advantages social, financial and cultural, its profusion of concerts, theaters, and museums. (We carefully omitted any reference to chorus girls and orgies, feeling that only an adolescent cared about such trivialities.) The upshot of these dithyrambs was that on a sweltering morning in mid-July Portnoy and I once more emerged from Grand Central, this time freighted with all our worldly possessions, and drawing a deep breath, we plunged into the maelstrom.

Our first bivouac was the front parlor of a rooming house on West 12th Street operated by a southern gentlewoman in reduced circumstances. Mrs. Sutphin, who sweetly importuned us to call her Jasmine, derived from Natchez and had an accent clotted with moonlight and magnolias. She wore heavy *maquillage* around her eyes, a thick protective coat of Djer-Kiss face powder, and twin spots of rouge on her cheekbones; and the clash of bracelets as she moved sounded like Mosby's cavalry unsheathing their sabers for a charge. The room was equally dramatic, a dim cavern filled by three walnut armoires, massive twin bedsteads, and a

HELLO, MR. SQUARE

By S. J. Perelman

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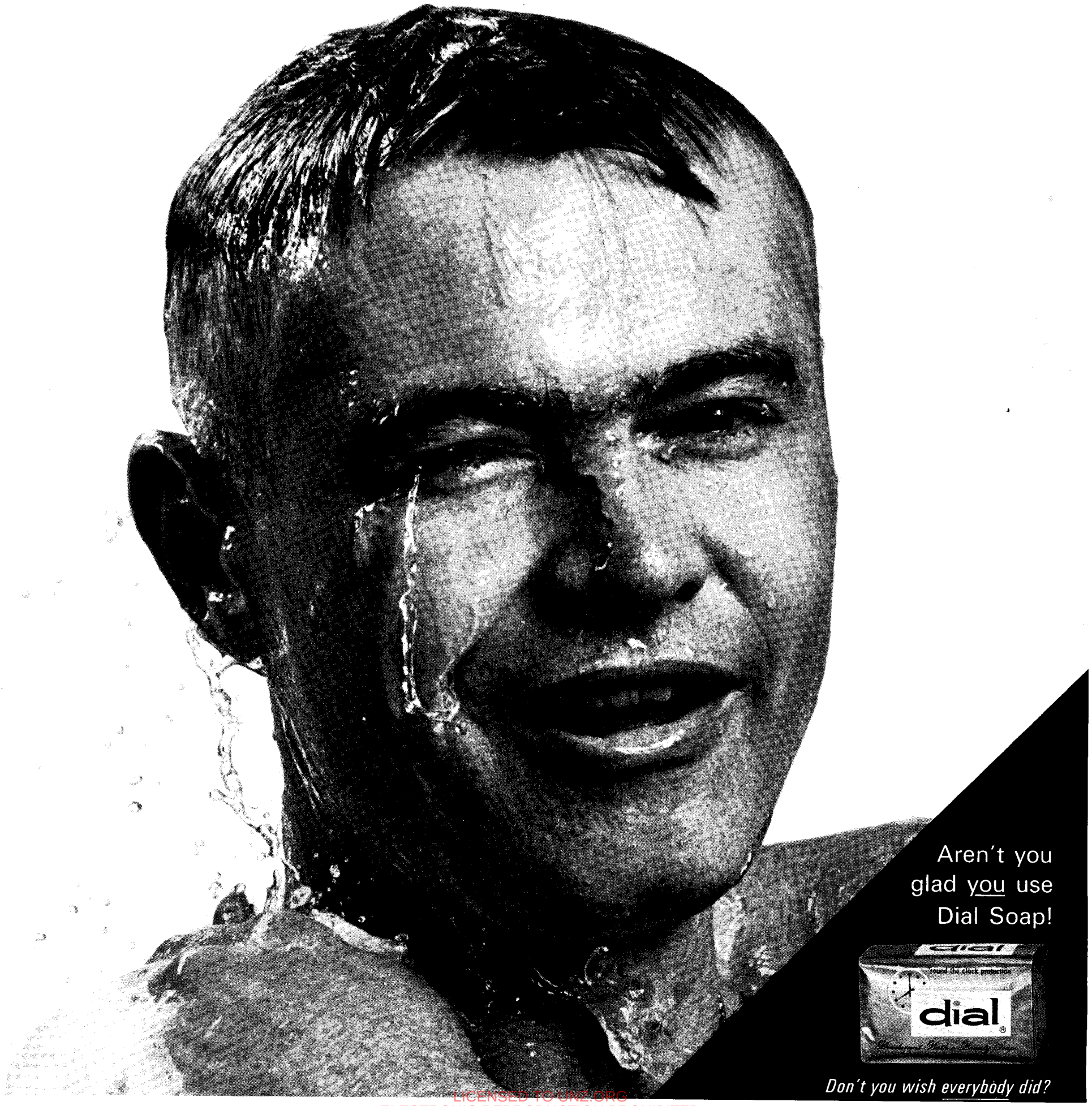
Sure thing

Perspiration odor doesn't stand a chance with Dial around. It's the most effective deodorant soap you can buy. And that's that.



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Good-Bye, Broadway

Brobdingnagian pier glass. Between the velvet-draped windows stood a stuffed baby giraffe 11 feet in height, the base of whose neck had been weighted so that it swung freely at the slightest touch. Portnoy, by now a salesman of direct-mail advertising, was anesthetic to the pad, being absent all day, but I was an aspiring cartoonist, and my attempts to be waggish in the dark, faced with a giraffe shaking its head in constant negation, inevitably brought on melancholia. Luckily for me, Mrs. Sutphin saved my equilibrium by marrying a chiropodist who had rejuvenated her feet and who needed the premises for an office.

Over the next few months my roommate and I tenanted a series of cheerless dovecotes around Greenwich Village made doubly desolate by his inability to cling to a job. Successively clerk in a brokerage house, cashier in a moribund tearoom, night watchman for an embalmer, and pool hustler, he finally forsook the hurly-burly of Manhattan for a Cleveland insurance firm. With his departure, my long-smoldering passion for a proper studio burst into flame. After a widespread search, I settled on a cozy *pied-à-terre*, five flights up and boasting its own skylight, a stone's throw from Jefferson Market Court. Having shrouded everything I could reach in monk's cloth, including the gas meter, I painted the bathroom walls black and the woodwork Chinese red, stuck half a dozen wax tapers in candle drippings, and impregnated the whole place with incense. The female callers I hoped to ensnare with this erotic *décor* reacted in unexpected fashion. Most of them dissolved into shrieks of helpless laughter; the rest assumed an air of arctic dignity and when, flushed with muscatel, I made romantic overtures, savagely fended me off with their parasols. The lacerations to my ego were such that it was months before I again dared essay the role of Don Juan.

New York baked under a blanket of heat that August, and reporters in quest of feature material were frying eggs on the sidewalks as I jubilantly packed my bags for a six-week vacation on Fire Island. I had sublet the studio to two decorous young chaps of good family—I.B.M. statisticians, they glibly assured me—who just wanted a quiet haven where they could listen to Mozart and study the Analects of Confucius. To demand references or surety from such paragons was unthinkable; we exchanged warm handclasps and vowed to attend Carnegie Hall concerts, lectures on flower arrangement, and classes in Dalcroze eurythmics together on my return. Three weeks later a hysterical telegram from my landlord summoned me back to the mainland. The lessees had flown, and with them my bedding, utensils, curtains and Capehart. Some forerunner of Jackson Pollock had stippled the walls with ketchup and scrawled in lipstick a doggerel verse hymning the charms of Lya de Putti. In the center of the floor, a cherry-nosed vagrant the image of Popeye crouched over a bed of glowing coals, heating a can of Sterno and plucking somberly at a ukulele.

It was a crucial moment, the sort that exercises a profound effect on one's entire future. I felt an overwhelming need to cushion my head on somebody's shoulder and sob aloud, but since my landlord showed no disposition to cuddle, I fell back on the next best person—a bold-eyed, willowy brunette who had been scanning me as a matrimonial prospect for some time. Scarcely had she sponged away my tears than the astringent scent of orange blossoms assailed my nostrils, and I discovered I was a benedict. Other than her sterling self, my wife's sole contribution to the union was a piece of hard-nosed advice—viz., that I break my lease and skip. It took two years to pay off the landlord, during which time we honeymooned in a basement flat where I contracted a lifelong case of sciatica.

The day dawned, inevitably, when we awoke to the realization of how stultifying our life had become. With all the riches of Manhattan spread out before us—the verdure of Central Park, the aromatic delicatessens of upper Broadway, the East Side's luxury shops and smart cocktail bars—here we lay, two frowzy Bohemians hibernating in a malodorous burrow. A family connection, providentially, intervened to rescue us. My brother-in-law, another Brown alumnus named Nathanael West with literary aspirations, happened to be resident manager of a self-styled "club hotel" in the East 50's called the Chutney, and he wangled us a couple of rooms at minimal rates. There was nothing in the least club-like about the Chutney, an impersonal 16-story barracks full of career-minded college folk. The rooms, or more properly cubicles, were identical and decorated in fireproof early American, impervious to the whim of any guest who might succumb to euphoria, despair or drunkenness. The furniture was rock maple, the rugs rock wool. In addition to a bureau, a stiff wing chair, a lamp with a fake pewter base, and an end table, each chamber contained a bed narrow enough to ensure celibacy. As a further sop to respectability, the sexes had been segregated on alternate floors, but the elevator men did not regard themselves as duennas, and for the frisky, a rear stairway offered ready access or flight. The waitresses in the coffee shop on the ground floor wore peach-colored uniforms and served a thrifty club breakfast costing 65 cents. You had a choice of juice—orange, tomato or cranberry—but not of the glass it came in, a heavy green goblet.

Ensconced in our Lilliputian suite, neither my wife nor I cottoned to the claustrophobia overtaking us until it struck. One evening, as she was bending over her petitpoint and I sat browsing through Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*, she suddenly flung away her needle and clawed at her swanlike throat.

"I can't stand it!" she screamed. "I'm going mad—help—murder! I've got to get out of here!"

"Me too, *querida*," I whimpered, "but how? The room's getting smaller—it's shrinking!"

Whether her reflexes were swifter than my own or her wits nimbler, either of which seems hardly credible, the good woman solved our dilemma in a flash. Dropping to all fours, she seized me by the cravat and scrambled through the doorway, yanking me after her. The rear stairway was barely negotiable by the time we reached it, and the lobby was the size of a pocket handkerchief, but somehow we wriggled our way into the street and collapsed on the curb, sucking in great lungfuls of air. Within the hour, and bereft of any possessions save the clothes we stood up in, we were back in the Village, filled with heartsease for the first time in weeks.

On the northwest corner of Washington Square, hard by the former Russian embassy, there stood in those days a gracious five-storied mansion of rose-colored brick. Every once in a while a silver-haired doorman would totter forth supporting some old dragon in caracul or a palsied industrialist, and obsequiously hand them into a 1910 Panhard cabriolet. The only qualifications for residence in this landmark were a six-generation listing in the *Social Register*, a diploma from Groton or Miss Hewlitt's classes, and $11 million. How two parvenus like us ever wheedled a foothold there escapes me, but by strict adherence to a diet of fatback, corn pone and collards, we managed to scrape together the rent each month, if not to achieve socia' equality with the inmates. Among my fondest memories of the house was a midnight encounter in the Square with e. e. cummings, that most gifted of poets. I was schlepping a half-grown beagle around the park of a subzero evening and getting pretty well teed off with dogdom when I saw cummings headed toward me, plainly immersed in thought. Thinking to safeguard his privacy, I had just started to carom off when he hailed me.

"Look at that!" he said, gesturing theatrically toward three windows aglow in our building. "Isn't it fantastic?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, the drama being enacted up there," he exclaimed. "Can't you visualize it—the drunken brute of a husband, the wife spewing out her venom, the ferocity that only George Grosz can portray? I see the man suddenly overcome by homicidal mania—he snatches up a carving knife, the two of them grapple, the knife draws nearer and nearer to her breast, and then, with a convulsive, twisting stab ——"

"Hold on there, bub," I interrupted. "If you're really so concerned, I can tell you what's cooking up there. A woman in her stocking feet is about to eat a bagel with cream cheese."

"And how would you know that, pray?" he inquired with Olympian scorn.

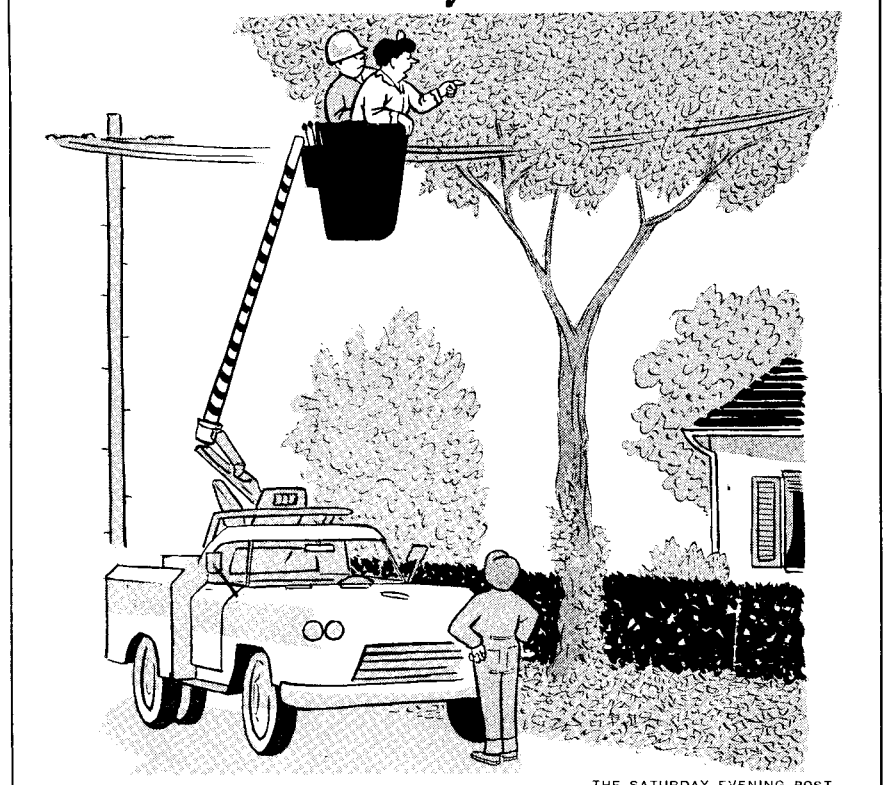
"Because it's my apartment, wise guy," I retorted.

"That's what I meant," said cummings triumphantly. "Isn't it fantastic?" He turned on his heel and, head cocked at a noble angle, strode off into the shadows.

We might have dwelt on forever in this Henry-Jamesian milieu, a pair of musty patricians subsisting on bagels, but for a casual real-estate ad in the Sunday *Times*. Thirty-six hours after I read it, the *memsahib* and I were standing transfixed on a Pennsylvania hilltop, listening to a foxy-nosed agent rhapsodize about the countryside around us. So abundant was wildlife in the district, he told us emotionally, that rabbits, pheasant, squirrels and even deer leaped straight into the cook pot, sprinkling themselves with salt and pepper. In these lush pastures one could grow his own tobacco, cobble his shoes with tough, fragrant birchbark. He painted a pastoral of my wife bottling raspberry jam and humming contentedly while I snoozed in a hammock amid barns bursting with alfalfa. My glasses misted over at the colored lantern slides flashing before me—the sleigh rides, Halloween parties, sugaring off, sugaring on, bringing in the Yule log. A fortnight later, in a simple ceremony at the county courthouse, two blushing innocents were united for all time, irretrievably and indissolubly, to four score and seven acres of the Keystone State.

And so ended my love affair with New York, intoxicating chameleon enchantress I had worshipped this side idolatry from youth. I knew her every mood, every foible; with the merest effort, I can recapture her unique, indefinable perfume of monoxide, roast chestnuts and old landladies. Sometimes, in moments of nostalgia, I long to be trampled on again in the subway crush, to be spurned by headwaiters, fleeced by tradesmen and iced by theater brokers. Ah, well, someday I suppose I will—but not as long as *I* can help it, Charlie. THE END

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.



"Take a little out here . . . a little out there and . . ."

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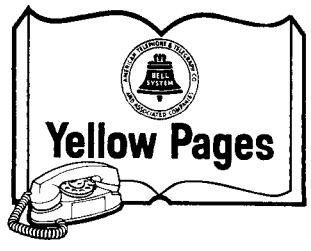
Building a home? Let your fingers do the walking through the Yellow Pages first...for the easy way to find everything from "Building Contractors" and "Lumber" to fixtures for the bathroom and cabinets for the kitchen. Read the ads for helpful facts on range of services, brand names, deliveries and other useful information. Always **shop the Yellow Pages way.**



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The new American capital of Bohemia

Fleeing an invasion of well-heeled conformists, the oddniks of Greenwich Village have pulled up stakes and planted a new colony c

From my habitual vantage point in New York's Greenwich Village, I have lately been watching the Cedar Street Tavern crumble under the wrecker's hammers. This was a hangout in time past for the abstract expressionists Franz Kline, Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning and the swarm of imitative flies which clustered around them. For a period the Cedar Street Tavern was the very center of international art. Today it is a smoking hole in the ground, soon to be filled in with yet one more of the shapeless, yellow-mud "high-rise" apartment buildings which everywhere defile the city.

It has been my privilege—if it can be called a privilege—to witness for a decade and a half the disintegration of the great American Bohemia. Amidst the rumble of falling buildings there has been a steady exodus of artists from Greenwich Village—bearded lads and lank-haired lassies pushing handcarts and baby carriages loaded with their belongings out of the neighborhood which was once the sanctuary of the arty and the odd.

Concurrent with this movement there has been an invasion of the Village by young, snap-brimmed men carrying attaché cases. Along with them have come elderly former city dwellers who, having raised their families and educated them, have sold their country homes and returned to the city of their youth, no longer youthful.

Today only the well-heeled, the very well-heeled, can afford the rents prevailing in Greenwich Village. The ill-heeled and struggling are fleeing to a new Bohemia. This is the former ghetto of the Lower East Side, the part of Manhattan that lies between 14th and Delancey streets, Broadway and the East River. How long this one will last no one can say. But this is the last concentrated stand of the artist in this country. It's a brave show and quite possibly doomed.

Watching the migratory movement of easels and attaché cases, I have found myself gently but irresistibly drawn with the artists into the mysterious east. With certain parts of this land I already had some familiarity. Cooper Union, for example, at Astor Place and Third Avenue, I had long ago discovered to be the perfect summer refuge from the heat and noise of the city. With the students away on vacation, its large, fine library, fully staffed, became the kind of luxury enjoyed only by kings and millionaires. Few people went there, and I found myself magnificently served by attendants eager to see a customer drop in.

This service I shared with a handful of old men from the Bowery who mostly spent their time dozing over out-of-town newspapers. Not the least of the Union's attractions was its air-conditioning system, devised by Peter Cooper a century ago. It consists of a huge wooden fan in the basement, steam-driven in the beginning, and an intricate series of ducts that gently lead the air through the building in a soft, summer-breezelike way. In the building's auditorium, where Lincoln once delivered a famous address, and where his lectern still stands on the stage, holes are drilled in the risers beneath the seats to cool the heels of the patrons. After knowing this ancient and amiable air-conditioning system, I was never again able to face the frigid blast of a modern building with anything but a shudder of horror.

Ancient Cooper Union and its glossy new engineering school across the way on Astor Place form a kind of gateway to the land of the young and hopeful. Those of the young who are students at the Union still patronize McSorley's famous saloon, on Seventh Street east of Third Avenue, as their fathers and their grandfathers did before them, and they are joined in that venerable establishment by the young poets, painters and actors of the neighborhood.

Ale, onions and no women

McSorley's celebrated its centenary in 1954 but it remains today as it was when Joseph Mitchell wrote of it 26 years ago in his celebrated *McSorley's Wonderful Saloon*. McSorley's was then as it was in the beginning—a dusty, musty place, rich with the odor of ale and blarney. Old John McSorley's motto, or message, "Good ale, raw onions, and no ladies" still hangs behind the bar, surrounded on all sides by a vast collection of pictures, souvenirs and mementos dating from the days of the Civil War. A white, potbellied stove surmounted by a copper clam-juice kettle stands stage center, and at the scarred walnut tables the ale drinkers sit, tobacco smoke unfolding about their heads.

It's a lovely sight, often painted (by John Sloan, among others), and although the Irish brogue has been largely drowned by the Slavic chatter of this predominantly Ukrainian neighborhood, the place seems Irish, is Irish, and probably would remain Irish even if the Chinese took over the country. And women *do* occasionally drink McSorley's ale, though not within the sacred precincts. Not long ago I saw a chauffeured limousine pull up in front of the old saloon and watched the chauffeur go into the place, emerging a few minutes later with two dark, foaming steins which he passed into the car to a pair of mink-coated biddies who were sitting there chuckling happily, as pretty a pair of Irish politicians' wives as anyone could hope to see.

Here today and far-gone tomorrow i the normal premise of the Bohemiai life, and in this rapidly shifting scene there are few such fixed landmarks. A year ago, for example, the Deux Mégots, at 64 East Seventh Street, was a flourishing coffee shop, famous for its men's-room graffiti and for its poet-in-residence, Tom Segal, who more often than not was the subject, or object, of the handwriting-on-the-men's-room-wall. A dim, low-ceilinged place a few steps down from the street, it featured poetry readings and jazz, and such items on its menu as:

Polychromatic Punch (mint tea with fresh orange and lemon juice) .65
Poet's Banquet (cheese, an apple, and black bread) .55
Poet's Blue Plate (the above, without the apple) .30

A bulletin board near the door served as a free, classified-ad exchange:

FOR SALE. '54 Ford Coupé. New snow tires. $150. Good Underwood portable. $25.

WANTED: Used winter sleeping bag.

WANTED: Pad.

Experimental free thought, *free love* society being formed. Interested parties contact Gene. (A phone number followed.)

As for the graffiti, they ranged from such ringing assertions as,

GOD IS DEAD—FREUD

FREUD IS DEAD—GOD

to the following variations, by diverse hands, apparent friends of the poet, or the name Tom Segal:

Tom Seagull
Is a Jewish bird

Tom Sea Gaul
Is a French sailor

Bohemia saves its best manners for occasions like this private afternoon recital of Ravel chansons *in a Lower East Side apartment.*

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By ELI WALDRON
Photographs by Marvin Lichtner

New York City's Lower East Side.

Tom Segal
Is illegal

Tom See Gal
Is a womanizer

Tom See Gall
Allows us to be aware of his

Tomsy Gal
Is a lesbian

Tom Sega l
Is an intergalactic fink

CHICKEN LITTLE WAS RIGHT was written on the old-fashioned leaky flush tank above the toilet, and high above everything was the pronouncement: WHEN IDEAS FAIL, WORDS ARE VERY HANDY—GOETHE. The establishment's manager, a rather dim-featured young lady, told me that Segal was the "baby" of the place, a wit, lovable and loved by all. "They come and go," she said. "He could disappear tomorrow and I'd never see him again."

Prophetic words. The poets at the moment, Segal perhaps among them, are operating out of such coffeeshops as the Metro on Second Avenue, the Porpoise on St. Marks Place; and on Monday evenings the Five Spot, at St. Marks Place and Third Avenue. The bearded bard, Allen Ginsberg, recently held forth here after a long pilgrimage through India, and the place was mobbed.

Today, the Deux Mégots has metamorphosed very strangely into a Zen teahouse called the Paradox (the name is written small, in chalk, above one of the street windows and is very easily missed). Dropping by one afternoon, I found the place deserted save for a single, slender, dark-skinned figure, sitting under a light with a brown paper-bag lampshade, intently studying a book called *The Book of Tea*. After a long interval he looked up, and with no preliminaries began lecturing me—somewhat severely, I felt—on the yin-yang transformative philosophy of China, the substance of which he said was contained in the following paragraphs from the Mainichi *Daily News* of Tokyo, which he later pressed upon me:

Would you like to feel better than you have in years?

Do this:

Pour two cups of water over a cup of brown rice, bring to a boil, turn down and simmer until the rice has absorbed the water. Make this for your food for two to 10 days. Take nothing else.

What happens?

1. From the first meal this nectar soothes your inners.
2. Providing bulk, it helps your elimination.
3. It defats.
4. It nourishes.
5. It absorbs and eliminates systemic poisons.

Student artists—Andy Phelan (left) with Marge and Jerry Englebach—tote canvases under the marquees of a side-street rialto.

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Roland Kirk does double-duty at the saxophone in the Five Spot, a favorite jazz hangout of the colonists from Greenwich Village.

The painting on th

The New Bohemia

After this introduction to yin and yang, the young man introduced me to himself. He proved to be one George Preston, carpenter, painter and teacher of painting, he said, at the Henry Street Settlement and the Fiedel School of Creative Arts in Bayville, Long Island. Would I like a cup of tea? I said I would, and after a moment, and without ceremony, he produced a cup of Mu tea, aromatic and pleasant-tasting, considered medicine, I was told, by the Japanese. The formula was a secret, he said, containing 15 different herbs, of which he was able to identify only a few. He showed me a teabag-sized transparent envelope and with a delicate forefinger pointed out to me lotus root, ginseng, cinnamon and burdock.

Whatever the tea contained, it served to soothe the inners and helped to make clear—or so I believed at the time—the yin-yang, hot-cold, potassium-sodium, pessimistic-optimistic, negative-positive, underactive-overactive way of life. "Michio Kushi lectures here every Tuesday night at 8:30 on Zen macrobiotics," Preston said. "Generally speaking, things start happening around ten o'clock and last until morning. Anything might happen. Sparrow, the dishwasher, might decide to deliver a sermon, or someone might wander in with a guitar and start making music. People pay whatever they feel like paying. A man came in here the othe night and felt so good he left a check fo a thousand dollars."

Leaning against the walls were a number of stained, roughhewn boards. "I'm doing the interior," Preston said. "It's organic." He wasn't working at the moment because he was fasting. He had been fasting for three days.

East Seventh Street, naturally, is not all flux and change. A few doors east of McSorley's wonderful saloon stand a pair of places that seem to have achieved a kind of tentative permanence in the past few years. The first of these is an excellent ceramics shop and school run by a young lady named Judith Baldwin, whose industrious night-and-day application to her craft has awed the neighborhood. Next door stands the Fitzgerald Gallery, an artists' cooperative whose members, standing alone in a whirl of cyclonic change, are maintaining a steadfast devotion to traditional, or representational, painting.

Edward Fitzgerald, the 36-year-old head of the organization, is himself a perfectly composed picture of the traditional artist—brown corduroy jacket, brow serene, eyes clear and far-seeing. He told me of the work he was doing with local groups to secure adequate housing for artists—committee work, organizational work, fighting the money pressures already seeping down Third Avenue and Second Avenue into the ghetto. "Space is allotted in new housing projects for doctors and dentists," he said. "Why shouldn't professional artists have thei allocations too?" (He was fighting fo 75 artists' units in a new development on First Avenue.)

Seventh Street at the moment seems to be biding its time, sipping its ale, waiting for humanism in art to return. Its bur-

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heater wall turned out, on close scrutiny, to be a dead mouse, carefully matted and framed.

geoning promise a year ago has been delayed and the New Bohemia's "Main Street" has developed a block north, on St. Marks Place, which is a continuation of the Eighth Street of the old Village, the main stem of the past. Cooper Union, as stated, is the gateway to the area, and the Five Spot Café at the corner of Third Avenue and St. Marks Place is, in a sense, the key to the new world of jazz, poetry, painting—and possible perdition.

Ten years ago the Five Spot was a sleepy saloon at Fifth Street, where Third Avenue becomes the Bowery. Since the atmosphere was pleasant and the brothers who ran the place—Joe and Iggy Termini—congenial, the artists of the neighborhood took to hanging out there and bugging the brothers Termini to put in some live jazz. In no time at all the place was jumping and has been jumping ever since, its biggest jump, or hop, occurring a year and a half ago when the Fifth Street Five Spot was torn down and the music moved up the avenue into the old Valencia Hotel near the St. Marks Baths, where the steaming patrons now beat each other with wet oak leaves to the overheard rhythms of Thelonious Monk and Sonny Rollins.

One of the witnesses to the establishment of the new Five Spot was a sad-eyed, moth-eaten llama who occupied a window in a children's zoo that stood between the St. Marks Baths and the Valencia Hotel. Sometime during the past year, zoo and llama vanished (along with the intergalactic fink, Tom Segal of the Deux Mégots), and the animal show was replaced by the New Bowery Theater, a dark, strange showcase for the New American Cinema movement led by one Jonas Mekas, who, in addition to being a film maker, has for several years been a film critic for the weekly *Village Voice*.

The New Bowery Theater, when I visited there a few weeks ago, was a show in itself. In the shadowy, murky lobby, the attenuated figures of young men and women moved languidly in and out among painted trunk lids, smashed garbage cans and other "found" *objets d'art*, pausing now and then to examine the "berserk-hysterical" smears laid here and there upon the walls. In the dim light I found myself examining a small painting which turned out, on close scrutiny, to be a dead mouse, carefully matted and framed. It was untitled.

The New American Cinema itself turned out to be flickering, light-struck, defiantly amateurish and, in a sense, rather awesome to behold. The small theater was half-filled with young people, with a large, glistening bald head up front to lend adult authority to the occasion. I had the feeling that the head was attached to a member of the Russian delegation to the U.N., sent down from the steppes of the Upper East Side on a cultural-espionage mission. His time was not wasted. One of the short subjects, an import from Japan called *Pou Pou*, showed Japanese beatniks lying around naked in their pads or staggering around a deserted Tokyo carrying limp bodies on their shoulders, and was climaxed by a shot of a girl with a pair of scissors about to snip off the head of a live chicken.

An American short, *Number 49*, by a film maker named Donald S. Berman, was a three-act drama as follows: Act 1: Shots from various angles—cables, pulleys, etc.—of an empty freight elevator ascending. Act 2: An Afghan hound running around wildly on a semi-deserted beach. Act 3: The elevator descending, bearing a dead body, to the tune of the second movement of the *Eroica*.

The film feature that evening was *Tarzan and Jane Regained Sort of, directed sort of by Andy Warhol. Starring Naomi Levine and Taylor Mead. Filmed in Hollywood.* (The whole thing seemed to be one long title.) It, too, was flickery and amateurish, with many shots of Taylor Mead making funny faces, exercising his skinny little frame on playgrounds and beaches and in general carrying on in an exhausted, neo-Chaplinesque fashion. Mead, a poet and an alumnus of the Deux Mégots school of finkdom and fantasy, has a great deal of natural charm, and Naomi Levine, who rose presently from the sea to join in the fun, added support to this fragile sprite with a sturdy body, deeply tanned, showing two fish-white stripes where brassiere and bikini should have been—or once were. For a while she just stood there, pulling seaweed out of her hair. Then for a while she floated around on her back in a swimming pool. Then for a while Mead anticked

Merchants of St. Marks Place form a curbside tableau of commerce, Bohemian-style.

At Third Rail Gallery, a dotty kind of dramatic presentation called a "happening" unfolds cryptically before audience of rapt fans.

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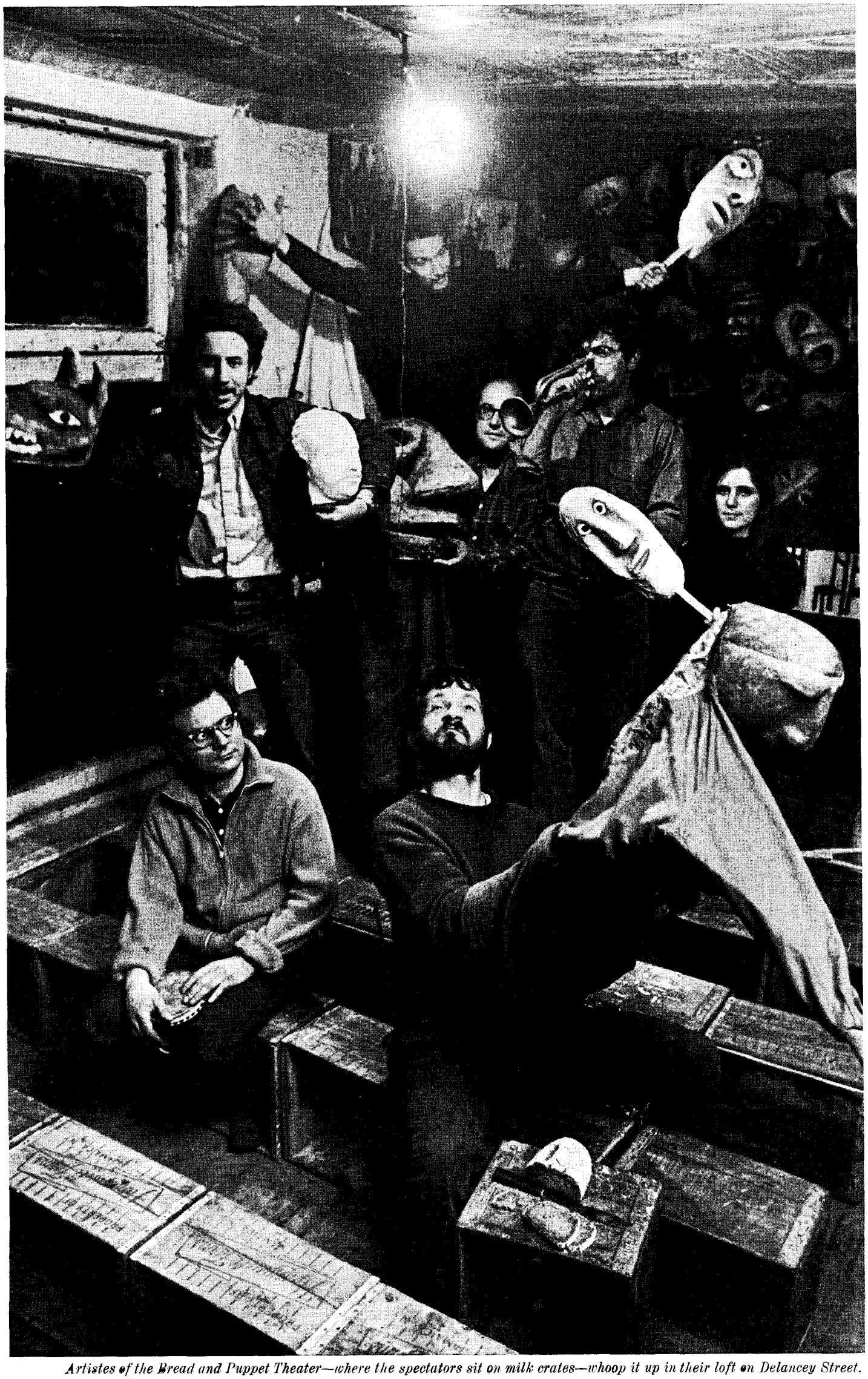
The art movie was admired at the Knokke-Le-Zoute festival, but not by New York's cops.



Artistes of the Bread and Puppet Theater—where the spectators sit on milk crates—whoop it up in their loft on Delancey Street.

The New Bohemia

about the Beverly Hilton swimming pool, and finally Mead and Levine wound up sloshing about in a bubble bath.

I had to leave the theater at this point so I don't know how it all ended, although I do know that some of the avant-garde film makers feel that it should have ended with the director, Warhol, disappearing down the drain. A fashion artist who turned his fashionable mind to pop art and achieved instant fame, Warhol, it is felt, is meddling around with a medium not his own and may even be a Dangerous Influence in a young, tender art.

As it turned out, I was fortunate in catching the new-wave cinema when I did. A week later the hostile environment in the shape of a couple of plainclothesmen named Michael O'Toole and Arthur Walsh closed in on the New Bowery Theater, seized a movie called *Flaming Creatures*, and threw Jonas Mekas and three associates into the Ninth Precinct tank on East Fifth Street for the night. CITY SLEUTHS DOUSE FLAMING CREATURE, cried the *Village Voice*. The film, the paper went on, was one of the better known of the avant-garde productions (the work of Jack Smith) and had recently been accepted as an entry in the festival of films at Knokke-Le-Zoute, Belgium.

Although banned from public showing there by the Belgian Ministry of Justice, it received a special *film maudit* (or "damned film") award by the festival's selection jury. Apparently the Belgian Ministry of Justice, like its New York counterpart, was annoyed by shots of various sex organs, and was not amused by the fact that the scenes were an integral part of a general lampoon of commercial sex. Mekas arranged for a showing of Jean Genêt's *Un Chant d'Amour*, a homosexual love story, to raise money for a defense fund for himself and friends. But, alas, when he showed the film at the Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 East Fourth Street, two weeks after the *Flaming Creatures* episode, he was bagged again.

Next to artistic freedom, the subject of the artist's loft is much in the air these days in the new Bohemia. New zoning laws which would drive the artists from their studios were protested this spring, when 1,000 artists marched on City Hall under the auspices of the Artists Tenants Association. Eighty art galleries closed their doors in sympathy, and nothing much was accomplished. Some of the marching artists were bearded, some were clean-shaven, many were colorfully dressed and they carried signs saying, SAVE OUR HOMES, WE NEED SPACE and STOP SQUEEZING ART OUT OF NEW YORK. Four young women, according to *The New York Times*, were "encased in a grotesque head." One girl wore a box on which she had written, I CAN'T LIVE IN A BOX.

Mostly, though, this part of the city welcomes everyone. On a recent sunny afternoon I made my way east toward Tompkins Square, finding the park filled with people who had crept out of their winter crevices to sample the possibilities of living again. On Avenue B, a damp baby rat crouched shivering on the sidewalk, and the pedestrians, skirting the frightened animal, smiled and pointed at it as though it were a lost kitten. THE END

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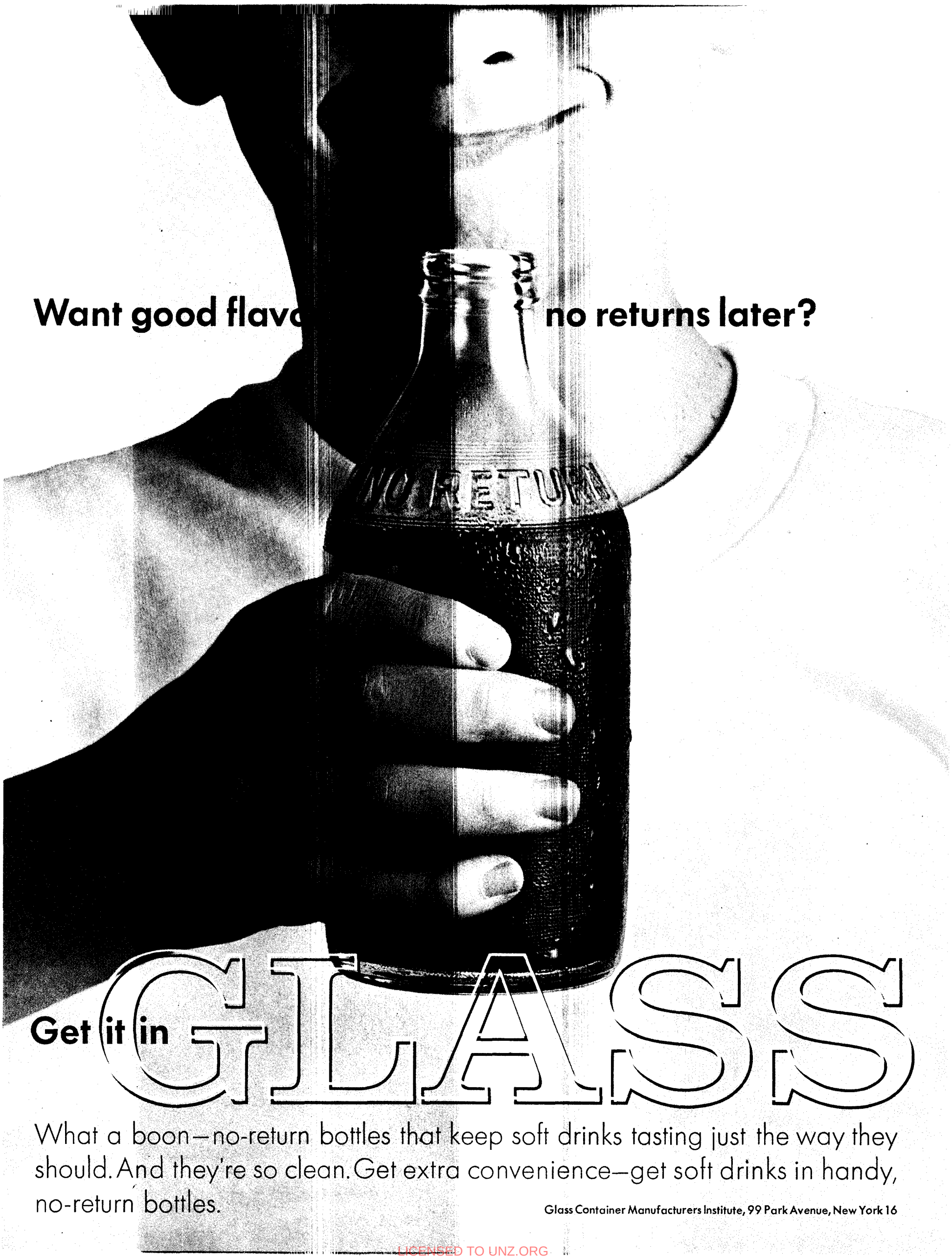

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